# Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF RADIO ROMANCES

OCTOBER

15¢

## YOU ARE MY HEART

**Drama of a Wife Whose Husband Wanted Freedom**




MARTHA STEWART

**JEALOUS!—A Tender Story of Youth in Love Today**

**iting Color Pictures to Keep of YOUNG WIDDER BROWN and MARY MARLIN**

# First anniversary of an important "marriage"



*Portrait of Constance Luft Huhn by Maria de Kammerer*

*By* **CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN**

*Head of the House of Tangee*

JUST a year ago we presented our new Tangee SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks to you who had long desired a lipstick that *really* wedded Glorious Color with Lasting Smoothness... a "happy marriage" of the two most important lipstick qualities.

By a fortunate coincidence, SATIN-FINISH was perfected when it was needed most—during these war-busy, more-busy days when there is little time for cosmetic "repair work." Your Tangee Lipstick will cling smoothly, softly... defying wind, weather, and work—giving your lips an entirely new and exclusive SATIN-FINISH. Neither too moist, nor too dry, it will keep your lips glowing with exciting color.

I promise you who have not yet tried a Tangee SATIN-FINISH Lipstick a pleasant surprise. Try one soon—together with its companion rouge and your own most flattering shade of Tangee's UN-powdery Face Powder.



**TANGEE** *Lipsticks*

**WITH THE NEW SATIN-FINISH**



**BEAUTY**—*glory of woman...*

**LIBERTY**—*glory of nations...*

*Protect them both...*

**BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS**



**NEW TANGEE MEDIUM-RED** ... a warm, clear shade. Not too dark, not too light... just right.



**TANGEE RED-RED** ... "Rarest, Loveliest Red of them All," harmonizes with all fashion colors.



**TANGEE THEATRICAL RED** ... "The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick Shade"... always flattering.



**TANGEE NATURAL** ... Orange in the stick, it changes to produce your own most becoming shade of blush-rose.

# *Smile, Plain Girl, Smile..*

## hearts are won by a lovely smile!



**Make your smile your lucky charm—help keep it sparkling with Ipana and Massage.**

HERE'S TO YOU, Plain Girl! What if beauty is not your birthright? You can win friends, romance. Yes, you can conquer *with a smile!*

So smile, plain girl, smile. For there's a magic in a smile that flashes out with radiant charm—a magic men can't resist. But remember, for that kind of smile you need sparkling teeth. And teeth that are sound and bright depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

### Never ignore "pink tooth brush"!

If your tooth brush "shows pink"—*see your dentist!* He may tell you your gums have become tender—robbed of exercise by today's soft, creamy foods. And like thousands of dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage." For Ipana not only cleans your teeth but, with massage, it helps the health of your gums as well.

Massage a little Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gums—helps them to new firmness. Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling.




*Product of Bristol-Myers*

*Start today with*

## IPANA and MASSAGE



**A High Date-Rating** goes to the girl with a radiant smile. Help brighten your smile with Ipana and massage!

OCTOBER, 1943

# Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF RADIO ROMANCES

VOL. 20, NO.

FRED R. SAMMIS, Editorial Director
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Color Portrait by Ben De Brocke
Miss Stewart's jacket, courtesy of Pacific Mills, hat, courtesy of Salfair, Inc.
Anne Seymour's dress, page 39, courtesy of Peck & Peck, New York

IRRESISTIBLE... as always!



We dedicate to the SPARS...

IRRESISTIBLE Ruby Red LIPSTICK

"Look alive!" In the service or on the home front, it's the order of the day! Achieve the right, bright look with Irresistible's gallant Ruby Red . . . an inviting, exciting complement to navy or any costume color. WHIP-TEXT to stay on longer, smoother, Irresistible Lipsticks are a boon to beauty and today's busy woman. Complete your make-up with Irresistible's matching Rouge and Face Powder.

10¢ AT ALL 5 AND 10¢ STORES

Whip-Text TO STAY ON LONGER... S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R!

That "Irresistible something" is IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME 10c

# *Did you know?*

WHEN you write that letter to your soldier, tell him how the family is getting along financially, how much war work you are all doing, what his friends are doing (especially single girls), and write about places he used to go. Tell him what's happening to the old home town under rationing, price control, and war work. That's what surveys have shown he wants to know.

* * *

A woman worker may obtain a supplemental shoe ration stamp for safety shoes with plastic or fiber toe box, if she has spent her shoe stamp and still needs this type of shoe.

* * *

Canning season is in full swing. Remember that none of the minerals in foods need be lost in canning providing the liquid in which they are pre-cooked is used to fill up the containers after the foods are put into them.

* * *

When cutting grape fruit, cut down only to the seeds—not through them. Twist the fruit in half, and the seed can be easily popped out with a fork and it's ready to section

* * *

Wartime restrictions on materials challenge American ingenuity. Women are making slips from old summer dresses, buttons from tough pear-tree twigs, and many other ingenious substitutes.

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# Why Cupid quit in the case of Claire!



***The Plot:*** Is it really over between them? Does Jack's letter say an end to the happy plans they made together?

How easy to take love for granted, to think it's yours for keeps. How quickly romance can fade if a girl forgets to guard precious charm. Poor, foolish Claire, to take chances with underarm odor!



***The Clue:*** Claire's evenings are lonely. One night in a magazine she reads: "Baths only take care of *past* perspiration. To prevent risk of *future* underarm odor, use Mum!"



***The Rescue:*** "I was *silly*, I was reckless to take chances with love! I'll never skip Mum again. Half a minute like this will protect charm all day or evening!"




Underarm odor is the enemy of your charm! Play safe—with Mum! In 30 seconds, you smooth on Mum—it's *quick!* Then you won't offend all day or all evening. Mum is dependable.

And Mum is safe—safe for your skin, even after underarm shaving. Safe for clothes, says the American Institute of Laundering. Millions of women prefer Mum!

• • •

**For Sanitary Napkins**—*Mum is gentle, safe and dependable. Use it this way, too!*




**MUM**

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

*Product of Bristol-Myers*



**Don't ask for Bob Pins—**
***Ask for HOLD-BOB Bob Pins***

Because nearly every smart woman asks for longer-lasting HOLD-BOB Bob Pins, your favorite store may not be able to supply you immediately. But *please ask again . . . for you'll* prefer HOLD-BOB Bob Pins for the same reasons so many other women do: their invisible rounded head, satin-smooth finish, and rounded ends.

**HOLD-BOB BOB PINS**
**ARE BETTER**
**BOB PINS**




**THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. CO.**
**CHICAGO, ILL.**


# What's New from Coast to Coast



*It's ten years of broadcasting for the National Barn Dance, and Lulu Belle and Scotty, left, help celebrate it. Below, Howard Turner attained his life's ambition when he became a WBT announcer.*



**By DALE BANKS**

WELCOME Binnie Barnes to radio. Her tall, slender—sometimes slinky—villainy has long been familiar to movie audiences. Now she's getting a chance to air her comedy talents on Perpetual Motion, heard over NBC on Saturdays, at 7:30 P. M., and very welcome she is.

A versatile gal, this London born young lady whose father was an English policeman—of all things. She started out by studying nursing, but soon found ballroom dancing much more to her fancy. After touring South Africa as part of a dance act, Binnie discovered that American acts were in demand in London. Immediately, Binnie Barnes became "Texas Binnie" and did a rope-twirling act in the best Will Rogers tradition. What's more she got away with it.

"Texas Binnie" has become Hollywood Binnie and it looks as though she's here to stay. She's married to Mike Frankovich, Southland sports announcer, before his induction into the Army. He's now a lieutenant in the Air Force.

* * *

Out in Hollywood, there's a full fledged organization called the Radio Women's War Service, which, since March 1942, has been devoting itself to keeping in touch with former radio men, who are now in the Armed Forces all over the world. The women in radio are seeing to it that their men are informed of the world they left behind.

The initial spark was furnished by Verna Felton. You know her as Blossom Blimp—Rudy Vallee's so frequent target—as well as many other characters in NBC shows from the Coast. She gathered about her many others, among them Lurene Tuttle, Jane Morgan, Virginia Gordon (whose husband is now in the Coast Guard), Mary Lansing—famous for her portrayal of Phil Harris's baby on the Jack Benny show—Gloria Blondell and Mercedes McCambridge, who used to be the Rose of Abie's Irish Rose. In fact, practically every woman who appears in the Hollywood shows, takes part in this RWWS.

Each girl "adopts" one or more ex-radio men in the service. First she writes a weekly letter, asking for birthdays, size of socks, gloves, cigarette preferences and such things. Birthdays are remembered punctually. Besides that, a box is sent each month, with soap, stationery, flints, handkerchiefs, cigarettes and—what the men welcome most—periodicals of the radio industry. These things go to men all over the world, to all the fronts.

And do the men like it? You should see the letters they write, asking for more letters and news of what's going on in the jobs they left behind.

* * *

The war and news from home make us think of CBS newscaster Ed Murrow's story of a recent experience in London. The cinema houses—movies to us—are jammed every night and American pictures are extremely popular. But, one evening, a comedy scene called for the heroine to stop a raw egg with her lovely face. Ed Murrow says the groan let out by the ration-conscious British audience, when they saw a month's supply of precious egg trickling down milady's face, should have been audible in Hollywood,

(*Continued on page* 6)

# *Old Friends are Best*

YOU may not see them for weeks, months, years, but when the emergency arises there they are . . . willing, solicitous, trustworthy.

Many of you can remember your old family doctor and his little black bag with Listerine Antiseptic tucked in the corner. You felt better the minute he entered the house.

You can remember, too, the first time you were hurt and facing the danger of infection—a cut finger, a skinned toe, a cold coming on—how Mother brought Listerine Antiseptic out of the medicine cabinet to help you through your trouble. You felt good about that, too.

Aside from keeping abreast of the advances in medicine and bacteriology, doctors haven't changed greatly, nor has Listerine Antiseptic. In any home, their friendly presence lends, as always, a feeling of protection and confidence.

Make a friend of Listerine Antiseptic. It is a trustworthy first-aid in countless little emergencies when your doctor, deluged with really serious cases, may be delayed in coming.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

*"The same advice I gave your Dad . . .*
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC, *often"*





**BECAUSE OF WARTIME** restrictions you may not always be able to get Listerine Antiseptic in your favorite size. Rest assured, however, that we will make every effort to see that it is always available in *some* size at your drug counter.

*More than sixty years in service*




They're no weak sisters, these DeLong Bob Pins. Stronger, durable spring . . . *they last and last.*

Stronger Grip



SHORT, *but not for* LONG. If the Store is out of DeLong Bob Pins today—try again next time you're in. Shipments are received regularly by Stores handling DeLong . . . but, remember, the quantities are restricted as practically all metals are required for war purposes.

DeLong BOB PINS


*Continued from page 6*

without benefit of short wave.

* * *

NASHVILLE, TENN.—Listeners to WSM, Nashville, Tenn., who enjoy the rich-bodied music under the direction of Peter Brescia will be interested in these highlights of the life of the musical director which help to explain his outstanding musical ability.

Brescia, who was born February 15, 1900, in Santiago, Chile, of Italian parents, presides over Sunday Down South, Lion Oil and Refining Company's musical program.

Brescia acquired his musical education all over the world, first in Santiago then in Quito, Ecuador, then in Rome, Italy.

From Rome the family came to the United States, and settled in Buford, Ga. There Peter learned English, while his father held a position at the Atlanta Conservatory of Music.

Later the family moved again, this time to San Francisco. Peter's studies in music then were resumed under the supervision of his father.

In 1918, Peter joined the United States Army to see service during the first World War. Shortly afterward he became a professional musician and in 1921 had the memorable experience of playing under the baton of the immortal Victor Herbert. In 1922 joined the staff of Fox West Coast Theaters. Later, he organized a dance orchestra which toured several states . . . In 1934, he joined Francis Craig's WSM orchestra as violinist and arranger.

He left Craig to join the staff of WSM as an arranger and from this post was later elevated to the position of conductor and musical director. In the several years intervening he married Kay Goss, another violinist on the staff of WSM.

Aside from arranging and conducting, which Peter insists are great fun, he enjoys football and listening to the radio. His hobby is the strangest of any WSM staffer. It's herpetology—the study of snakes.

* * *

A man who likes his rest is Berry Kroeger, narrator for NBC's Salute to Youth and the voice of the Falcon. He doesn't even like to watch the clock—it disturbs his catnaps.

He lives in a midtown hotel, near the studios, and he has trained the telephone operator to a fine degree of radio consciousness. She knows all the soap opera schedules and the times of all the dramatic radio productions. She also knows what time rehearsals begin on all the shows in which Kroeger appears.

Berry doesn't even have to think of his engagements. All he has to do is pick up his phone when it rings and listen. "Mr. Kroeger," the operator says, "time for The Man Behind the Gun rehearsal. You have fifteen minutes to make the studio."

Sometimes, life can be so simple.

* * *

This year the National Barn Dance celebrates its tenth anniversary. Not bad for a show that was almost laughed off the air by the sophisticates when it first appeared.

In its ten years, National Barn Dance, has proven how wrong the highbrows were. It has grown in popularity every year, and deserved to, because of the variety of its entertainment and the high standards of its sponsors. And it has brought to the public some of the finest, healthiest fun in radio. Many now well known radio stars got their sendoff by means of its informal, hayloft atmosphere, stars like Gene Autry, Fibber McGee and Molly, Johnny Burke—"the man who won the war," Pic 'n' Pat, Louise Massey and the Westerners, Happy Jack Turner. Their guest stars are always the best and the most novel—Alec Templeton, for one, Edgar Guest, the poet, and sports stars like Joe Di Maggio and Lou Novikoff.

Here's to another ten years of success to this half hour of Americana and good luck to the people who make it the swell show it is—Joe Kelly the master of ceremonies, Pete Lund, the script writer, Eddie Peabody, the Hoosier Hot Shots, Pat Buttram, the Dinning Sisters, Arkie, Lulu Belle and Scotty and musical director Glen Welty.

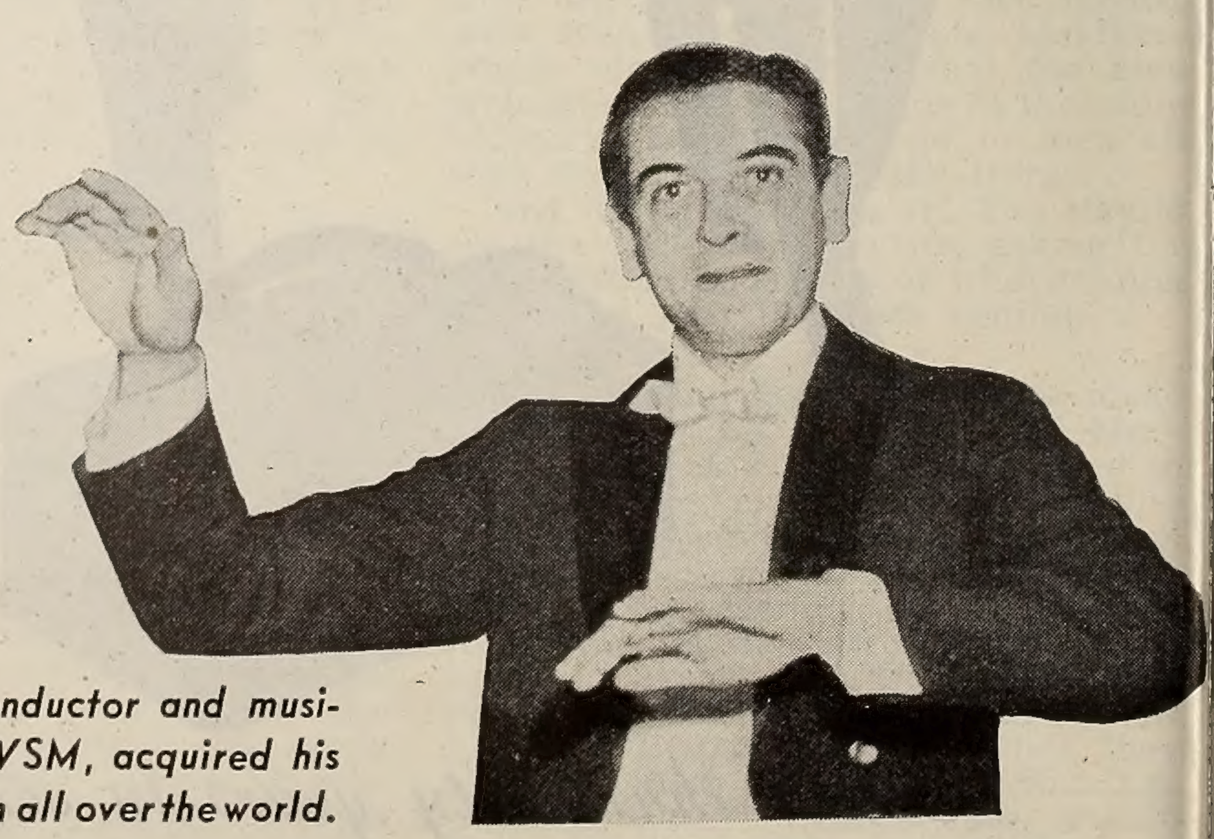
* * *

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Howard Turner's present position as staff announcer at WBT Charlotte is a direct contradiction to the time-honored observation that the shortest distance between two points is always a straight line.

Eight years ago, Turner, just out of school, came into the studios of WBT and asked for an audition as an announcer. He was advised to go out and beat the bushes—work at small stations—a few years for experience, then come back and take another audition at WBT.

Turner took the advice literally, worked at some seven radio stations during the following eight years, packed all the experience he could ab-

(*Continued on page 8*)



*Peter Brescia, conductor and musical director of WSM, acquired his musical education all over the world.*



# New tasks for lovely hands –but a "guardian angel" helps keep them soft!



**Lovely hands must do Cinderella jobs** these war-busy days. But *before* you tackle daily soap-and-water chores, put Toushay on guard! Toushay's a grand new idea in lotions. Used *beforehand*, this velvety lotion defends soft hands against drying, roughening effects of hot water and soap—helps them *stay* soft!




**Uncle Sam's urging women** to pitch in and do extra war tasks. When you're working at yours, keep Toushay handy! Always remember to smooth on this special-formula lotion *before* you put your hands into hot, soapy water. You'll love its richness—its fresh-flower scent. You'll love the way it guards the glamour of your hands!



**For that special furlough date,** Toushay's a marvelous beauty help! *In addition* to its "beforehand" use, this lush, creamy lotion's grand as a powder base—or for a fragrant all-over body rub. Works gentle magic on rough knees and elbows, shoulders and throat. Toushay's inexpensive—so you can afford to use it *all* these ways. Ask for it at your druggist's, today.




PRODUCT OF
BRISTOL-MYERS

# TOUSHAY

**THE "BEFOREHAND" LOTION that guards hands even in hot, soapy water**

# A Lass and a Lack

## (..OF CONFIDENCE)



Woe is you! Dressed up to go to the most-fun party of the year . . . and what happens? Your calendar tells you to call things off . . . for you just can't mask your *feelings*, can you?

This was the night you'd waited for; planned on, weeks ago! And now you're blithely bowing out, with a lame, last-minute alibi. Or are you?

For in pops Sue for a final dress preview—and speaks her mind, but plenty! "It's murder", she says. "Why kill your chances for future dates?"

"Moaning at the moon won't help."

What you need is comfort," she continues, "and your confidence will take care of itself. I thought *every* girl knew that comfort and confidence and Kotex go together!"



## Perk up and Play!

Then she explains that Kotex *stays soft* . . . doesn't just *feel* soft at first touch. That's why Kotex Sanitary Napkins are more comfortable.

And that's why your confidence takes a sky-ride! For Kotex helps you to keep in the fun . . . with that special 4-ply safety center to protect you like a guardian angel. And flat pressed ends that don't cause tell-tale lines. (Remember this patented Kotex "extra", next time—when you want to wear your smooth new formal!)

You see, it just makes sense that more girls are choosing Kotex than all other brands of pads put together!

## Keep going in comfort WITH KOTEX*!

**BE IN THE KNOW** . . . learn what to do and what's taboo on "those" days—in the free booklet, "As One Girl To Another." Read it and get in the groove about grooming, sports, social contacts. There's a special calendar provided, too, for your own *personal* use. So, send your name and address to P. O. Box 3434, Dept. MW-10, Chicago 54, Ill., for copy FREE!




**For Trying Days,** try KURB tablets . . . if you suffer from cramps. It's a Kotex product, expressly compounded for relief of periodic discomfort. KURB tablets merit your confidence. Take only as directed on the package and see how KURBS can help you!

(★T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)





sorb, and come back for another WBT audition. This time he was hired on the spot. That was four months ago. Howard's one ambition, since early High School days, was to become a WBT announcer. He wanted to step up to a WBT mike like his idols Bill Bivens, now announcer for the Fred Waring program, or Russ Hodges now Washington sports commentator or Charlie Crutchfield, WBT's Program Director.

Howard Arthur Turner, now still in his 20's, was born at Avondale, N. C. A few years later his family—Mom and Dad, two brothers and two sisters, moved to Charlotte and it wasn't long until Charlotte's WBT became inspiration for Howard's life ambition.

Howard is happily married to a Carolina girl, a registered nurse. He says when he married Jennie, he was making $15 dollars a week, and she, $25. Everything seemed perfect, though, and the optimistic newlyweds made a down payment on a houseful of new furniture. Then, when it was learned that Jennie had become a married woman, her salary was forthwith reduced 50%. When the next instalment on the furniture came due, the furniture went. Although his marriage got off to a pretty poor financial start, says Howard, it's been pretty smooth sailing for them ever since.

The Turners have one child, Katherine, actually named after a character in one of radio's "soap opera" dramatic serials.

* * *

The Armed Forces and Radio: Brian Aherne has played his farewell part on Cecil B. DeMille's Radio Theater and is off with the RAF as an instructor. . . . Harry James will be leaving his new bride, Betty Grable, soon too. . . . Maestro Arturo Toscanini has launched another assault on the Axis, using music as his most familiar weapon. He's just donated a large record library to the United States Naval Operating Base at Dutch Harbor, Alaska. The discs are used for broadcasts, as well as for regular Sunday evening concerts for the boys on the spot. . . . Incidentally—have you any loose pianos, harmonicas, ukuleles, trombones or other music machines lying idle around the house? Ex-concert pianist, now Sergeant Eugene List, wants them for overseas service men in the New York Port of Embarkation Area . . . . Add to the long list of activities of the indefatigable Dinah Shore the new job of being a reporter. At the request of



*Binnie Barnes of movie fame becomes a radio comedian on NBC's new show called Perpetual Motion.*



*Lurene Tuttle is a member of the Radio Women's War Service—she keeps in touch with former radio men who are in the Armed Forces.*

the Army Special Services office, she's going to record a weekly news letter for overseas servicemen and is now taking time out from her singing, radio and movie work to record chatter platters of the latest news and gossip along Hollywood and radio row. . . . Kay Kyser's been chosen by the Navy to help raise the money to equip Navy hospitals with swimming pools—which are not for fun, but for helping men to recover the use of their limbs after injuries have healed. . . . Bob Tyrol, youthful announcer at Station WTIC, Hartford, Conn. did such a swell job of selling men the idea of the Coast Guard, that he went and enlisted himself. He's back on the air, now, but as a member of the Coast Guard Academy.

* * *

Sometimes people wonder what makes Robert Bellaire, one of the Blue Network's corps of commentators, so fond of walking. He always walks the mile from his apartment to the studio and anywhere else that time permits.

Back of the Yosian spirit lies the memory of six bitter months spent in a Japanese concentration camp, after the attack on Pearl Harbor. In that whole time, he was permitted only one constitutional outside his prison cell. And there were thirteen cooped up in one small room!

* * *

News Notes: Chucho Martinez, the Latin-American Lark, discovered by Orson Welles, has been signed as featured vocalist on the Revlon program which starts in September on NBC. . . . MGM may star Ginny Simms in dramatic roles, which she has always wanted to do. . . . New citizens are arriving all over the place. Chief Petty Officer Artie Shaw is the proud father of a boy. Former Mutual Special Featuresman Alvin Josephy—now a Marine Combat correspondent—has welcomed a baby girl. Hal McIntyre heard that his son was born in his home town, Cromwell, Conn. Then, the Glenn Millers, he's a Captain now, have adopted a three months old boy. . . . It may be "We, The People" in Book Covers soon. Milo Boulton, master of ceremonies, is collecting anecdotes from the show, with a view to publication . . . More next month. Meanwhile—good listening.


# How's your Dating Rating?





1 Her rating was pretty low...for she looked older than she really was...so men never asked for dates ...and she was lonely! She never guessed...it was her face powder's fault...'cause its shade was dead and lifeless...made her skin look old...and hid her natural youth and beauty!



2 Then, quite by chance...oh, *lucky* chance...she tried the new youthful shades of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder! Yes, new shades that are scientifically matched to the glowing, vibrant skin tones of *youth!* And what a lucky chance for *you*, too...for there's an alluring new shade of Cashmere Bouquet to glorify all the natural, youthful beauty in *your* complexion...no matter what your age may be!



3 So now she rates so many dates she's *always* on the go...thanks to that smooth, downy, youthful glow Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder gives to her complexion! And this new Cashmere Bouquet is always color-blended, never streaky because it's color-harmonized to match your skin-type...goes on smoothly, *stays* on smoothly for hours on end!

4 And there's a new, youthful shade of Cashmere Bouquet waiting for *you!* See for yourself how alluringly fresh and glamorous you really can be, when you look your best with Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder! There's a shade to suit you perfectly... in 10¢ size or larger at all cosmetic counters.

CASHMERE BOUQUET FACE POWDER

*In the New Youthful Shades*




R M

# LINNY *Plays Aunty for a Day* BY *Rose*



1

**MORE FUN THAN A CIRCUS** is the thrill of anticipation. It's a joy to dress up little girls in such pretty dresses. After starching with Linit they iron easily and beautifully.

2

**HE ONLY WANTS TO PLAY.** And don't worry about your clothes. Linit-starched surfaces tend to shed dust —stay clean longer.



3

**WON'T YOUR MOTHER BE SURPRISED** to see you come home looking so fresh and clean! Tell her that your Aunty Linny starched your dresses with Linit and to try this starch on everything washable—G'bye Now.

**FOR VICTORY**
Buy U. S. War Bonds & Stamps




**ALL GROCERS SELL LINIT**

R
M




# Facing



*Virginia Maxey, five-foot, blue-eyed blonde from Indianapolis, Ind., is Bob Allen's new vocalist.*

**By KEN ALDEN**

THE whirlwind Harry James-Betty Grable courtship which culminated in a typical movie-finish marriage at Las Vegas, had one unexpected anti-climax. The trumpeter's draft board in Beaumont, Texas, ordered him to report for possible reclassification. The draft board does not consider the beautiful Betty a dependent.

* * *

The Artie Shaws—Mrs. Shaw is the daughter of song writer Jerome Kern—have a new baby boy. Ditto for the Hal McIntyres.

* * *

U. S. Army Captain Glenn Miller has adopted a three months old baby boy. He's named the child Stephen.

* * *

There will be an additional Fitch Bandwagon show on the Blue network this Fall, supplementing the current NBC series.

* * *

When Gracie Fields returns from England in October she'll have her nightly Victory Show on Mutual, switching over from the Blue network.

* * *

Dorothy Brewer has been signed by Tommy Dorsey to share the singing duties with Pat Dane, Mrs. T. D. And Bob Allen's new thrush is Virginia Maxey. Virginia will stay with Bob's band until MGM calls her to the west coast.

* * *

Duke Ellington has peeled off another hit tune. It's called "Tonight I Shall Sleep With A Smile On My Face." It has Hit Parade possibilities.

# *the Music*



*The more they talk about this 360-pound bandleader, the more he loves it—Tiny Hill's the name.*

All radio wishes Rudy Vallee good luck in the U. S. Coast Guard. Rudy is off the air for the duration. In World War One he served in the Navy. The night he left the air, Rudy feted his radio gang at a memorable farewell party.

* * *

The Vivien of Phil Spitalny's all-girl band is blonde, attractive Hollace Shaw, who used to sing under her own name on many a network show.

* * *

Latest of the "groaners" entered in the swoonatra sweepstakes is Billy Usher, a former member of Shep Fields' band. Other entries are Perry Como, Phil Brito, and Dick Haymes, but Frank Sinatra so far is out-pacing his rivals.

* * *

Donna King of the famed King Sisters foursome recently wed Navy Lieutenant James B. Conkling. The ceremonies took place in the Los Angeles home of Alvino Rey, Donna's brother-in-law.

* * *

Stan Kenton, one of the up-and-coming dance band leaders, gets the coveted Bob Hope NBC musical spot this Fall, succeeding Skinnay Ennis, now in the armed service.

* * *

Hildegarde, the sophisticated chanteuse, has clicked so well as a summer replacement for Red Skelton that the sponsor will keep the Milwaukee-born but Parisian-minded singer on the air throughout the Fall season. Bob Grant's band tags along.


# "I'm your wife...remember !??!"



**1. We had been perfect mates** . . . at first. Then, George began treating me like a stranger. He'd go for hours without talking to me . . . without even *looking* at me. It was maddening!



**2. At home-nursing class** one day, I flunked my quiz completely. Afterwards, our instructor—who's a dear old friend of mine—asked me what was wrong. Eager for consolation, I told her all about myself and George. Then she said: "Sally, it *could* be your fault. You see, there's one neglect husbands often can't forgive—carelessness about feminine hygiene."



**3. When I asked her** what I should do, she answered: "Well, many doctors recommend Lysol solution for feminine hygiene . . . it cleanses thoroughly . . . and deodorizes." Then she went on to explain how this famous germicide, used by thousands of modern wives, won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues. "Just follow the easy directions," she said.



**4. That advice** turned out to be first aid to our marriage, all right! I keep Lysol disinfectant on hand always . . . it's so easy and economical to use. And, as for George, he remembers me now . . . with *flowers!*

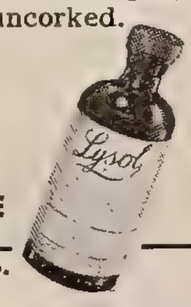


**Check this with your Doctor**

Lysol is **Non-caustic**—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. **Effective**—a powerful *germicide*, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). **Spreading**—Lysol solutions *spread* and thus virtually *search out germs* in deep crevices. **Economical**—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. **Cleanly odor**—disappears after use. **Lasting**—Lysol keeps full strength, no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol Disinfectant

**FOR FEMININE HYGIENE**




Copr., 1943, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

**For new FREE booklet** (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet R.M.-1043. Address: Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

R M

★ **BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS** ★

*MARIA MONTEZ in Universal's* "COBRA WOMAN"




TRY Tru-Color Lipstick

**...the color stays on through every lipstick test**

Lovely reds, glamorous reds, dramatic reds... all exclusive with Tru-Color Lipstick and all based on an original patented* color principle discovered by *Max Factor Hollywood*... one dollar.

*U.S. Patents No. 2157667, 2211465

*Complete your make-up in color harmony with Max Factor Hollywood Powder and Rouge*






R M

Max Factor ★ Hollywood



*Captain Glenn Miller at your service! Glenn's just adopted a baby boy whose name is Stephen.*

Movie and dance band fans are complaining over the fact that films headline dance bands, only to give them an inch of celluloid on the screen. Bob Crosby and Tommy Dorsey both were prominently billed in recent films but their appearances could well be chalked up as walk-ons.

* * *

Don Redman, out of the dance band picture for quite a spell, has reorganized his sepia organization, and is playing in a new New York night spot, the Zanzibar.

* * *

Famed swing alley, West 52nd Street in New York, has made a comeback and the jitterbugs are once again crowding the hole-in-the-wall bistros.

* * *

### MR. SIX BY SIX

ALTHOUGH this might come as a shock to the admirers of Harry James, the brothers Dorsey and Benny Goodman, it is one Harry L. "Tiny" Hill who is the biggest bandleader in the country.

Tiny weighs 360 pounds and stands six feet and one half inches. Other broadcasting Behemoths like John Scott Trotter, and Paul Whiteman shrink by comparison.

Tiny is even too big for the United States Army. They placed him in 4-F, 138 pounds overweight.

But where other more sensitive heavyweights prefer to have their physical proportions overlooked, Tiny has made his gargantuan girth pay dividends. He and his sprightly dance band have a featured spot on NBC's All Time Hit Parade, and broadcast regularly over Mutual from New York's Hotel Edison. A recording of an ancient tune, "Angry," has already sold 500,000 copies and is still going strong.

Although Tiny has been carrying around his weight and orchestra since 1935, it wasn't until this year that he attained nationwide recognition. Tiny attributes this belated success to the fortunes of war.

"We're just a bunch of country boys playing the old-fashioned favorites," he explains, "and the old time tunes are coming back strong. The war has made people want to remember things. And the songs we play help them think of happier days."

Tiny was born about thirty-six years ago in Sullivan, Illinois, a small town 175 miles south of Chicago. He weighed seven pounds when he was born and didn't start to really spread out until 1928.

Harry's father was a farmer who died when his only child was seven. His mother, a rural school teacher, saved and scrimped enough to enroll her boy in Illinois State Normal School. But Tiny was not cut out to be a school teacher. He switched to a commercial course and then started to roam the country. He sold musical instruments, sang at country dances, drove a truck on the Decatur to Chicago route, and wound up playing the drums in a three piece local band. By 1935 Tiny had his own band. Touring mid-western ballrooms and one night stands, his ample figure and good-natured countenance won many friends and engagements in the mid-west.

"As I got fatter the jokes about my size became louder and funnier but never bothered me. As a matter of fact I exploited my size and forgot I ever had any other name but Tiny."

In 1938 the band got its first break—a two weeks' engagement in Chicago's Melody Hall. They stayed seven months.

Unlike many other bandleaders, Tiny prides himself on being a good business man.

"I keep my own profit and loss statements, make up a trial balance every thirty days and have one man directors' meetings with myself."

Despite the Chicago success, New York politely snubbed him, branded his music "corny." To Tiny that's a fighting word.

"To me corny means a bad interpretation of music for commercial reasons. We don't muss the tunes up. We stick close to the melody. If anything, we're



*Nan Wynn is the peppy singer of popular songs on the new CBS program, Ceiling Unlimited.*




Beautiful Hair
...the way to a Man's Heart



SHEILA RYAN
appearing in the 20th Century-Fox Technicolor musical, "The Gang's All Here" uses GLOVER'S.

**Try ALL THREE for complete treatment — or use any ONE separately!**

Many Hollywood stars confirm the opinion of Americans by the hundreds of thousands — three generations of men and women who have used Glover's famous Mange Medicine for the Scalp and Hair. And now . . . Glo-Ver Beauty Shampoo and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress complete this tried-and-true Glover's treatment. Try all three—ask at your favorite Drug Store — or mail the coupon today!

**TRIAL SIZE!** This is what you will receive in the Complete Trial Application pictured below:



**GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE** — recommended, with massage for Dandruff, Annoying Scalp and Excessive Falling Hair. Standard scalp-and-hair preparation since 1876. Men and women like its piney fragrance! Easy to apply — you'll *feel* the exhilarating effect, *instantly!*

**GLO-VER Beauty SHAMPOO** — a modern liquid Shampoo for use in hard or soft water. Produces abundant lather—leaves hair soft, lustrous, manageable—the delicate scent lingers! Use *after* application of Glover's Mange Medicine.



**GLOVER'S Imperial HAIR DRESS.** Non-alcoholic and Antiseptic! Supplies a new kind of "oil treatment" for easy "finger-tip" application at home, especially in cases of "dry scalp." Use *after* application of Glover's Mange Medicine — or *before* shampooing.

Each product in a hermetically-sealed bottle, packed in special carton with complete instructions and FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."



COMPLETE TRIAL APPLICATION

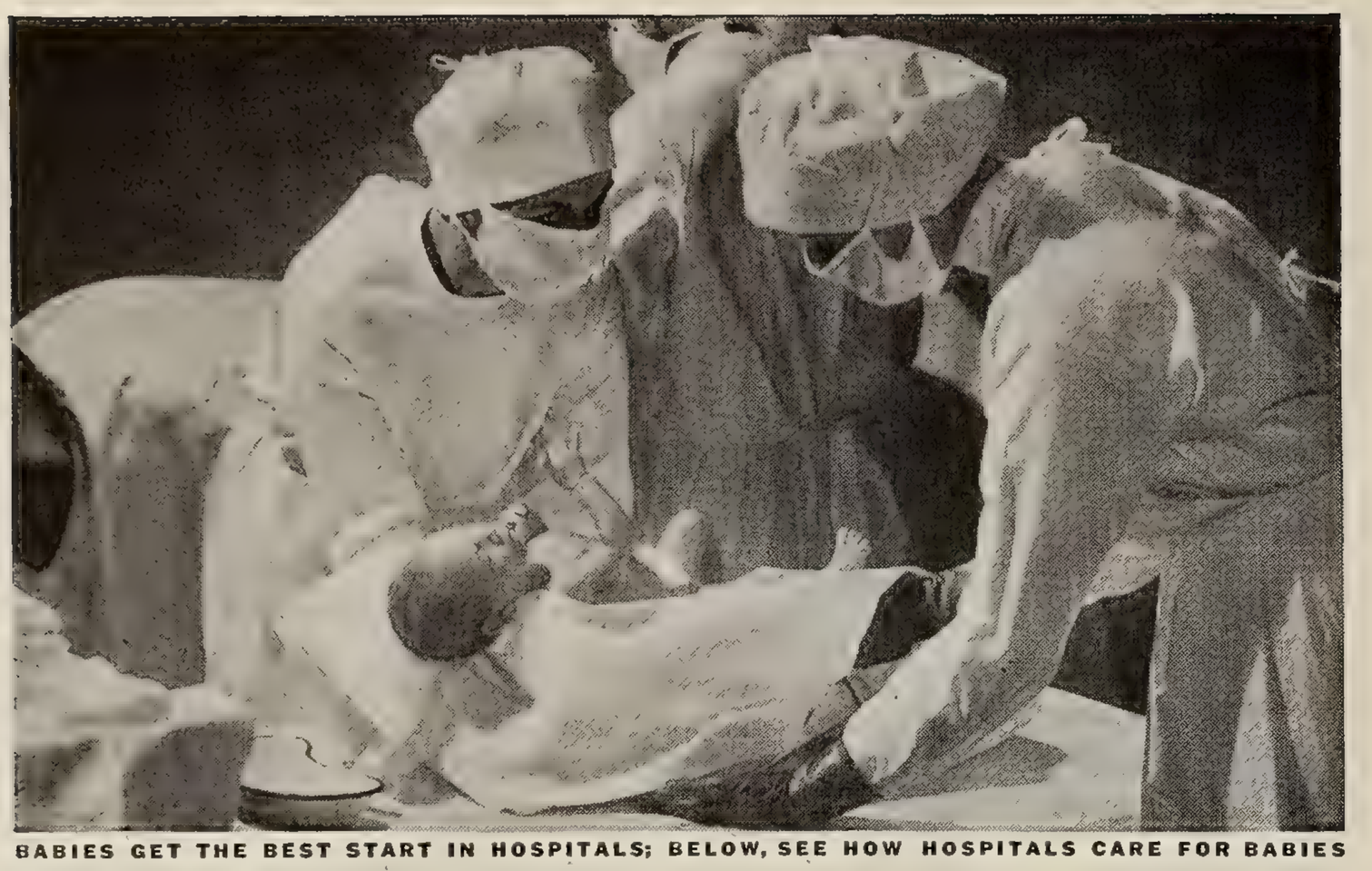



**GLOVER'S**
with massage, for
**DANDRUFF, ANNOYING SCALP and Excessive FALLING HAIR**

GLOVER'S 101 West 31st St., Dept. 5510
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Send "Complete Trial Application" package containing Glover's Mange Medicine, GLO-VER Shampoo and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress, in hermetically-sealed bottles, with informative booklet. I enclose 25c.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....



BABIES GET THE BEST START IN HOSPITALS; BELOW, SEE HOW HOSPITALS CARE FOR BABIES

# Test Yourself on this BABY QUIZ

**These vital questions** *about baby care were asked of 6,000 physicians, including most of America's baby specialists, by a leading medical journal. Here are their answers:*



**QUESTION:** ***"Do you favor the use of oil on baby's skin?"***

**ANSWER:** Over 95% of doctors said *yes*. (Most hospitals, as in scene above, instruct mothers to use *Mennen* Oil—because it's *antiseptic).*



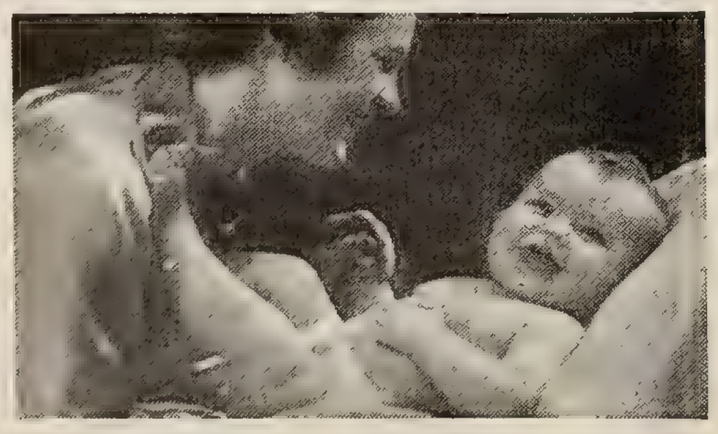
**QUESTION:** ***"Should oil be used all over baby's body daily?"***

**ANSWER:** 3 out of 4 physicians said *yes*—helps prevent dryness, chafing. (Most important—*antiseptic* oil helps protect skin against germs).



**QUESTION:** ***"Should oil be used after every diaper change?"***

**ANSWER:** 3 out of 4 physicians said *yes*. (*Antiseptic* oil helps prevent diaper rash caused by action of *germs* in contact with wet diapers).



**QUESTION:** ***"Up to what age should oil be used on baby?"***

**ANSWER:** Physicians said, on average, "Continue using oil until baby is over 6 months old." Many advised using oil up to 18 months.




**ANSWER:** 4 out of 5 physicians said baby oil should be *antiseptic*. Only one widely-sold baby oil *is* antiseptic—Mennen. It helps check harmful germs, hence helps prevent prickly heat, diaper rash, impetigo, other irritations. Hospitals find Mennen is also *gentlest*, keeps skin smoothest. Special ingredient soothes itching, smarting. Use the *best* for your baby—Mennen Antiseptic Oil.

R
M

a hill billy band except that we use saxophones and brass instead of fiddles in our orchestra."

Tiny pursued this policy and played a waiting game. His theory was confirmed when a revival of sentimental tunes, helped by a flurry of musical movies featuring the old favorites, swept the country.

George Washington Hill, the tobacco tycoon who takes a personal interest in all the radio programs sponsored by his company, happened to hear a Tiny Hill recording of "Five Foot Two." He ordered his radio men to hire the mid-westerner and put him on the big Lucky Strike show, sharing honors with Mark Warnow.

TINY has been married seven years to Alta Frederick, his school day sweetheart from Sullivan, Illinois. Mrs. Hill weighs about 130 pounds. Childless, they live in the Parc Vendome apartments in New York. Every chance they get the couple migrates back to the Illinois corn country where Tiny has a 60-acre farm superintended by his stepfather and mother. The farm is home to Tiny and his wife.

The big bandleader is constantly bothered on the bandstand by people who remember him from his old barnstorming days. They plague him with requests for discarded tunes but Tiny never turns them down. and there's seldom a request that stumps him, either—Tiny knows all the old songs.

All the boys in the band are from out of town, few had ever been to New York before. One night one of them made a date with a girl from Brooklyn. He escorted her home, got lost, and didn't return to the bandstand for two days. Tiny, a small town boy himself, understood, though.

Tiny says that he enjoys analyzing the dancers as they move past him, and he tries to apply his findings to his music. There's a story in every face he sees on the dance floor, he says, and he can read those stories. Best of all, he can suit his music to them, too. There are lots of soldiers and sailors on the floor nowadays, of course, and it's Tiny's theory that they like music that makes them think of home.

He pointed an arm toward the dance floor.

"Take that soldier out there. When he hears us play an old familiar tune he'll hold his partner just a bit tighter.



*Catherine Burns won a diamond ring; Barry Wood presented it to her on his*



*Bea Wain is back again, singing your favorite songs, on Your All Time Hit Parade, Friday evenings, over NBC.*

But the way I figure it he just probably met that girl tonight. He's not thinking about her. He's thinking about the sweetheart that he left behind him back home."

* * *

Bea Wain, one of radio's top-flight singers, is the new feminine soloist on Your All Time Hit Parade heard on NBC, Fridays, 8:30 p.m., EWT. Bea replaces Martha Stewart, who is leaving for Hollywood to be featured in MGM film musicals.

A favorite performer since the age of six, when she sang on NBC's Children's Hour program, Bea grew up in radio. She was heard on the Kate Smith program, Fred Waring's Pleasure Time and with Kay Thompson. Later her voice attracted the attention of Larry Clinton, who was looking for a soloist to sing both ballad and rhythm songs. Bea filled the bill. Her widely-heard recordings of "My Reverie" caused her to be nicknamed "The Reverie Girl."

Bea takes over the "best tunes of all" soloist spot after a series of night-club engagements.



*Million Dollar Band show on NBC—all she and her fiance needed to wed.*





# Spell "IT" to the Marine

## With Your Evening in Paris Make-up

The marines *love* trouble . . . and this exquisite make-up, perfumed with the Fragrance of Romance, can spell heart-trouble in any man's language!

Evening in Paris face powder to create a misty veil of beauty . . . delicate flush of feathery rouge . . . bright accent of Evening in Paris lipstick . . . surely this is a loveliness combination to storm the heart of the most devil-may-care hero!

**Face Powder,** $1.00 • **Lipstick,** 50c • **Rouge,** 50c • **Perfume,** $1.25 to $10.00.
(All prices plus tax)

*Evening in Paris.*

Distributed by

**BOURJOIS**

Listen to the radio show "Here's to Romance" starring Dick Haymes, with Jim Ameche as Master of Ceremonies, and David Broekman's Orchestra, Sundays, over the Blue Network

R
M

*Always remove your summer tan before the cold weather sets in, says lovely Jeri Sullavan, star of her own show and The Colonel over CBS.*



# Season your Beauty

**By Roberta Ormiston**

THE time has come when we're as eager to be rid of that golden glow the summer sun has left with us as we were in early summer to get it.

Among the many bleaches which will banish a hang-over tan there is lemon juice and water. Those whose skin is not sensitive to lemon juice may use it undiluted. Most people, however, will find two parts of lemon juice to one part of water advisable. Before applying this bleach, cleanse your skin thoroughly—with cleansing cream and tissues and hot and cold water. Then, not drying your face, pat on the lemon juice and water mixture with little cotton pledgets. Should this treatment irritate your skin discontinue it until the irritation disappears. Starting it again, use equal parts of lemon juice and water. Apply this simple bleach for ten days and you will be gratified by the white look so effective with winter blacks and browns.

Freckles frequently are another summer hangover, something we do better without, especially when they appear—as they so many times do—on our cheeks and necks and hands and arms. Usually, too, we can get rid of freckles in jig time. Powdered pumice and peroxide will do the trick. Mix the powdered pumice with enough peroxide to form a thick paste. Again, first clean your face or neck or hands or arms thoroughly. Then spread the pumice paste on the freckled area. Allow it to dry. Remove it with cold water.

The summer sun also, likely enough, has dried out your hair and scalp.

Dry hair will respond to brushing, *special brushing*. Separate your hair in sections and make sure each long hard sweep of your brush begins at the scalp itself. This, causing circulation, will open the oil ducts, which, in turn, will counteract the dryness.

This autumn and winter it may very well be that we will not have as many clothes or as attractive clothes as we have had other years. Until this war is won taxes and war stamps and war bonds have first claim upon our dollars. Our incomes too are pledged to Victory. More than ever, consequently, our attraction will depend upon the charm of skin and hair. Therefore let us begin, as soon as vacation days are over, to step up these important features to their greatest beauty.

### BE BEAUTY WISER

*L. Adams, Boston, Mass.*: You have stubborn eyebrows, you say. Shape them as you wish them to be—then use bandoline or mustache wax on them—to keep them in place.

*Helen J., Daytona Beach, Fla.*: Really the most effective way of rouging the lips is with a brush, even though this hasn't worked out for you. Maybe your method is wrong. Always outline your mouth first and then fill in the color. In this way you can get exactly the line you wish. Remember always that it is your upper lip that gives your mouth expression. Make it a trifle—just a trifle—larger than it is normally by extending its natural outline. See to it too that both upper and lower lip curve upward: to give you a pleasanter and younger expression.

*Mrs. John A., Elmira, Kansas:* You'll find your make-up will go on more smoothly and be effective over a longer period of time if you'll use a powder base first. There are, after all, oily secretions between the eyes and at the sides of the nostrils and the mouth which discolor your powder and detract from your freshness.

*Geraldine H., Kansas City, Mo.*: Forget that you have a bad mouth and help others to forget this too by making your eyes—which you say are rather good—the focal point of your face. You can do this by using a trifle more mascara and eye shadow than you have used previously.

*Gladys B., Amityville, N. Y.*: There's no reason why you should be less attractive than you used to because of faded, graying hair. On the market today you will find many reputable hair dyes and tints which are completely harmless, simple to apply, and effective for about a month's time. They also "take" permanent waves. Be sure, however, to tell any operator who gives you a permanent that you have used a dye or tint upon your hair so she can regulate your wave to this condition.

*Jean M. C., Detroit:* Oily hair can, as you say, be a thief of beauty. Oily hair also can be remedied. Shampoo it every week. Brush it thoroughly just before your shampoo and every night.

*Mrs. Bertha M., St. Louis, Mo.*: If you have a large bust make sure your waistline is low . . . have your clothes big enough . . . avoid any tight line across your bosom or at your waist . . . the lower you can wear your neckline the better . . . keep away from double-breasted effects . . . stay away from fabrics with a raised surface, the type of fabrics which catch highlights, and knitted things!



*A girl's best bet for landing beaux*
*Is lovely hair that shines and glows!*

# *No other shampoo*

## leaves hair so lustrous...and yet so easy to manage!



SMART FOR A WARTIME WINTER! Colorful, printed wool, cut on slim, simple lines—to save precious material without making you look plain and drab. And this simple but interesting hair-do—to save precious time and show off the shining splendor of your locks, after a shampoo with Special Drene!

**Only Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap . . . yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!**

There's shining magic for a man in the wonder of a woman's lovely hair . . . aglow with enchanting highlights! So never, never break that spell with hair that's dull and dingy looking from soap or soap shampoos!

INSTEAD, USE SPECIAL DRENE! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo . . . how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to arrange . . . right after shampooing.

EASIER TO COMB into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

And remember . . . Special Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it.

So for more alluring hair, insist on Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or ask your beauty shop to use it!



*Soap film dulls lustre—robs hair of glamour!*

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Special Drene. It never leaves any dulling film as all soaps and soap shampoos do.

That's why Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!




# Special Drene
## with *Hair Conditioner*

MAUREEN O'HARA, IN "THE FALLEN SPARROW," AN RKO-RADIO PICTURE

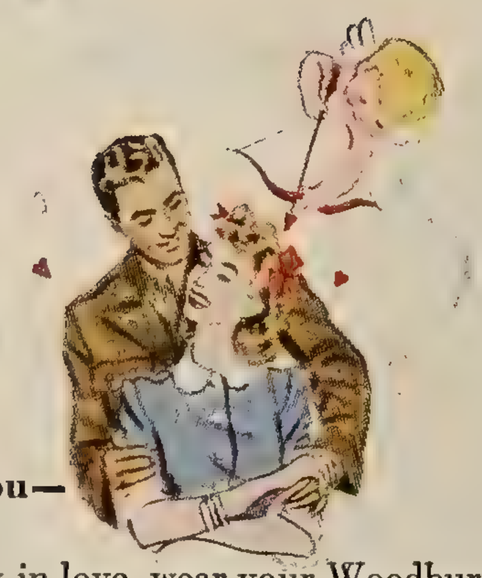


# How Her Stunning Ivory Skin-Tone can be—YOURS



**Maureen O'Hara says—**

"Hollywood experts advise for me a powder shade that emphasizes the ivory fairness of my skin. Like many other stars, I use Woodbury Powder. We've learned that Woodbury shades do much more than just blend with skin coloring—they give the most flattering color-tone. The exquisite *Woodbury Rachel* is my shade. It gives a clear, warm, ivory tone that means glamour, I'm told!"



**Cupid will get you—**

To be lucky in love, wear your Woodbury shade. Film directors helped create it. And thanks to the Color Control process, plus 3 texture refinings, Woodbury Powder makes skin look smoother, younger. Choose from *Rachel*, *Natural* (Veronica Lake's shade), *Champagne Rachel* (Lana Turner's shade), *Windsor Rose* (Rita Hayworth's shade), and 4 others. Boxes of Woodbury Powder, $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.



**Her Matched Make-up**—Maureen's rouge and lipstick shades are in the $1 box of *Woodbury Rachel*. The $1 box (any shade) has matching rouge and lipstick shades—*at no extra cost!*

# WOODBURY POWDER

*Color-Controlled*

# SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC



The following story was written by Sergeant Arthur E. Mielke, of 4123 68th Street, Woodside, Long Island, New York, a Marine Corps Combat Correspondent.

IT'S an ill wind . . .

Take the Jap bombers, for instance. Every time they zoomed over the American lines on Guadalcanal, they were most unwelcome. However, many of them would be shot down and here's the story!

When the Marines landed on Guadalcanal, last August, they carried only light combat packs. Little enough room for such necessities as food and toilet articles in them, much less for such extra luxuries as radios.

But an American without a radio is like a Jap without spectacles—he's lost without one.

American ingenuity took a hand. Private First Class Martin W. Peterson, 27, of Manistique, Michigan, an ex-radio repairman, saw possibilities in the remains of several Jap planes downed in the fighting over the island.

A transmitter from this one, a dial and some wire from a second, a few other parts from a third and the first American-made Japanese radio came into being ready to be put into operation.

Adding to this power obtained by hooking up a series of flashlight batteries, and PFC Peterson and his buddies were listening to their own doings, via America.

PFC Peterson's first radio was a crude, three tube set. As more Jap planes crashed in smoking ruins the set was replaced by a more powerful one with six tubes and a cabinet.

In no time, PFC Peterson's shelter became one of the most popular spots on the island. Every evening, several hundred Marines would gather round and listen to the news broadcasts, popular American programs and music—usually from KWID in San Francisco, California or other west coast stations.

PFC Peterson, who lives with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson, of R.F.D. No. 2, Manistique, near Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, studied engineering at Western Michigan College of Education.

He enlisted in Detroit, Michigan, December 27, 1941.

# Marriage Bargain



TUPPER is sick. *Tupper is sick.*

My mind kept saying it, over and over. And I could believe it. The very quiet of the house made me accept the fact that my son, my bright, full-of-life little boy, was terribly ill. No slamming of doors, now. No pell-mell clatter of running feet. No urgent cries of, "Mother! Mo-*ther!* Where are you?" Just a hush over everything, as if the very house had laid a finger to its lips, bidding the whole world to hold its breath.

Tupper might . . . die.

Sometimes that thought came, too, in the stillness. But I couldn't believe that. I wouldn't.

I found myself hating the stillness, hating the cool efficiency of the doctor, hating the white-uniformed nurse who had usurped my place by Tupper's bedside. Here I was, banished to rest on the couch in the livingroom, useless, helpless. I would gladly have given my own life, then, if I could have bartered it for Tupper's going on living. For Tupper *was* my life, the very center of my world, the only one on the face of the whole earth whom I loved, who loved me, completely and without question. He was all I had, now that John . . . I was about to say "now that John was gone," for it was almost as if Tupper's father had left me. We lived together still, yes—lived in the same house, ate at the same table. But love was gone, and when love goes it takes all that makes life worth while with it.

That was why nothing must happen to Tupper. Tupper was my life, and he was John's, too. All the love our hearts had once held for each other we expended now on the little boy who kept us together. All the love in our hungry hearts. . . .

Only yesterday—a thousand, thousand years ago—I'd seen Tupper start off to school, swaggering a little in his new sailor suit, a small boy aware of his audience of two, his father and his mother, watching from the breakfast table at the kitchen window. As he'd neared the corner, Tupper had caught up with two other children, and, forgetting us and the newness of his clothes, his sturdy legs had broken into a trot, his still-treble voice had called one of those affectionate insults that little boys affect to prove their grown-upness. Other first and second graders, his particular friends, joined them at the corner, and we watched the chil-

*Tupper was her life, and he was John's, too. But Tupper needed her more than John did. All the love they once had for each other was now expended on the little boy who held them together in an empty marriage*

*A Stars Over Hollywood Story*

dren, bobbing like a bunch of multi-colored balloons in the mellow gold of the September sun, turn and go down Elm Street toward school.

As Tupper disappeared, the light in John's eyes and the smile on his lips had died. He got up from the table, finishing his coffee as he rose, leaving his breakfast half eaten. Usually he managed it so that he left to go to work at the same time Tupper left for school in the morning. It brought him to the plant a little ahead of time, but it was one of the dozens of small ways in which we contrived to keep from being alone together, to keep hidden the futility of a marriage which was no longer more than a few words on a bit of legal paper.

"I HAVE to pack if I'm going to catch the ten-thirty," he said. "Where did you put my bag when you cleaned?"

"In the upstairs closet," I added, "Do you want me to help you?"

"No, thanks." My voice stopped him half-way toward the stairs. "I'm leaving at noon."

He turned reluctantly. He'd known for a week that I intended to go to Eleanor Snow's reunion of old friends from our high school graduating class in the town next to our own city of Marshall. I'd known that John intended to go that same weekend to Pine City on business. I'd known, too, that it was a trip he could have taken at another time, and there'd been a silent clash of wills between us, neither of us wanting to give up our plans in favor of the other, neither of us wanting to leave Tupper alone, except for Mrs. Sandstrom, for a weekend. John hesitated, and then he lifted his shoulders in a half-shrug and said slowly, "Mrs. Sandstrom will come in to take care of Tupper?"

"She'll be here this morning."

"Well—"

I waited, determined not to give in at the last minute. Not once since Tupper was born had I been away from Marshall, and I felt that I'd earned the fun that the reunion offered.

"It's all right, I suppose," he said, and went on upstairs.

I packed my own bag after he'd left, and I found time to make a little party of the lunch I prepared for Tupper and Mrs. Sandstrom. When Tupper came home at noon, his eyes widened at the sight of the sandwiches cut into fancy shapes, at the cocoa topped with marshmallows, at the fruit sauce I'd made for the custard dessert.

"Gee, mom, you ought to go away more times." His eyes laughed as he spoke, and his nose wrinkled up at me, and my heart swelled with the warm, sweet feeling of closeness and comradeship between us. Tupper was *my* son. He'd been born John Emory Harding, Junior, but from the day the hospital nurse had brought him to me, saying, "A fine boy, Mrs. Harding. Perfectly formed, but small," he'd seemed particularly mine. He looked like me. His dark eyes slanted up a little at the corners, as if in perpetual fun, and his dark hair was usually ruffled to an elfish peak over the center of his forehead. His bones were fine, and whatever there was of lightness and laughter he caught and gave back with his own laughter added, as a prism catches and colors sunlight.

He was like John in the firmness of his lips and the determined set of his chin when he was particularly serious about something, but his firmness and determination didn't make me feel left out and useless, as John's did. Tupper needed me, and he would need me for a long time. His father had never needed me, really; he had wanted me once, but only until he'd found out that everything I represented were the things that cluttered up his life.

"You'll have a good time with Mrs. Sandstrom, won't you, Tupper?" He would, I knew, but I wanted his word for it.

"Sure. Will she make tarts?"

"Tarts," said Mrs. Sandstrom, "and poor man's bread, too." She came into the diningroom, changed from her street clothes into a fresh house dress, her broad face as shining clean as her apron.



Adapted from an original radio story by Jerome Lawrence, entitled, "The Eternal Spring," first broadcast on CBS's Stars Over Hollywood program, heard Saturdays at 12:30 P.M., EWT.



*Tupper was so quiet. I dropped to my knees, to keep from falling and I felt rather than saw that John came to his knees, too.*

Tupper sighed happily. He loved to watch the diamond shaped bits of dough twisting in the deep fat, loved to eat them hot from the pan, dusted with sugar. He sneezed as he wriggled into his chair.

"Tupper, you're catching cold."

"No, I'm not. That was just a sneeze."

I looked at him anxiously. "Perhaps you ought to stay home this afternoon."

"Oh no, mom!" His voice was horrified. "We got a game for recess, and it's my turn to call teams."

His color was good and his eyes bright; there wasn't a sign of a sniffle. Mrs. Sandstrom sent me a nod that said she'd watch him carefully, and I gave in. I had to guard myself constantly against coddling Tupper too much.

After lunch, as I got my coat out of the hall closet, I heard the back door slam. "Tupper!" I called, and the door slammed again, and he came racing in to me. My arms caught him, and he burrowed against me for a moment, nuzzling his face in the curve of my neck.

"I forgot you were going, mom. How —how long will you be gone?"

My heart misgave me for a moment. "Until Sunday, Tupper. If you want me, tell Mrs. Sandstrom and she'll call me."

"Oh, *I'll* be all right." He was a man suddenly, and, man-like, ashamed of the display of emotion. "Goodbye, Mom." He was gone. I saw him round the corner of the house and pelt down the street toward school while my arms still felt him close to me.

And so I had started off for Eleanor Snow's, sure that Tupper was safe and well and happy, sure, for myself, that I was going to have a wonderful time, the kind of wonderful time I'd wanted and needed for so long.

That had been only yesterday. And it had been flat and tasteless, the too-much anticipated joy of seeing old friends, when I got to Eleanor's. Some of the friends I hardly remembered. Others were far from what I remembered them as being. And I was lonesome for Tupper, and felt out of place. By Saturday morning—this very morning, although it seemed a thousand years since the sun had come up—I was more than willing to come home. So I'd left Eleanor's early, and caught the train for Marshall. And I'd found Mrs. Sandstrom, hovering near the telephone, a worried look on her face.

Tupper! I'd raced up the stairs. His face was flushed, and under my hand his skin felt hot and dry. He didn't sit up to welcome me, and his voice was cracked and uncertain. "I haven't *got* a cold," he protested, when I asked him how he felt, minimizing his ills as little boys will. "But my back hurts a little bit," he admtted.

"Your back, darling?" I looked at him more closely, and saw the fogginess of his eyes, the funny, restless way his hands moved. I remembered my only sister, Ellen—how she had come home from school one day complaining of a backache. Pneumonia, the doctor had said. For the next few days there had been perpetual twilight in our house, shades drawn, voices hushed. And sometime in that twilight, Ellen had stopped living.

Fear was a huge black bird, circling slowly around me, coming to rest at last heavily upon my heart. I clung for a moment to the head of Tupper's bed, and then I turned to find my way downstairs to the telephone.

Dr. Gaines was able to come quickly, and when he saw Tupper he called a nurse at once. For a while I was busy. I boiled water and got out fresh linens, sent Mrs. Sandstrom home because there was no room for her now that the nurse had come, fixed a lunch for the doctor and Miss Varick, the nurse. And then there was nothing more for me to do. Dr. Gaines had called for an oxygen tent, and he was busy on the telephone again now, cancelling appointments, talking to the hospital.

His hands had been gentle as they'd taken me by the shoulders and told me to lie down, his voice as soothing as if I'd been the patient. "You've taken it like a trooper, Eve, and you've been a great help. But there's nothing more you can do, now. You lie down and rest—I promise I'll call if I want you."

He'd gone to the door, then turned back to ask casually, too casually, "Did you get in touch with John?"

"I tried," I told him. "He'd checked out of the hotel in Pine City."

"Good—probably on his way home, then."

"Perhaps," I agreed, and went into the livingroom to lie down to rest, as I'd been told to. There wasn't anything else to do.

I was quite sure that John wasn't on his way home—not that it would have mattered, if Tupper hadn't been ill. John's business frequently took him out of town, to one of the other Marshall Aircraft plants in nearby cities. For a long time I'd supposed, when I thought about it at all, that—since to John I was no more than a housekeeper to him, a nurse (*Continued on page* 93)



# Jealous!

***What a difference a few hours can make in our lives! This heartbreaking moment would never have come to Terry if—***

IT WAS the only place we'd been able to find in the whole town of Santa Margarita. "Twenty-five a week," the man who owned the house had said indifferently, without bothering to add, since we knew it as well as he did, "If you don't take it, somebody else will." And Bill had said quickly, "We'll take it."

One room without a closet. But it had running water, in a wash-basin roughly installed in one corner, and two big windows looking out on the dusty street. Once it had been the living room of this house, with an archway between it and the hall. Now the archway was blocked in with beaverboard through which an ordinary-sized door had been cut. You could lock the door, but the beaverboard looked as if one hearty push would knock it down, leaving the way free for anyone to enter.

The house had three other rooms, besides the kitchen and bath, and they were all occupied—not by single people, but by groups or families. For this was Santa Margarita, which had once been a sleepy little railway junction on the edge of the desert, but now was the only place where workers in the big new magnesium plant could live. It was sleepy no longer. It was awake, roaringly awake, every hour of the day and night, and people were packed into it in a way that pointed up the irony of the empty desert on one side, the empty mountains on the other.

Not a place for two people to start their life together . . . But that isn't fair, really. What happened to Bill and me wasn't the fault of Santa Margarita. It would have happened anywhere. The circumstances might have been different, but the results would have been the same. For the fault was in ourselves.

You can say we weren't ready for marriage, but that would be only half true. In our case, the fact was that we were young. Bill was nineteen and I was eighteen. But we knew we'd be married someday, if the war would let us, and there wasn't time to wait—not when Bill suddenly turned up with a good job.

"I don't want to sit around and wait to be drafted," he declared. "They need men down there at Santa Margarita, and I'm young and healthy. But I won't go unless you'll go with me, Terry. I won't go if I have to be wondering all the time what you're doing, who you're going out with."

As always, it hurt me to have him even hint that anyone else could take me away from him. This was one thing he never could seem to understand or believe—that I was utterly his, had given him all my love and would have none left for anyone else, ever, as long as I lived.

"You wouldn't have to worry about that, Bill," I answered his dark intensity.

"Maybe not," he cried, "but I couldn't help myself! You're so little and sweet and gay—and everybody likes you— Why, even now I feel as if I have to be with you every minute or somebody may come along and take you away from me."

He cupped my face between his hands—such slender, nervous hands. There were two Bills, I always thought, the Bill of the broad shoulders and long legs and whipcord muscles, and the Bill of the brooding, dreamer's eyes, the emotions that spilled over into sudden laughter or equally sudden rage. Those hands belonged to the second Bill.

Now he said, "I think I'd go crazy if you ever fell in love with another fellow."

"I never would. I never could."

"Well, if that's settled," he said, his mood breaking, "let's get everything down on the record. Let's get married and go to Santa Margarita!"

I didn't need any persuading, even though I knew Santa Margarita was hot and dirty and crowded. With Bill, I'd have gone anywhere. So I quit my job and drew out my savings and bought a new blue gabardine suit with part of them, leaving a nest-egg for us if we ever needed it. And we were married very quietly at my house, with all four parents inclined to be tearful, and we drove away in Bill's car, having been given special gasoline rations because we were going to a war job.

The two days of the trip were our honeymoon. At their end was the shingled house on Spear Street in Santa Margarita, where other people's voices were always coming through the thin walls and everybody shared the kitchen and the bathroom.

Bill hated it.

HE'D come home, hot and dusty after a day at the plant site, and beg, "Let's eat out tonight. How about trying the Marina Grill? It looks like a good place."

"But, Bill," I'd say, "we can't afford to eat out every night. And I bought some lamb chops and string beans. They'll spoil if we don't use them."

"I hate the idea of your fighting your way into that kitchen."

"I don't mind it. I'll go in now, and nobody will be there except Mrs. Galini."

"That old chatterbox! You can just see her thinking 'Newlyweds!'

***A Problem From John J. Anthony's Good Will Hour***

*Bill cupped my face between his hands. "I think I'd go crazy if you ever fell in love with another fellow," he said.*

every time she looks at us."

"I know, but she's kind."

Bill would say, "I don't like her."

Bill and I were different in the way we felt about other people. I never thought of liking them or disliking them. They just *were,* and that's all there was to it. Nobody was perfect, but I usually found something to interest me in anyone I spoke to. Like Mrs. Galini—she loved to gossip and she browbeat her meek little husband unmercifully, but she was so generous that she'd have bought and cooked every one of Bill's and my meals, if I'd let her. We used to have long, animated conversations in the kitchen, during which she told me things I couldn't imagine how she'd discovered about the other people in the house.

THAT Jim Parsons! He come home drunk again last night. Imagine, with their little boy sleeping right there in the same room!"

Or: "Andy Mitchell gambled away his whole week's pay check! Had to borrow money to pay his rent."

When I passed Mrs. Galini's gossip along to Bill, he only grunted, "Probably she tells other people about us, too."

"Maybe—but there's nothing very terrible she could say about *us!*"

Bill grinned. "She could tell how I beat you up—which is exactly what I'll do if you don't come over here and kiss me."

Oh, we were happy. In spite of the heat and the overcrowding, we were happy. We couldn't afford not to be, I thought—because who could tell how long we'd be together? Bill was working on a war job, yes, but any day the mail might bring a letter in an official envelope—a letter from the President...

And then we wouldn't be together any more.

It was my job, I told myself, to guard our happiness and keep it from harm, and that was why I studied Bill, learning his moods, his likes and dislikes, his prejudices. Like anyone else, he had them. He was inclined to be grouchy before breakfast and he flatly refused to wear a sock that had a hole in it. If I ran my fingers through his hair he only pretended to like it. He thought President Roosevelt was the greatest man in the world, which was fine if he hadn't been so ready to fight anyone who disagreed!

Little things. Little things that made him Bill, little things that, far from coming between us, were the very warp and woof of my love.

But if he had these small, human, endearing faults he also had one big one which was a bright red danger-signal whenever it appeared. I could cope with it, I told myself.

He wanted me all for himself. If I could have existed only when he was beside me, I think he would have been pleased. This was why he didn't like Mrs. Galini or anyone else I met while he was working. He wanted me to have friends—but only the ones he had made for me. He wanted me to have no interest that he couldn't share. It was all a part, of course, of his ever-present fear that he would lose me. I knew that, and I was touched and foolishly flattered—so flattered that I wouldn't call this quality in him by its right name. I wouldn't call it jealousy.

When, soon after we came to Santa Margarita, he objected to my going downtown in the afternoons any more than was absolutely necessary, I accepted his explanation that the streets were rowdy and dangerous for a girl alone. I accepted it, but in my heart I didn't believe it. It might have been true at night, but not by day. Still, Bill wanted me to stay at home, and whatever he wanted I would do. I learned to spend the long afternoons reading or sewing—just as I learned, whenever Bill and I went anywhere together, not to show even the most casual interest in any other man.

It was hard for me because, as I said, I enjoy people—men, women, children. I had to be careful not to let my natural friendliness betray me into a situation that would irritate Bill. And once, a month after we were married, I forgot all the small lessons I had learned. I forgot them, I think, because I wasn't quite ready to admit that Bill was so frighteningly, unreasonably jealous.

I hadn't met the Andy Mitchell who, according to Mrs. Galini, had gambled away his entire pay check. I'd seen him, of course, going in and out of the house—a blond, cheerful looking young fellow, sturdily muscled and with a round face; and I knew he worked the four-to-midnight shift and shared the back room upstairs with another man. But I'd never spoken to him until one day when I went into the kitchen at noon to heat up some soup for myself. He was there, with a frying pan on the stove and two eggs and some bacon on the table.

"Hello," he said. "Maybe you can tell me. Which do you cook first, the eggs or the bacon?"

I laughed, and offered to fix breakfast for him. While the bacon sizzled, he said without a trace of embarrassment, "I've been eating out, but I had a bad run of luck and lost my pay, so I'm economizing."

"Again?" I said before I thought, and then blushed. "I mean—I heard about your losing your pay the last time."

"From Mrs. Galini, I'll bet," he said carelessly. "Well, it was true then and it's true now. I've had rotten luck lately." He leaned against the drainboard of the sink, whistling softly and watching me at the stove. "Say!" he remarked after a while. "That looks good. Maybe losing all my pay was a blessing in disguise."

"It doesn't seem to worry you much, anyway," I said.

His full mouth drew down at the corners and he shrugged. "No sense



complaining about it. Luck's like that—it runs up, then down, then up again. It'll turn pretty soon for me." He glanced at my face and suddenly smiled. "I can see what you're thinking—that all these games around town are fixed anyway and I'm a dope to go on throwing my money away. Well, probably you're right. Only—I just sort of forget all that when I've got a pocketful of cash. I only remember it when I'm broke again."

He was so frank about it all, so willing to talk to me, that before I knew it I had put my bowl of soup down on the table next to his bacon and eggs and coffee, and we were deep in a discussion of the rights and wrongs of gambling. I said I couldn't understand why it was legal in this state, and he said why not, since there would always be people crazy enough to find ways of

Fictionized from a true problem, presented on John J. Anthony's Good Will Hour, heard Sundays at 10:00 P.M., over the Blue Network.



*I fell across the bed, shaking it with the force of my sobs. Bill was wordless in his rage.*

gambling, legal or not—

"Like you," I said, and he acknowledged the hit with a burst of delighted laughter.

Immediately afterwards, though, he sobered. "I'm trying to make out I'm a sheck of a fellow," he said. "It's not true. I wish I could quit playing—I'd give just about anything to quit. But—I don't know. I've never liked liquor, but I know how a drunkard feels—like I do when I've got a few dollars and pass a roulette wheel or see a list of horses running in some race. You begin to get warm and excited, and you think this time your luck's running just right, so that you'll make a killing. And before you know it, you're broke. Because even if you do make that killing, it all goes back where it came from."

He stopped, forgetting the second cup of coffee I'd poured for him, and I saw lines in his face I hadn't noticed before. It was all his own fault, of course, but I felt sorry for him. I opened my mouth to speak, but he didn't see me, and he started again.

"It's not as if I didn't need the money, either," he said. "I need it like the devil. That's one reason I keep trying to win back what I've lost." He turned abruptly in his chair. "Look, you don't mind if I tell you about it, do you?"

"Of course not," I said. "If I can help."

He looked at me strangely. "Maybe you can. You look sort of like Myra. That's a good sign."

When he'd finished, I felt sorrier for him than ever—and sorry for Myra, too. It wasn't a very unusual story, I guess, but that didn't keep it from being pathetic. Myra was the girl he loved and wanted to marry. She lived with her family in the Pennsylvania town where Andy and she had both been born. When Andy had saved up enough money he would send for her and they'd be married. That was all, except that his own special, terrible vice kept him from ever getting the money together.

"But if it's so hard for you to save it all up in one piece," I said, "why do you try? Why don't you send her a few dollars every week, the first thing as soon as you've been paid?"

He said bleakly, "You don't understand. She couldn't keep the money, either. Her family's big, and it's poor—really poor, worse than anything you've ever seen, I imagine. Myra couldn't have money in her pocket and not use it to help the rest of them. It wouldn't be humanly possible." He struck the table a blow with his clenched fist. "If I could only win a real pot!"

"I still think the best thing would be to forget all about winning anything," I said gently.

"Sure, you're right," he said wearily. "But that's how a gambler's mind just naturally works."

"How much would you need to bring Myra here?" I asked.

"About a (*Continued on page* 86)

# Even though I



*Ronny was born to have a good time, to get everything she wanted, no matter whom it hurt—even if it meant cheating her own sister of the love that was her right*

EVER SINCE I received that letter—that incredible letter—I have felt I must write this. But not till now have I had the courage.

It may seem strange to anyone who reads this through, that I, who even now am recovering from what everyone calls an act of heroism, should lack courage. But it is true: nothing calls for more bravery than to look back and face the memories that make you burn with shame.

Maybe six months ago I could have thought of these things without too many qualms. At least I could have found plenty of excuse for what I did. But so much has happened in this last six months—so much that would have seemed fantastic then—that now it is my old life that seems strange and unbelievable. I can hardly recognize the picture of myself as that sleek blonde nurse in crisp white sharkskin sitting at the desk of a specialist's office six months ago, with a white telephone in my hand, saying into it those things I said on that awful day when the opportunity came to me to take other people's lives in my own young, thoughtless hands.

It was an early October day, one of those mornings when the air is so fresh and clear back home it seems like an autumn health resort. It seemed to me that morning that everything I wanted in life, everything I had counted on, dreamed of, and built toward, was being snatched right out of my hands. And it was my sister Gertrude, who had always given me everything, who was now taking it all away.

Gertrude, you see, had brought me up. My mother had died when I was born, and when Gertrude was twelve and I was six my father, a country doctor, was killed while driving home from a case in the early morning darkness.

Gertrude tried so hard to give me everything a family could have provided that I guess she withheld the one thing I needed most: discipline. When I was in high school and she was in college, there was not enough money for pretty clothes for two. So I had them, while she worked waiting on tables in the college dorm to help pay for her tuition. That, with the hard work she put into learning to be a doctor, didn't leave her much energy for learning to play. And though she was pretty—more than pretty, I can see that now, with her dark gray eyes and softly waving brown hair and clear, clean skin—her beauty lacked the advertising that smart clothes and careful make-up would have given it. At the time it never occurred to me that it wasn't the most natural state of affairs. I was born to have a good time, to get everything in life I wanted, and she was born to think exclusively of medicine—and me.

Up until that October morning, I had never doubted that I would have everything I wanted. I had taken training in Doctors' Hospital, stayed on in the Men's Surgical Wing just as naturally as a bee gravitates to honey, and I'd supposed that I would stay there.

But Dr. Dana Craig changed all my plans. I helped out in the operating room once when he was performing a cystotomy, and stayed right there. I lost all my taste for being a Special and meeting the Man. I had met him.

It's hard to describe the curious aura of glamour that surrounded Dr. Dana Craig for me. He wasn't handsome, yet his looks were part of his charm: his craggy jaw, his grizzled eyebrows, his spare height and the manner of carrying it that made you know he was an important man in spite of his gruff Scottish shyness—that, added to the gossip about the five-thousand-dollar fees he got for the magic his fingers could do in half an hour, and the way other doctors said his name so reverently—well, there was all that, and yet it wasn't all. The rest, perhaps, had to do with the rumor that his terrible tempers really concealed heartbreak over his wife.

I had nothing to do with the break-up of his marriage; let's get that straight. All I did was watch the gossip columns and the social page. When I finally saw

# Love You



a picture of Constance Craig riding with one of the top polo players of the country, I felt a funny kind of thrill. She looked like me! She had the same shining, silver-gilt hair, only hers was cut longer than I was allowed to wear mine at the hospital; it fell long and smooth to her shoulders. But my features were as cleanly aquiline, my lips as sulky-sweet, my eyes as deeply, widely set, and darkly lashed, as hers. Not till after I heard that she was Reno-bound, when the girl who had been Dana Craig's office nurse resigned to get married, did I ask him for the job.

"What would you be wanting that job for?" he asked me, his gray-green eyes glinting at me below his frowning brows.

"Maybe I'd like a change from all this—" I waved a hand toward the corridor full of hurrying white-clad figures.

"But it's where you belong, I should think," he said. "I mean, as an operating room nurse you're—" He stopped abruptly, embarrassed at being on the verge of actually giving praise. He frowned furiously and said, "Well, you have been rather a second pair of hands to me, you know—"

THAT was inordinate praise from Dana Craig. But I wanted to be more than a pair of hands to him!

I didn't answer, just smiled, and he asked, suddenly, "If it's because you're tired of me barking at you, I assure you you'll not improve your situation by the move. On the contrary. For it's there that the foolish women come. And when the fury rises in me I shoot at the nearest target. That would be you." He grinned. Nothing on earth was as charming as his rare, brilliant grin. In that moment I worshipped him. I felt the blood rising in my face and my lips felt stiff so that I could hardly form the words of my answer. I said, "That's all right, Dr. Craig. I'm used to it. It—it's kind of exciting."

He made an incredulous sound that was half grunt, half chuckle. And the next week I went to work in all the stiff elegance of his office.

That kind of relationship can be very close, very warm. I grew to know and welcome his furious bouts of temper. The farther he flew off the handle, the sweeter—though mostly unexpressed in words—would be his remorse. I'd find three dozen cream-pink Talisman roses on my desk next morning, or a vial of delicate perfume. But I wasn't satisfied. It made me all the more impatient with the boys that took me out. They were so—well, so young! Like Cameron Jones. His cheeks were actually pink with boyish health, his blond hair an unmanageable brush, and though he was called Doctor it was still practically a courtesy title. Oh, I had fun with Cam, we played together like a couple of kids, scrapping and making up, laughing and sparring with each other. But I knew my real, grown-up life would not begin until the day that Dana Craig saw me as a person—as a girl, a woman, and desirable.

Well, the day came, of course.

Dana had hit the ceiling over an appointment I made with Mrs. Culpepper Fownes. "When I postpone a kid with osteomyelitis because the ward's too full, you choose that day to make a date with Mrs. Fownes," he fumed. "At a time when a billion people in the world never see a doctor from one year to the next, I have to spend an hour listening to her tell me the effect of her husband's misunderstanding on her digestion!" He glared at me as furiously as if I were the cause of children being deprived of treatment and becoming cripples for life.

I looked up at him and I felt the tears swell into my eyes. I didn't defend myself. I didn't say, "Mrs. Fownes is your patient. Your income is from people like Mrs. Fownes and not from your clinic kids with osteomyelitis. It's my job to make your dates with Mrs. Fownes."

No, I only said, in a small whisper, "I'm sorry." And then my head went down onto my folded arms, and I was

sobbing. I couldn't help it. I had wanted him to start noticing me for so long, and I was still just someone to take his wrath and then his apologies and come back for more. I was so tired of waiting!

There was a moment of silence, then I heard his breath jerk in, and he was coming round the desk to me. "Miss Lovell! Look here, child. I didn't—I thought you understood—" His hand was on my shoulder, firm and strong, and he was straightening me up, lifting me to face him. "You're tired," he said. "I'm a slave driver. I ought not to be allowed to hire young girls. I've treated you like a brute—" Suddenly he smiled. "You're a sweet kid," he said. "And now you go home and get some rest."

I shook my head stubbornly. "No. Not till you do." And though he gave it as an order, he could not persuade me. "It's hot at the apartment, anyway." I told him.

That night he took me to a roof for dinner after work.

And the next Friday, when he didn't finish with his patients till nearly eight, he asked me out again. "Though I suppose you're all dated up with some young—rug cutter—"

I LAUGHED. The word sounded so funny on his lips. "No. Nothing, that is, that I can't break." And I called my sister to ask her to fix it up with Cam. He was a fellow house-officer of hers at Presbyterian Hospital —that was how I'd met him.

"But what about Cam?" Gertrude asked, troubled.

"Take him to the Honeysuckle Club," I told her lightly. "When he hears Bates Robinson play the trumpet he'll forget he's mad."

The third time I went out with Dana, I wore the black chiffon dinner dress that I had hanging in the coat closet of the office. He took one look at me and said, "That calls for an orchid." So we walked until we found an open florist shop, and he bought the best one in the place, before we had our dinner. Afterward we walked through the soft Indian Summer evening to my apartment. "It's been fun," I told him, looking up into his face all black and white with sharp shadows.

He said, "You say that as if you really meant it."

I said, "I do. Oh, I do." I put my hand on his arm.

He smiled. "That makes it all the sweeter." His tone was almost wistful. "Sparing a bit of cheer for a dreary old doc, and topping it off with those kind words."

There was such a queer, doubtful sadness in his smile that I acted instinctively. I lifted up my hands and took his face in them and pulled it down close. Then I kissed him full on the mouth.

Breathlessly, I said, "That's to say I mean it."

His arms came round me tight and he held me against him with a sudden harsh strength that shocked me with its violence. "You sweet, sweet child," he said against my hair.

But suddenly, before I had time to sort out my confused sensations, he had thrust me away from him with an even fiercer kind of violence. "Look here," he said gruffly, "this won't do."

"Why not?" I asked softly, looking up at him.

"Because it won't. Because you're a kid. A sweet kid, but a kid. And I—I don't—"

"You don't—like me?" My voice was tremulous.

"Like you?" He barked it at me as angrily as his office tempers. "Don't be silly." Then his voice changed to a deep sadness. "No, no one could resist a lovely thing like you. But I'm an old man—"

When I started to protest indignantly, he lifted one of his long-fingered hands to brush my words away. "None the less," he said, "it's true. Not just in years, my dear. But something has gone out of me. Faith, perhaps. Faith in happiness; faith in anyone on whom such happiness must depend."

"In women, you mean?" I insisted on my answer.

He gave it with a shrug. "If you will. Yes. In women."

"Well, you're wrong," I told him stoutly. "Women aren't all alike. You'll see!"

It's queer, but it was at that very moment that the elevator door opened and my sister stepped out. Behind her was Cam.

The minute I saw Cam's face—the hot fresh color coming up in his smooth, boyish cheeks, the angry twist to his red lips, the bright fury in his blue eyes—I remembered I'd broken another date with him.

Gertrude was coming up to me, smiling, trying to smooth everything over for me as she always had. "You worked late, didn't you, dear? It was nice of Dr. Craig to bring you home."

"Very nice," Cam said, with unmistakable emphasis, staring at my orchid.

"Cam—" I gave him a quick, warning look. After all, this was Dr. Dana Craig, Chief of Surgery at Doctors' Hospital; a young intern had better watch his words. But Cam was beyond such considerations. "Your job must be very hard, Ronny," he said, "to make you forget all your dates this way."

It was an awful moment. But Gertrude stepped into the breach, as always. "Cam and I had decided to go to the Honeysuckle Club," she said calmly. "Why don't we all four go?"

Her tone was so sweet, so reasonable, that she made the idea instantly attractive. Dana looked at her for the first time, and his glance held. He took two steps to her side, offered his arm, and said, "Why not? That seems an excellent solution."

I drew a long breath of relief and tucked my arm into Cam's. He did not answer the smile I turned up to him, his face remained set and fiery, his whole body rigid against my arm, but he went along with us.

In the taxi Gertrude covered his silence by talking to Dana. As usual, she was ready to help me out of my jam. You'd think, from the quick, intelligent questions she asked Dana, that she had been waiting for this moment. I was proud of her, amazed that she knew so much about Dana's particular specialized field of surgery. For her questions obviously interested him. His eyes lit up as he answered, very carefully and more fully than I had ever




My True Story Radio Drama

"Even Though I Love You" was adapted from an original story by Morris Eiken, entitled "Thou Shalt Not Covet," broadcast on My True Story program, heard daily at 3:15, over the Blue.



heard him speak. I had that sense of satisfaction you get when you introduce two people who mean a lot to you and find they get along. That was all, then. It was different, very different, later.

Almost immediately, it was different. Cam spoke for the first time when we were alone together, alone in the intimacy that dancing gives two people who have danced together so often that they move like two parts of the same body. "So that's the star you've hitched your wagon to," he murmured very distinctly into my ear. "I knew I'd run into some important competition lately, but even Trudy didn't let on it was His Nibs."

"Didn't she?" I felt my backbone stiffen with the stubborn resistance his scolding always roused in me.

"No, she didn't. She's darn loyal to you, do you know that?"

"Why shouldn't she be loyal?"

"Because you don't deserve it, that's why. She ought to quit covering for you and start letting you take the bumps."

Our conversation was running true to form. I got a queer sort of fun out of fighting with Cam. It was like playing a fast game of tennis, with a lot of jabbing, slamming shots that grazed the net. "What do you mean," I asked him sweetly, "by the bumps?"

"Such as me walking out on you, for instance."

"Well. . . . And what's to stop you?"

"You don't know that by this time?"

"No. If I'm so terrible, I wonder why you bother with me." I cut that one.

But he sent it back hard in a straight, clean forehand drive. "You wonder," he said, his tone hoarse with a kind of weary exasperation. "You wonder, because you don't know about love. That's something you don't comprehend yet."

"I do, too!" I came back hotly, my own anger rising. "I happen to be in love with Dana Craig!"

"In love!" He stopped dancing and held me with hard, tight hands, away from him. "You're grabbing for his fame and money and importance the way a kitten grabs at a Christmas tree ornament. But you haven't learned the first thing about love."

"How do you know so much?" I was too angry to think of a good answer now.

"I know because I know that only a grown person is capable of love. And you're still a self-indulgent spoiled baby."

I was close to tears. Angry, indignant tears. But I wouldn't let him make me cry. I said stiffly, "It just happens to be a fact, however, that Dana and I love each other."

"*Dana* and you!" His tone was outraged. He turned away from me in a sort of disgust. Then suddenly he said in a changed tone, "Take a look at your Dana. Does he look right now like he's in love with you?"

I looked, and I guess I gasped. I felt the first cold finger of fear touch my spine. For Gertrude and Dana had stopped dancing, with Dana's hands still resting lightly on hers as if the contact were so natural that they hardly needed to make a point of it, and they were staring into each other's faces so engrossed in what he was saying that they were completely unaware of other couples dancing around them—and as the music stopped—brushing past them to get back to their tables.

I jerked up my chin. "That's just shop talk. They're hashing over a lot of old dry medical stuff."

"Their kind of shop talk," Cam said in a queer, almost pitying tone, "doesn't happen to be dry. Medicine is just the most important thing in the world to both of them, that's all."

"What are you trying to do, scare me?" I asked him sharply, and I guess the fear got into my voice.

His arm tightened about me in a sort of protective way which brought sudden, unreasonable tears to my eyes. "No, my lamb," he said, very gently, all anger gone, leaving his voice deep and soft. "No, I'm not trying to scare you. Crazy as I am I don't want you to get one little scare or one little hurt in your whole life. No, honey, I'm warning you."

We were back at the table, and I didn't have a chance to say the defiant, incredulous words that crowded my lips. But I felt the heat coming up into my cheeks as Dana rose courteously until I was seated and then said, smiling, "Look, Miss Lovell, I've made an interesting discovery. Your sister is a young woman I've been wanting to meet for some time."

That was the beginning, that night in early September. And too soon, before I had time to think, even to understand, I was facing the end.

One night Gertrude had come to my room after a date with Dana. She had sat on my bed (*Continued on page* 60)

*PRESENTING, IN LIVING PORTRAITS—*

# Young Widder Brown

***Inspiring photographs of the stars you hear each day in radio's vivid drama—the story of a woman who is seeking the right to love again***



*ELLEN BROWN has been a widow for many years. She has been in love with Anthony Loring for a long time but she refused to take her own happiness at the risk of her children's. She runs a tea shop to support herself and her two children, Mark and Jane. For years she has put off marrying Anthony because of the youngsters, and now she feels that she ought to wait until the war is won. In her spare time, Ellen is serving as a nurse's aide at the local hospital. She's also doing Red Cross work and is tending her Victory Garden.*

(Played by Florence Freeman)

*CAPTAIN ANTHONY LORING is stationed at Camp Mercer, near the town of Simpsonville, where Ellen lives and where he practiced as a doctor before the war. He divides his time between duties at camp and conducting classes for student nurses at the local hospital. He acted as a "guinea pig" for one of his medical experiments, which resulted in his having contracted a certain ailment. It is because of this handicap that he has not been ordered to go overseas. His love for Ellen is true and constant, and he is patiently waiting for her to marry him.*

(Played by Ned Wever)



Young Widder Brown is heard daily at 4:45 P.M., over NBC and is produced by Frank and Anne Hummert



*MARK BROWN is Ellen's twelve-year-old son. He's very cooperative and loves to help his mother in her Victory Garden and is constantly on the hunt for scrap metal. At first, like his sister Jane, he disliked Anthony but now has been won over to him.*
(Played by
Dickie Van Patten)



*MARIA HAWKINS is Simpsonville's busybody and town gossip. She has often caused Ellen much unhappiness by her malicious attitude and exaggeration of small incidents.*
(Played by Agnes Young)



*JANE BROWN is Ellen's other problem in her search for happiness. Ellen's willingness to sacrifice her life for her children is greatly lightened by Janey's helpfulness and cooperation. She, like her brother Mark, is beginning to approve of her mother's engagement.*
(Played by
Marilyn Erskine)

# DO YOU BELIEVE IN *Miracles?*





*There is purpose behind the war, and those who keep faith bright and untarnished will win it! Here is an inspired call to service from one of your favorite radio heroines*

**By ELLEN BROWN**

TODAY I believe in miracles.

"Miracle" and "miraculous" are words that we in the twentieth century have used too much, I think. The electric light, the radio, the automobile and airplane—we began by calling all these miracles of science, which they are, and ended by calling them miracles—which they are not.

No, a miracle is something much more than the wonder of flicking a switch and hearing music or voices picked out of the very air. It is something whose marvels cannot be seen nor touched, nor explained in any other way than by saying simply: "This is how we know that God created man in His image." It is something to do with the human soul, and with its greatness.

Perhaps, particularly in a time of war, you find it difficult to believe in that kind of miracle. Many of us cannot, I know. We read of unprovoked bombings, we read of Lidice, and the horror is so great that our minds stagger and there seems to be nothing in the world except wickedness and hate. But even in war—perhaps more than ever in war—there are miracles if we know where to find them.

We can find them, of course, in the same newspapers which tell us of tragedy. Colin Kelly showed us a miracle, and the men on Wake Island, and the people of England and Russia. But we needn't go so far away. There are miracles here at home, happening under our very eyes, and they help us to understand the larger miracles. The only thing is that often, unless circumstances help us, we do not see them.

It was my work as a nurses' aide that helped me.

When I enrolled for this work I did so for several reasons. My fiancé, Dr. Anthony Loring, had recently become a Captain in the Army Medical Corps, and I wanted a job that would make me feel as if I were standing by his side even if he should be sent many miles away. Just so, a girl who loves a fighter pilot might choose to work in an airplane factory.

More important, though, I knew the desperate need for nurses, and I believed that helping to fill this need was the most vital service I could perform. I like to help people, I like to ease them when they are sick or in pain, and I'd already had a little experience in that field of work. I couldn't qualify as a full-fledged trained nurse because that would have meant a training period, which was out of the question for a woman with two children to support. So I did the next best thing: I signed up as a nurses' aide.

My choice was made quite logically, you see. I picked out a job to do, that was all, one that seemed to fit the background and age and family circumstances of Ellen Brown. I knew it would be hard work, but I was glad of that. Somehow, when I thought about the privations other people were enduring, anything less than real hard work seemed rather shameful.

Certainly I never expected to find in nursing anything more than the satisfaction one feels at doing something useful. I didn't expect it to bring a new meaning to the war—to restore my faith in miracles. Yet this is what it finally did.




I KNOW the precise moment that it happened. A little boy was brought to the hospital a short time before I went on duty one day. He had been very badly hurt in an automobile accident, and an operation was necessary. I say necessary, but really it was more of a last, forlorn chance than a necessity. The floor nurse whispered to me when I came into the ward, just before he was to be taken to the operating room, that there was almost no hope of saving his life. Then she was called away for a moment, and I was left alone beside the boy's bed, looking down at the waxy-white, thin little face with its freckles standing out so starkly.

Suddenly his eyes opened, and he looked around, first in curiosity and then in rising terror. He struggled to sit up. I bent over him, trying to soothe his fright, and he said weakly, "I know what this is—it's a hospital. When people come here they're going to die!"

"Oh, no!" I said. (*Continued on page* 85)

# You are my Heart

***What had been lacking in her love that Johnny should have been driven into another woman's arms? Anne was hurt, but pride would not let her hold him. There was nothing to do but set him free***

THE night Johnny asked me to marry him was the happiest night of my life—and yet, somehow, the most miserable. I was wildly happy, because this was what I had wanted, more than anything else. But deep inside me, even while Johnny's arms pressed me close with an urgency that drove my heart frantic, there was a kind of silent weeping, because I couldn't help wondering whether Johnny would ever have asked me to marry him, at all, if the realities of life had not come between him and the things he dreamed of and wanted.

Ever since I can remember, I've loved Johnny Randall. And, as long as I go on breathing, it will be that way. It isn't only Johnny as he is now, the physical nearness of him, the strength and power in his tall, straight body, the energy that bristles even in his short cropped, wiry, black hair and the fire that sometimes flashes from his blue eyes. These things, too, but much more.

The thin, rangy boy—Johnny, who let me play baseball with the gang, though I was a girl. The sometimes serious Johnny, who helped me, frowning, with my algebra and physics. The brave Johnny, who defended me when boys from the other side of town called me "Carrots" and pulled my long, red pigtails. The dreamer Johnny, with his blue eyes lit up from inside, who would sit for hours and tell me of his plans, because he knew I wouldn't laugh at him.

All this—and so much more that it would take as long to remember as it had taken for it all to happen.

We grew up together, Johnny and I. We lived in the same street in the middle part of Stanboro, far enough away from the steel mills so that trees could grow and flowers in the front yards of the neat, frame houses did not wilt in the eternal grit and smoke from the stacks. Both our fathers worked at the mills. Johnny's father was a yard foreman, mine a bookkeeper.

It was when we were going to high school that Johnny began dreaming—of distant places, strange lands that he felt he must see, adventures that he knew he must have. These were the things he would talk about, evenings, after he had worked over my math problems with me. Stanboro seemed to become a prison for him, after awhile, a prison whose bars he must break so that he could be free.

Sometimes I would catch this fever from him and, as he talked, I would feel the excitement of going—moving—running about the world, touching, savoring, sensing everything, everywhere. But I was a girl. Even at fourteen, I knew this was not for me. And somehow—young as I was—it didn't seem to me to be terribly bad that I would probably be staying in Stanboro for the rest of my days. Almost, it seemed, that was a good thing, because it left me free to make plans, to figure out all the things I wanted and had to do.

But I was no critic of Johnny's. Secretly, because I felt in my childish heart that if Johnny even suspected it he might no longer treat me as his confidante, I adored him. And, because I did, I wanted him to have everything he desired. I wanted him to have the whole world.

It wasn't easy for Johnny to tear himself free. When he was graduated from high school—two years before I was—he had to go to work at the mill. His mother had died when his youngest brother was born and his father needed his help in supporting this growing, demanding brood. Johnny didn't complain.

Only I knew how much he wanted to get away. Only I knew how he scrimped and saved from his small share of the money he earned, so that he might go to college. And, in a year, he set out. And again, only I knew how little money he really had—just enough to pay his tuition. But he was determined to go. He was determined that he would be an engineer and with that ability as a sword he would cut himself a wide path through the world.

I don't know how he did it, but that first year at college he not only studied, he worked eight hours a day, sometimes more, so that he could live—how I can't imagine—and still send his father some money every week.

In his own way, I suppose Johnny had always loved me a little, too. But it wasn't until the following summer that there was any flash of his feeling for me, any sign at which I could grasp, to which I could cling, hopefully.

Johnny had been away almost two years, then. He came home for a short visit, before he set out for a farm where he was going to work during his vacation. I had grown up. I'd cut my red pigtails into a long bob. My freckles had somehow faded a little and my round chin had taken on a more mature, smooth curve. I had a job in the office at the mill.

At first, Johnny didn't notice any difference. He came over to our house and we went out to the backyard, just as we had done countless times in the past. And Johnny talked and talked. He had tasted freedom and the nibble had been good and he wanted more. He had shaken Stanboro's dust from his heels and they were sprouting wings.

It was a lovely evening, with the moon rising over the distant smoke stacks and, once in awhile, the sky going red with the glow of the fires as the furnace doors were opened. And, around us, was the soft, June darkness. Suddenly, Johnny stammered. Then, he laughed and pulled me to one side so the moonlight fell on my face. His hands were tight on my shoulders.

"Anne—" he grinned, "you're different. You're new. You're pretty darned lovely."

He brushed my loose hair back from my forehead with one hand, gently, and touched my ear, my throat. I wanted to crush myself to him and tell him how much I loved him. But the light whisper of a touch was gone and, when I looked up into his

"You Are My Heart" was adapted from the story, "Last Call To Freedom," heard on Just Five Lines over Mutual.

*Ever since I can remember, I've loved Johnny. As long as I go on breathing, it will be that way.*

face, he had turned away from me.

One moment—one moment, after years. I wept a long time that night. For one moment I had thought he would tell me he loved me. Because I knew he did—I knew it very surely. But I knew, too, that I was a threat to his first love—his freedom—the freedom to which he had dedicated himself.

Johnny left two days later. It was different saying goodbye, this time. We stood by my front gate and Johnny looked awkward. He grinned, as though he knew it.

"Well—Anne—well," he stammered. "Guess I'll say goodbye—"

I LAUGHED, because I was glad that he had seen me as I was now, almost a woman, not a child. I wanted to kiss him, make him understand. I moved closer to him.

"Well—Anne, goodbye," Johnny said again. He stepped backward, away from me and then he hurried off, as though he were running away from himself.

He didn't write to me. This too was a difference. It hurt not to hear from him, but I understood. He was afraid a little. He could no longer write in the old way, freely, impersonally, and he didn't dare write any other way.

Even now, I hate to think back on the next time I saw Johnny. It was a grim Johnny, this time, his blue eyes clouded with pain, his handsome, lean face tight with grief. It twisted my heart to see him, looking somehow terribly alone and hurt. His father was dead—killed in an accident at the mill, killed trying to save one of the workers.

I was very careful then. I wanted to do everything I could to wipe away his sorrow, but I wanted to make sure he understood that I wasn't doing it to make him indebted to me. Above everything else, I wanted to avoid that. Often in the weeks that followed, I longed to take him in my arms and make him forget what had happened. But I didn't let myself.

Johnny stayed home. He got a job at the mill easily enough. His college education, the little he had had, helped. Even at the start, he made almost as much money as his father had made after years of hard work. He took his brothers in hand, beginning the discipline of giving each of them some duty about their home, some responsibility.

He did these things quietly, but there was resignation in his quietness. Again, only I knew how he really felt. Only I had heard him cry out bitterly against his fate.

"What chance has a guy got?" he whispered one evening as we sat in my backyard. He seemed almost to be talking to himself. "What's the good of trying? You make plans—you want things—and what do you get? A mess of somebody else's troubles—a lot of responsibilities you never asked for."

He was in a dark mood and I wanted to help him out of it, but his eyes were looking far away into the darkness and I had the feeling that he wouldn't even hear me, if I did say something. Besides, what could I say to him? That what he was doing was fine, noble? I didn't think it was so noble to do the things that had to be done. And, even if it were, I doubted very much whether being noble was any substitute for the dreams he had lost. I couldn't help him.

And then — that night — when he asked me to marry him, I thought for a few moments that Johnny had found himself.

There was no moon that night and the air, heavy with low hanging drifts of smoke from the mill stacks, was sultry and threatening. If I were superstitious, I might have thought this an omen.

We were walking, not sitting in my backyard as usual. Johnny seemed restless, as though he had to move, go somewhere, even though it was just into a less familiar part of town.

Suddenly, without stopping, Johnny said, "Anne—I've been thinking—" he stopped speaking for a second. "It comes down to this," he went on softly, "I guess we kind of belong together."

My heart refused to beat for a moment and I couldn't make my feet move. I stood still.

"We ought to get married," Johnny said.

For years I'd been waiting for this, wanting it, and now that he had said it, somehow, it seemed strange and not quite enough. Then, he took me in his arms and kissed me and I forgot everything else in the desperate, frantic way Johnny kissed me and pressed me close.

We were married a week later, very quietly, because it was so soon after his father's death.

Gradually, Johnny began to learn how to laugh again. He was very busy, doing his job, studying a bit in the evenings so he could get a better one, running those five boys, helping them with their lessons, shaping their nimble, young minds—and loving me.

I was busy, too. I hadn't given up my job. I didn't see why I should and my salary helped to keep Johnny's young brothers in shoes and clothes that seemed to wear out for one as soon as they were bought for another. Besides, sentimentally perhaps, I liked the idea of working close to where Johnny spent his days, having a little something to do with the same kind of work.

As those three years passed, we seemed to grow happier. It was a quiet kind of happiness, one of contentment and satisfaction with one another. Sometimes, when I was alone, I would remember Johnny's old dreams, his overpowering longing to be free and I would wonder if Johnny had forgotten his dreams altogether. But this wasn't often. There was too much to do in our lives.

Into this peaceful, normal life the war came creeping, slowly at first, then with gathering force, until it burst upon us in all its power. The mills were working now, day and night. Even that wasn't enough to feed the hungry maws of the war machine. The mills had to be enlarged







*Johnny stood by the window, staring out into the darkness. I could feel that he was troubled about something—"Johnny?" I whispered.*

and men had to be brought to Stanboro from all parts of the country.

Now, Stanboro really began to be small. The new workers filled every available house and loft and building. They brought with them the accents of the West and Mid-west, the Maine woods and the New Orleans patois. They brought with them their ideas and customs. Stanboro was full of new activity, a new life, full to the overflowing. And still they came, more and more of them.

The mills grew more and spread out. There was nowhere for the workers who toiled in them to spread. They built new houses. That wasn't enough. Workers and their families still had to live in tents and trailer camps. There were children who couldn't go to school, because there wasn't room for them. They roamed the streets and filled the air with their noise and shrill games.

It was these things which brought Clarissa Mallory to Stanboro. Clarissa always went where the news was, the human interest story that would supply a target for her expert camera work. At that time, she was working for a Chicago newspaper.

I met her, briefly, in the office. It was my job to bring her into contact with some of the department heads, who, in turn, would see that she had permission to take photographs of everything inside the plant, except certain departments that were handling government orders.

To me, Clarissa was just part of the day's work. I noticed her, of course, partly because she was new, but also because she was attractive. She was tall and her face was thin and animated. She had dark eyes that had a flaming, untamed look about them. All her movements were quick and gave a vivid impression of tremendous energy. She gave me the feeling that she was likely to leap at things and, just as quickly, leave them behind.

She went about her business and I forgot about her. I was to wish I hadn't. But how was I to know that she was still in town a week later? And longer than that. How was I to connect her with the thing that was happening to Johnny?

It's hard to describe what was taking place in Stanboro then. The overcrowding, the lack of facilities for all those people, was beginning to have an effect. It crept in everywhere. A restlessness, a dissatisfaction, a constant and growing irritation.

It came into our home. About us, the streets were always full of movement and noise, far into the night, when the swing shift workers stalked the town in search of amusement, and all through the day, when the night shift workers went about in their leisure hours. The boys began to feel it. They grew a bit unmanageable. They made friends with the new children. They played hookey because their new friends couldn't go to school and they envied them. They roamed the streets and learned new — and sometimes tough—games.

I don't mean that all the new children were bad, or that their parents paid no attention to them. It had nothing to do with that. The older people were reacting to the same thing—a kind of hysteria, a sense of having no place to go to escape for a little peace and restful quiet. Nerves began to get raw.

Johnny, always sensitive to the atmosphere around him, was reacting, too. He began to have a tenseness about him and his eyes grew restless. Something seemed to drive him to go about the town. In the beginning, it was curiosity, a wanting to meet these new people, talk to them, hear about the places they had left, the places they still hoped to go. And, in a way, I could understand that. I felt as though he deserved this, at least. He had had to give up his dreams. This seemed a harmless enough substitute.

In my blindness, it even seemed to me that these long ramblings of Johnny's were good for him. He used to come home very late, sometimes, but he looked refreshed. His eyes would have the old fire in them and the lines of strain that had started to appear around his mouth would be eased.

Then, more and more, each time he came so late, looking so different and more alive, it began to seem to me that he had gone a little further away from me. It's hard to express clearly. He didn't say or do anything, to make me feel that way. In fact, he was very considerate, more considerate than ever before. Perhaps that was it—his behaving as though he had to make something up to me. It frightened me, and yet there was nothing I could say. How could I say, "Darling, what's wrong? Why are you so sweet—so kind?"

In the end, Johnny had to tell me. He had never been able to deceive anyone and those weeks must have weighed heavily on him.

When it came, it was much more of a shock than it should have been. I knew Johnny so well, I should have known what was wrong. I felt such a fool, such a miserable, hurt fool.

I had gone up to bed, but not to sleep. Since we've been married I've never been able to sleep unless I knew Johnny (*Continued on page* 72)

# To David, from Mary

*The first thing Mary Marlin did when she returned to Alexandria from Cedar Springs was to write to David Post. Here is that letter, a tender assurance of her love and faith*

DAVID, my dear:

Doesn't it look wonderful, written out like that—"David my dear?" I've written you scores of letters that began "Dear David," but that little *my* makes such a difference!

I arrived just a few hours ago, just long enough to do a little unpacking, to make a tour of the garden, and now to sit down and begin to write to you. Arnold has just put his head in the door to remind me to tell you that he took a snapshot of me a little while ago, as I came in from inspecting the garden. He says that he'll have it developed at once, and that if I'll wait until tomorrow to mail this letter, the picture will be ready to send along, too.

David, it's been a good summer, hasn't it, in spite of all that has happened? A good summer, because we were together. You know, it's funny—we've known each other so long, seen each other so frequently, that I would have said, a couple of months ago, before I came out to Cedar Springs, that we simply couldn't know each other any better. But we do, now. We know each other completely and beautifully, as all who love should; we know each other's thoughts and can anticipate each other's laughter and sadness. That is how it should be, David.

I did a great deal of thinking this afternoon while I wandered around the garden. I thought about my feelings toward Joe and the memories of him, about my work and the obligation to my country which it entails, about Davey and little Maria, and most of all about us and the life which stretches, unseen, unknown, before us. And I've been remembering, too—remembering the summer just past, and that day which started our summer when you came here to Alexandria. You came, and you took my hands and held them close to your heart—I love remembering it—and then you said, with a new, sure, proud note in your voice, "When are you going to marry me? Here—hold up your finger. You know the one." And then you slipped the ring on my finger, the beautiful marquis diamond I've always wanted, and when I told you how lovely it was, you laughed and said that there was just one catch to it—you went along with the ring.

David—David, why didn't you do it long ago? Why didn't you tell me instead of asking me, why didn't you *make* me make up my mind? We've missed so much of being together, this way. I've told you this before, but I want to tell you again—I think I have loved you always, David. Always—

The Story of Mary Marlin is heard weekdays at 3:00 P.M., EWT, over NBC. The beautiful color portrait of Mary Marlin on the opposite page was posed by Anne Seymour.




since long before you carved that heart in the tower of the old school house, way back since the day I was born.

A lot has happened since that day, just a couple of short months ago, when you put the ring on. There was the finding of Joe's passport and official documents, the translating of Olga's confession of how her husband robbed Joe when they rescued him, the final knowledge that Joe did not die in the plane crash, the futile wondering and speculation about him and what must have happened to him in the intervening three years. We've weathered all of what the future will bring us, David, we know that whatever it is we can face it side by side.

About Joe. I know that this news of him has troubled you. You mustn't expect me to forget Joe, even though we should never hear of him again. He was my husband, and I loved him; he was Davey's father, and I shall cherish his memory forever because of that, too. No matter what the future brings us, David, I suppose I'll always remember, even as I do now, sometimes, the things he said and the things he did. I told Sarah Jane about it some time ago, and she told me, very wisely, that Joe was the past, and the past is the beginning of the present and the future. The present is ours, David, and perhaps we can call the future ours, too.

I'M sorry that we must be separated for a while, but it has to be. You have your work to do, and I have mine. In a sense I don't belong to myself, now. I, and all the others who are a part of our government, belong to Young America and to the people who have sent us here to speak for them.

You know what I hope for the years ahead of us, my dear. It probably mirrors what is in your own heart. I hope for happiness for us, and long, quiet days, and work to do side by side in a place which belongs to us by the double rights of possession and shared memories. If that is so, we can have no fear of loneliness for either of us—just serenity and understanding and harmony for the two people who are sure of their hearts. You symbolize a home in spirit, David, just as surely as the elms which line Main Street in Cedar Springs mean home to me.

Until we see each other again, and always, I hope, forever after,

Mary


Love,
Mary

# Soldier's Wife



***THE STORY***

I WAS so terribly lonely when Jim went overseas! Every corner of the apartment—Jim's easy chair, the twin bed beside mine, the empty place at the table—spoke of him, and yet I wanted to keep the place, just as he remembered it, for him to come home to.

During the day I was busy with my job as receptionist for two doctors, but the long evenings were hard to fill. Mrs. Ruell, Jim's mother, wanted me to come and live with her and Cissie, Jim's sister, but I didn't want to do that, even though Mother Ruell was quite firm about it, and insisted that it "didn't look nice" for a girl to live alone.

Of course, I went out sometimes. Now and again I joined my friend, Avis Brooks, whose husband, too, was in the service. Often I served at the U.S.O. Canteen, and it was there that I met Carl Haggard, who, on first glance, looked so much like Jim that he made me all the lonelier for my husband. I went out with Alec Holden, one of the doctors for whom I worked, now and again, although Alec didn't have a very good reputation. He was nice to me, and very sympathetic, and I liked to talk to him about Jim.

One evening just as Alec arrived to take me out to dinner, the wail of the blackout sirens sounded. Alec and I stood at the window in the darkened room, watching the lights of the city wink out—and then suddenly, without warning, I was in his arms. His lips searched for mine and found them, while I fought against him, trying to break away from the insistent pressure of his arms . . .

THE darkness lent an almost primitive savagery to that struggle.

It made the unseen arms around me seem superhuman in their strength, the searching lips evil with desire. It was as if I were fighting not a man, but some primeval force. And I found myself struggling with a strength aroused by terror, out of some deep woman's instinct.

And then suddenly—prosaically—the doorbell buzzed.

Alec muttered something under his breath, and his hold relaxed. I tore myself free and ran, stumbling, to the door, to the safety that lay beyond it. I jerked it open.

The dimmed-out light in the corridor revealed Avis Brooks. She looked at me curiously.

"I got trapped on my way to meet a date," she said, "so I sneaked past the warden and—"

"Come in!" I cried. "Come in." I almost pulled her after me into the living room.

"What's the matter with you . . . oh, is somebody here?" She was peering at the shadowy figure outlined against the window.

"It's Doctor Holden. Doctor, Mrs. Brooks." I fought down an hysterical desire to laugh.

"Oh, I've heard Connie speak of you." Avis' voice sounded interested. "This darned blackout. It's so silly being introduced to somebody you can't possibly see."

"Isn't it?" Alec said stiffly.

"I hope I'm not interrupting anything, barging in on you like this—"

"Not a thing. Dr. Holden," I said, "is leaving as soon as the blackout is over."

There was an odd little silence. Then Alec said, "Cigarette, Mrs. Brooks?" I could feel his iced anger.

And then—blessed sound!—the All Clear wailed.

I reached for the wall switch and snapped on the overhead light. In its sudden glare, everything fell back into place. It was like awakening from a nightmare to find yourself back in safe, everyday life. I glanced at Alec. He looked small, insignificant. What had been a monstrous evil in the dark had, in the flash of a switch, become simply a man slight, dapper, blinking a little foolishly in the unexpected light.

Avis was looking at me curiously.



*Carl's kiss was fierce, demanding. Connie tried to fight it, but the answering urge was too great. Suddenly she could no longer remember Jim. He was gone from her completely*

"What's the joke, Connie?"

"I was just laughing at myself," I said, "for being afraid of the dark."

I saw Alec's face flush with resentment.

"Goodness, I shouldn't think you'd be afraid of the dark with Dr. Holden here." Avis gave him a teasing look from under her long lashes.

Alec turned to Avis, deliberately ignoring me. "As Connie said, I was just waiting to go. I'd be glad to give you a lift, Mrs. Brooks."

"Well," she said uncertainly, "if you're *sure* I'm not interrupting—"

"I assure you, you interrupted nothing of the slightest consequence." This time he did look at me, and I saw the mocking triumph in his eyes. Let him, I thought. Nothing he can do or say will ever effect me again.

Avis gathered up her bag. "It's too late for my date now, anyway. Connie, honey, I'll call you later. Thanks for taking me in."

I closed the door after them and leaned thankfully against it. I was trembling. That blind terror of a moment ago—what had it been but a man trying to kiss me? What had happened—except that I'd been fool enough not to recognize Alec for what he was? I'd taken him at face value, given him my confidences, felt sorry for him. And all the time he was only leading up to kisses stolen in the dark, perhaps even to something beyond that, if I had accepted those kisses.

I felt sick with humiliation. Oh, I knew, still, that it wasn't wrong for me to go out sometimes, to have a little fun. Jim wouldn't mind—he'd be the first one to tell me to go ahead. But I must be careful, so careful. How much better if I'd gone out with someone like Carl Haggard, the young soldier I'd met at the canteen—the one who looked so much like Jim!

*Jim,* I thought. *Jim. If I didn't miss you so, none of this could have happened.*

I looked at the big chair, trying to see him there. I tried to see the strong face with the high cheekbones, the glint on his reddish hair, tried to call on him in my need. It was no use. Jim just wasn't there tonight.

Almost frantically, I looked for things to do, to keep from thinking. I fixed a light supper and forced myself to eat it. I did some mending. I took out an old suit of Jim's that I hadn't been able to part with when I put the rest of his clothes away. It was his favorite, and I hugged its shabby, well-worn folds to me as I put it away. Summer was coming; I couldn't leave it hanging in the closet any longer. So put it away. For the duration. Put it away, to wait as I was waiting. For him to come back. For the thin, irregular trickle of letters. And to wait, too, as I sometimes did unconsciously, for that dread telegram from the War Department . . .

The telephone rang, the waited-for ring of the telephone which always broke the stillness and eased the loneliness. Avis' voice, with that quality of




excited expectancy that was so much part of her, came over the wire.

"Your beau's terribly attractive," she said. "But what was going on between you two anyway?"

"I'll tell you later. And he's no beau of mine!"

She laughed huskily. "So that's the way it is . . . Look, honey, I've got a positively brilliant idea. It came to me while I was at your place tonight. Would you like it if I moved in?"

"Why, Avis—"

"It's the perfect arrangement for us both," she hurried on. "We could share expenses and be company for each other."

She chattered along, her enthusiasm drowning out my hesitations. "Besides," she finished, "I've already told my landlady I was moving. I have to have somewhere to go, and I'd like it if I could come in with you. I think it would do us both good."

"Well—all right," I said reluctantly. "It's not that I wouldn't rather have you than anybody. It was only—"

"Swell! I'll move in tomorrow night, after work." And she rang off.

I went thoughtfully to bed. I wasn't sure it was the right thing, letting Avis come. I'd wanted to keep our home as it had been, so Jim—wherever he was—could remember it, feel part of it, unchanged by absence. But tonight had made things different. Maybe Mother Ruell was right about my living alone. If I'd had a roommate, it wouldn't have been so easy to get into this mess with Alec Holden.

I turned over on my side, pulling Jim's pillow to me, cradling it. How often in the night I had turned to him—for warmth, for solace, for caresses. Tonight there was nothing.

I cried myself quietly to sleep.

I was relieved the next day at the office when Dr. Rudd told me Alec had been called out of town on a consultation. It would have been embarrassing to face him, with the memory of last night so close. This would give me time to regain my calm.

I told Avis about it that night as she unpacked. She laughed and said, "See, you need me around for protection!"

And her taking it so lightly made me feel better, too. I had to admit, during those next few days, that it was good to have her there. It was good to have someone's things in the empty bureau drawers again, to have someone to talk with when you turned out the light to go to bed. I wrote Jim about it.

"We cold cream our faces and try new hair-dos on each other and have a good time like a couple of kids. It helps with the expenses, too, and now I can save part of your allotment. Nobody in the world could ever take your place, my darling, but Avis helps fill up those awful endless hours of missing you. And I think it helps her, too—she seems more content to stay home, instead of tearing around so much . . ."

Isn't it strange how you can be walking right along the edge of a precipice and never know it?

It was the following Friday that Mother Ruell called me at the office. Her voice sounded almost desperate. "I've got to talk to you about Cissie," she said. "I can't do anything with the child any more. She thinks she's in love with Teddy Dwyer."

"But, mom, it's just a schoolgirl crush. She'll get over it."

"They don't think it's just a crush. Teddy's leaving soon to be inducted, and I'm so afraid they'll do something foolish. They're just babies—" her voice broke—"and I can't bear to see them ruin their lives by a hasty marriage or—or anything. Oh, Connie, I don't know what to do!"

My heart went out to her. It was true Cissie had changed lately. Always an impetuous, high-strung child, she had, almost overnight, developed a sort of defiant wilfulness that brooked no interference. And I knew what Mom feared. Youngsters, carried away by the imminence of separation, by the glamour of a uniform, by the hot-blooded blindness of youth, rushing into a too-early marriage. And then—young wives left behind, sometimes with a baby when they were no more than babies themselves; young husbands saddled with responsibilities they weren't ready to assume. Heartbreak. Tragedy.

"I hate to bother you with it," Mother Ruell went on, "but I just know they're up to something and I feel so helpless!"

"I'll come over right after work," I promised. "Try not to worry." But I felt helpless, too. What could I say to them that they would heed?

I raced through my work and got permission from Dr. Rudd to leave a little early. As I hurried out of the building, somebody took my arm.

Carl Haggard—just the other night I'd thought of him. He stood smiling down at me. "I've been waiting for you. I just got a present from my CO—a ten-day leave. I want you to celebrate with me."

"Oh, Carl—I'm so sorry." And impulsively, I told him where I was going.

"Whew! You've got yourself a tough assignment, talking sense into kids like that. I wish I could help—"

The impulse to keep Carl with me was strong. "Walk along with me," I said. "I'm going to Mother Ruell's—Cissie's mother, and Jim's, you know—now, and maybe you can help me think of the right thing to say."

We turned into the quieter stretch of Elm Street, leading away from the business district, in companionable silence. After a block or two, Carl said, "I'd like to talk to those youngsters. Maybe I wouldn't have any effect on the girl, but the fellow—well, after all, I'm in the service he's just entering—"

I didn't hear the rest. I was staring across the street. Cissie and Teddy Dwyer were there, hurrying toward the bus stop, and Cissie was carrying an overnight bag.

"They're eloping!" I cried. "Oh, Carl, what'll I do? They've got to be stopped!"

"Come on." He rushed me across the street, threading his way between cars.

When they caught sight of me, they stood stock still, like scared, guilty children caught in mischief. Cissie thrust out her small chin belligerently.

"You can't stop us," she cried. "We're in love and we're going to get married, no matter what you say."

"But Cissie—Teddy—" I broke off. People around us were staring.

Then smoothly, easily, Carl moved in. Before they quite knew how it happened, he had each by the arm and was moving us all with gentle insistence toward the small restaurant on the corner. He herded us into a booth, ordered soft drinks, and then he began to talk.

He didn't lecture. He didn't scold. I never knew quite how he did it but he made them listen. Part of it was his uniform, of course; he talked to Teddy like one soldier to another, pointing out he was a man now, not a boy. And he told Cissie he thought it was a shame to miss a real military wedding with all the trimmings, by rushing off half-cocked this way. It was a masterful piece of diplomacy.

And when it was over, we had their promise to wait. "But just for a little while, till after I'm in the service," Teddy said, to show he hadn't been talked out of anything.

As we saw them safely headed toward home, I turned to Carl. "You were wonderful," I said gratefully. "I'll never know how to thank you."

He gave his slow grin. "You might start by having dinner with me."

There are some people with whom you never have to get acquainted. One chance meeting, and you know them; they move along naturally and smoothly in the groove of your own life as if they belonged there. It was like that with Carl.

HE didn't have much family himself, he told me at dinner. Just his father, who was down in Mexico right now on mining business for the government. That was why he wasn't going home to Arizona on his leave. I had a sudden picture of the way he'd have to spend those ten days—trying to find a room in over-crowded Banniston, spending his evenings at the USO. I called Mother Ruell and explained the situation to her.

"You tell that young man to come right out here," she said firmly. "He can have Jim's room. In fact, after what he's done today, he can have anything in the world I can give him!"

"You're adopted," I told him when I got back to the table. "No, don't thank me. It's little enough, after the way you handled Cissie and Teddy."

As we strolled home I felt strangely peaceful and contented. It was like walking with an old, tried friend. We window-shopped, we discussed our favorite dance bands, we stopped and bought flowers from the old lady on the corner. It was as if out of the mutual gratitude each felt toward the other, we'd built a tiny world of warmth and trust, peopled by the homely things of everyday life, in which we moved alone. Even the war seemed far away.

We stopped at an intersection, waiting for the light to change. Some trick of shadow fell across the tall, uniformed figure beside me, some deep familiarity—and I felt for one moment I was with Jim.

I looked down. Unconsciously, I had slipped my hand in his.

"I—I'm sorry." I tried to free it. "That's a silly habit I got into with Jim. Whenever we came to a crowded street, I always held his hand until we'd crossed it . . ."

He tightened his fingers. "I think it's a nice habit," he said gravely. "Just pretend I'm Jim."

*Just pretend.*

For that one fraction of time, there'd been no need to pretend. Jim had been there beside me. I'd touched him. Now he was gone again, farther than ever, farther even than the thousands of miles that separated us . . . As we walked on, my happy mood was gone and I felt the quick, bitter sting of tears against my eyelids.

On Monday morning Alec Holden came back. It was a moment I'd been dreading and now that it was here I found I didn't mind at all. It was like saying hello to someone I barely knew.

"Miss me?" he said lightly.

"Well, the appointments have piled up. Mrs. Brewster is coming in at eleven—she says the treatments haven't helped. And—"

"Oh, come on, Connie. Don't be mad with me. I'll admit I made a fool of myself the other night, but I promise to be good. Have dinner with me tonight?"

"I'm sorry. I have a date."

"Tomorrow then."

I looked at him. The feeling of detached contempt I'd felt before came back. "I'm going to be tied up for some time," I said coolly.

He shrugged, but I saw the anger flicker in his eyes. He was used to the power of his charm and he didn't like being snubbed. "That friend of yours —Mrs. Brooks," he said, too casually. "She's very attractive. Do you see much of her?"

"Quite a lot. She's living with me now."

I smiled at myself as he strolled away. Was he trying to make me jealous by praising Avis?

If he were, he certainly didn't lose any time about it—for when I got home that evening Avis said he'd called and asked her (*Continued on page* 76)




*I felt for one moment I was with Jim. I looked down. Unconsciously, I slipped my hand in Carl's.*

# Set Me Free!



*"Have you forgotten," he said, "that it was you who set me free? And now you want to make me a prisoner again." Carol couldn't understand. She thought marriage was a partnership, not a prison*

HAVE you ever wanted to run away? Run away from your home, the parents you love, the friends you've had all your life, the man everyone expects you to marry—from everything and everyone familiar? . . . Yes, I suppose you have. I suppose all people have, at one time or another.

But I actually did it.

I didn't run away on an impulse. For weeks in advance of the final moment I knew exactly what I was going to do. I went to an industrial school and learned electric welding—because that was part of the plan, you see. I had already studied shorthand and typing, and I could have supported myself as a stenographer, but I didn't want that. Not in wartime. I wanted . . . oh, to be part of the wave of life I felt surging all around me, to know an experience utterly foreign to the comfortable, small-town way of living to which I'd been born.

To me, Howard typified everything from which I was escaping. Poor Mother and Father! They couldn't understand why I didn't want to marry Howard. He was solid and respectable and hard-working, with a good job and a safe 4-F rating in the draft, so he was everything they wanted in a son-in-law. When pressed, they might admit that he was also a little dull, but they wouldn't see him as I did: smug, self-satisfied, humorless.

And so, because I was afraid that if I stayed in Gleneagle I would go on seeing Howard three nights a week until, in sheer weariness, I agreed to marry him—I ran away. I didn't do it secretly—I told my father and mother I was going, and listened to their arguments, but they couldn't stop me. I was Carol Winthrop, twenty-two years old, who knew what she wanted and was going to get it.

All that was only six months ago, but as I look back upon that Carol Winthrop I hardly recognize her. How could she have been so sure of herself, so certain that whatever she wanted she had only to stretch out her hand and take? How could she have been so blithely convinced that she was capable of arranging not only her own life, but the lives of others?

I can see her now, that confident young Carol, sitting in a day coach of the eastbound train from Gleneagle, dressed in a navy blue suit, her brown hair shining and clean under the smart new hat, smiling a little to herself in anticipation as she looks out of the window at the Ohio fields whizzing by, and I want to call out and warn her not to be so sure . . .

But, for a while, that Carol was lucky.

I remember my first feeling of uneasiness. It came after the train had slowed to a stop in a dark, smoky station. There were crowds everywhere. No porter asked to carry my bag. I had decided to come to this city because it was big, because I had read in the newspapers that it was full of war industries where I could find work. But I hadn't realized how very big, how terribly busy, the place would be. And in my certainty that I could always take care of myself, I hadn't even bothered to look up an inexpensive hotel and write ahead for a reservation.

Jostled along by the crowd, I was out on the sidewalk almost before I knew it. My head was whirling. I'd never before felt so lost and alone. Strange, indifferent faces flowed past me, and suddenly I was panic-stricken at the realization that in this whole city of millions of people, there was not a single person I knew, not even by name.

I fought my terror down. I told myself not to be silly. I would go back to the station, check my suitcase, and start exploring for a hotel I could afford.

But just then a taxicab drew up in front of me. Two men got out, paid the driver, and hurried away. The driver looked at me questioningly. "Taxi, miss?"

I started to say no, because with exactly forty-seven dollars and ten cents in my purse and no job, a taxi ride could only be an extravagance. Then I looked at the driver's face, and because it was friendly and kind, deeply tanned and with a broad smile, I wanted to talk to him. He was the first person who had even noticed my existence, and I felt as if I couldn't stand to see him drive away and leave me still standing here, alone.

"I don't know," I said. "I'm looking for a hotel, not too expensive."

"Hotels're all pretty full," he said doubtfully. "You haven't got a reserva-



**A Manhattan at Midnight Drama**

Adapted from Albert Morgan's story, "Me And My Russian Friend," heard on Manhattan at Midnight, Wednesday at 8:30 over the Blue



tion at one?"

"No," I admitted. "Or maybe you know of a good boarding house? That's really what I'd rather find."

He took off his cap and ran a hand through thick, dark hair. Suddenly he jumped out of the cab and held open the rear door for me. "I know of one place you might like," he said. "Hop in and I'll run you out there. It's not really a boarding house—just a place where they rent one room. You can take a look at it anyway and—" he grinned—"if you don't like it I won't charge you for the ride."

"All right," I agreed, finding myself laughing in response. But the cab was

*It was one of a row of brownstone houses. He jumped out of the cab and led me up the steps.*

hardly well out in traffic before I began to worry.

I called out to him, "Is this place very far?"

"About a mile," he said over his shoulder.

"And you say it's with a private family?"

"That's right." He pulled the cab expertly around a corner. Then he added, "I guess I should have told you sooner. It's where I live, with my mother and sister."

"Oh!" I said. I couldn't help it—the exclamation was forced out by my surprise and dismay. No wonder he wanted to take me there! I wanted to tell him to stop the cab and let me out. There was no telling what kind of a place we were going, no telling what he had in his mind—

"Honest," he said quietly, and I realized he had been watching me in the rear-view mirror, "it's all right, miss. It's a nice, clean room and my mother's a good cook. But if you don't like the looks of things once you've seen them, I'll take you back to the station and no hard feelings."

I settled back in the seat. He *did* seem perfectly all right, I argued with myself, and it couldn't do any harm to look. I had wanted a different kind of life, hadn't I?—and this was one way of finding it.

"Staying in town long?" he asked.

"I hope so, if I can find a job. I'm an —an electric welder." I felt self-conscious saying that; so many people seemed to think it funny that a girl who weighed a hundred and ten pounds could ever learn to be a welder. He didn't laugh, and I was grateful.

"You can get a job, all right," he said. "There are a couple of plants near the house, and they're both looking for help."

A FEW minutes later he stopped the cab, and I saw where he lived.

It was a brownstone house, exactly like the ones next to it, exactly like the ones all the way up the block. I had the swift knowledge that this was a part of town where, though no one was abjectly poor, no one had ever had quite enough money either. The district was ugly, with a cross, defiant kind of ugliness.

He jumped out of the cab and led me up the steps, into a little hall. "Mom!" he called, and a woman came out of a room on the right. She was a gray little woman—eyes, hair, skin, all gray. "This is my mother, Mrs. Larkin," he said to me. "Mom, this lady is looking for a room and board."

"Well, I don't know," Mrs. Larkin said querulously. "Jim, you know perfectly well I don't like to rent that room to young ladies."

"Now, Mom," he told her good-naturedly, "don't fuss. Miss—" He hesitated, looking a question at me, and I said, "Winthrop." "Miss Winthrop's going to get a job as a welder, and that's a man's work, so it entitles her to a man's room."

Mrs. Larkin sniffed, but she conceded, "Since you're here, you might as well look at the room. I don't know that you'll like it—it's awful small, and the bathroom's clear down the hall from it."

I almost said, "Don't bother. I'm sure I can find someplace else." But I glanced at Jim Larkin, and around his wide mouth I saw tense lines. Of course, I thought, they did need the money; and Jim was nice. No matter what his mother was like, *he* was nice.

I followed Mrs. Larkin up the narrow staircase to a room that was larger than her pessimistic description had led me to expect. And, as Jim had promised, it was very clean. I looked around it, and suddenly I knew I wanted to stay here. I wanted to have one spot in this big, strange city that belonged to me.

"How much is it?" I asked. "With meals, I mean."

Mrs. Larkin opened her mouth, but before she could answer Jim said quickly, "Ten dollars a week."

She gave him a look and I knew perfectly well she had planned to ask more. Hastily, I said, "But that isn't enough! You ought to get at least fifteen. I wouldn't feel right, paying you any less."

Mrs. Larkin's expression softened. "Well," she said, "I do think it's worth that, myself, but Jim's such a one for giving other people the best of a bargain—"

"I'll pay you for a week in advance," I said, digging in my purse, and was rewarded by seeing her look almost approving.

"Supper's at six," she announced. "Jim, why don't you go down and get Miss Winthrop's baggage?"

After he'd brought my suitcase up, and they'd left me, I washed my face, changed into a plain green dress with a white collar, and went downstairs. Magically, in so short a time, all my self-confidence had been restored. It was going to be fun living here, getting to know these people, being part of their lives. I'd get a job, and I'd be absolutely independent, I'd make new friends . . . Oh, everything was going to be wonderful, exciting!

I found Mrs. Larkin in the kitchen, with Jim's sister and her little girl. The sister, Elsie, was a pale, washed-out woman with big brown eyes which seemed to hold tragedy in their depths. I guessed her age as thirty-one or two, but I discovered later that I was wrong; she was only twenty-five. The little girl, whose name was June, was so shy that I hardly saw any more of her than a grubby, triangular little face peeping around at me from behind her mother's skirts.

"Elsie," Mrs. Larkin said sternly, "that child's filthy."

Elsie lifted her thin shoulders and let them fall again. "I know, Mom."

That was all. Nobody made a move to do anything about it, but my fingers itched for a washcloth and some soap. Trying to make conversation, I asked Elsie, "Does your husband work in one of the war plants?"

"My—" The brown eyes filled with unshed tears. "Oh—no," she said in a choked voice, turned, and went quickly out of the room, with June following her.

Mrs. Larkin held a colander full of peas under the water tap and washed them vigorously. "You might as well know first as last," she remarked. "Elsie's husband run off and left her right after the baby was born."

"Oh—I'm so sorry!"

"You needn't be," she said. "He always was a no-good, and she shouldn't have married him in the first place. She's better off without him, if she only had the sense to admit it."

I was thinking: *right after the baby was born.* But June must be four years old. And after all that time, the mention of her husband could still bring tears to Elsie's eyes!

This was a strange family, I reflected. Mrs. Larkin, with her gray, discontented face and sharp way of talking, and yet, somehow, rather likeable; Elsie, whose life seemed to have ended before it really began; and Jim—

Jim, big, good-natured, handsome in a rough-hewn way—he must be the motive force that kept the others going.

And so he was, I knew before I had been living there a week. It was Jim who provided the money for the rent, for the meals which Mrs. Larkin cooked so well if rather extravagantly, for June's doctor bills and Elsie's expeditions to the movies. More important, it was he who brought life into the house. It was hard for his mother to be cranky, or Elsie dull, under the sun of his vitality—although sometimes they managed it. He worked long hours, but when he came home he was always laughing and cheerful—picking June up and tossing her in the air, sniffing appreciatively at whatever his mother was cooking, making some kind of a joke.

Of course I compared him with Howard. How could I help it? It seemed to me that he had everything I'd missed in Howard: a real gentleness and consideration for other people, a maturity, a kind of tolerant humor. How petulant Howard would have been, I thought, if he'd suddenly found himself in Jim's position, the sole support and mainstay of two women and a child!

I didn't think about the Larkins all the time, naturally—at least, not at first. I had the excitement of finding a job and doing it to occupy me. Getting hired was easy; they took me on at the first place I applied. And the work itself was hard but satisfying. There was even a weird sort of beauty in it—the blue and orange flames, the sparks flying, the metal melting like butter under the fierce fingers of the torches.

It was on my first day off that I made the discovery which—I can see now—eventually changed the lives of us all.

My room had no writing table, and when I remarked to Mrs. Larkin that I intended to buy one, she said she thought there was one I could use up in the attic. (*Continued on page* 81)

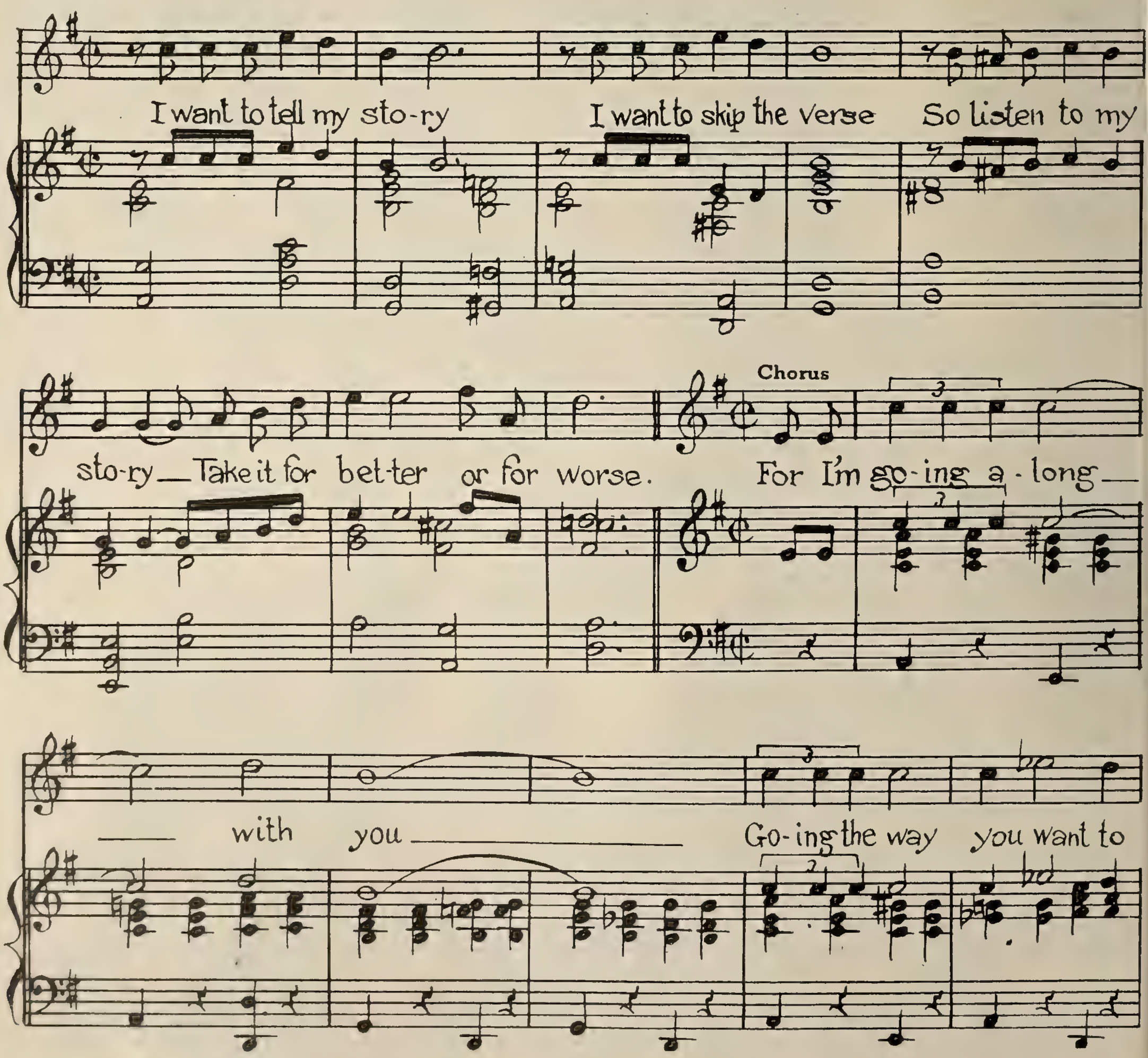
*MORTON DOWNEY'S Irish tenor voice has been thrilling radio listeners since 1926, when he began his career singing on the S.S. Leviathan with Paul Whiteman's band. He was born in Wallingford, Conn. When Downey earned his first dollar, he was just eight and a boy soprano. Since then, his voice has lowered only a bit and its sentimental appeal makes a hit with the ladies. He's a very busy man these days . . . singing on his five times a week show over the Blue at 3:00 P.M., EWT . . . composing songs such as Radio Mirror's hit of the month, "I'm Going Along With You," which you'll find on the next page . . . and spending his spare time with his children.*


Sincerely
Montgomery

# I'M GOING ALONG WITH YOU

*This brand new ballad was written by Morton Downey, radio's famous romantic tenor, especially for Radio Mirror readers. Hear him sing it on Songs by Morton Downey, daily over the Blue Network, 3:00 P.M., EWT*

Words and Music by MORTON DOWNEY



go ___ With a song in my heart___ that keeps time to my

heart-beat beat-ing for on - - - ly you ___ And I'm

hop-ing that you'll ___ be you ___ And I'm dreaming my

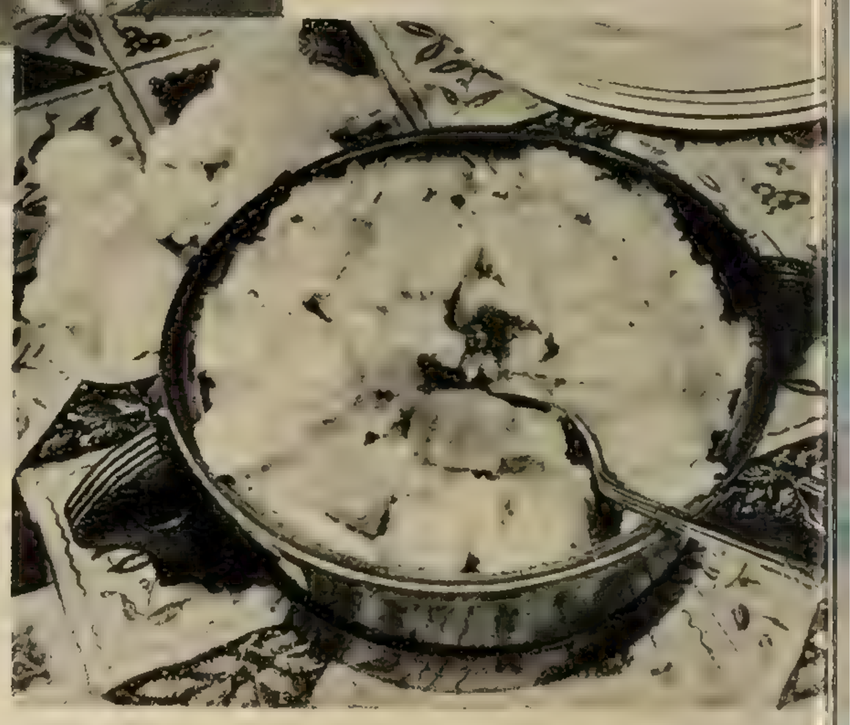
dreams will come true ___ For I'm mad-ly in love with

you, my darling For I'm go-ing a-long ___ with you. ___

RADIO MIRROR'S HIT OF THE MONTH



*Because of its popularity, its low ration points and so many ways to prepare it, ham makes a most practical selection for your meat menu. Below try this attractive dish made with leftover ham and sweet potato crust*



# *Everybody* LIKES HAM

FOR sheer flavor, baked ham has always been one of our most popular meats and the fact that there is almost no end to the ways in which leftover ham can be served, that it is low in ration points and is to be on the plentiful list for autumn, now makes it one of the most practical selections as well.

A 12-pound ham is about right for the average family. If there are only two in your household you might try half a ham. Or ask another couple to pool points and costs with you for a whole one and divide it either before or after baking. In any case, the recipe for the initial baking and for the leftovers are the same.

### Baked Ham

1 12 lb. ham (about)
Cloves
Molasses
½ tsp. dry ginger
½ tsp. dry mustard
½ tsp. pepper
2 medium onions, chopped

Remove rind and all but a thin layer of fat (simmer them down later for fat salvage). Score fat in squares with a sharp knife and insert cloves where the lines cross. Put into shallow roasting pan (the broiler pan will do nicely), pour on about 2 tbls. molasses, dust with ginger, mustard and pepper and surround with onions. Set in cold oven, bring temperature to 300 degrees F. and bake at that temperature allowing twenty to twenty-five minutes per pound. (Although most recipes call for simmering before baking, I find that the results in tenderness and flavor are just as satisfactory when simmering is omitted.) Baste every thirty minutes during cooking, adding more molasses occasionally as the original molasses seeps into the drippings in the pan. Garnish with thick orange slices which have been grilled with the ham for the final fifteen minutes cooking time. Save all liquid in the pan; allow it to cool, skim off the fat and use the flavored jelly which is left for some of the leftover dishes.

And now for the leftover recipes. You won't need to have ham every day until it is all used up, because if tightly covered with waxed paper it will keep almost indefinitely in your refrigerator. And there are so many interesting things to do with left over ham that your family won't tire of it, no matter how long it lasts.



BY
KATE SMITH
RADIO MIRROR
FOOD COUNSELOR

*Kate Smith's vacationing from her Friday night variety program, but broadcasts her daily talks at noon on CBS, sponsored by General Foods.*

### Reheated Ham Slices

2 slices (servings) baked ham
1 tbl. drippings
1 small onion, chopped
4 tbls. apple jelly
Pinch mustard
Pinch sage
Pepper to taste

Sauté the onion in the drippings, using shallow pan or skillet. Push cooked onions to one side, put ham slices into pan and spread with jelly. Dust with mustard, sage and pepper and cover with cooked onions. Cook under very low broiler flame, about four inches below flame, until glazed. I like this with noodles (pour the sauce from the pan over the noodles, of course), summer squash or broiled eggplant slices. I have omitted salt in this and the following recipes, since the quantity used, if required at all, will depend on the saltiness of the ham.

### Ham Pie with Sweet Potato Crust

2½ cups diced cooked ham
1 cup cooked small onions
1 cup cooked diced carrots or string beans
½ cup jelly from baked ham
½ cup boiling water
2 cups seasoned mashed sweet potato

In buttered casserole, arrange alternate layers of ham, onions and carrots (or string beans). Blend ham jelly and boiling water and pour over mixture—it's a good idea to use the water in which the vegetables were cooked. Cover with mashed sweet potatoes and bake at 375 degrees F. for 40 minutes.

(*Continued on page* 67)

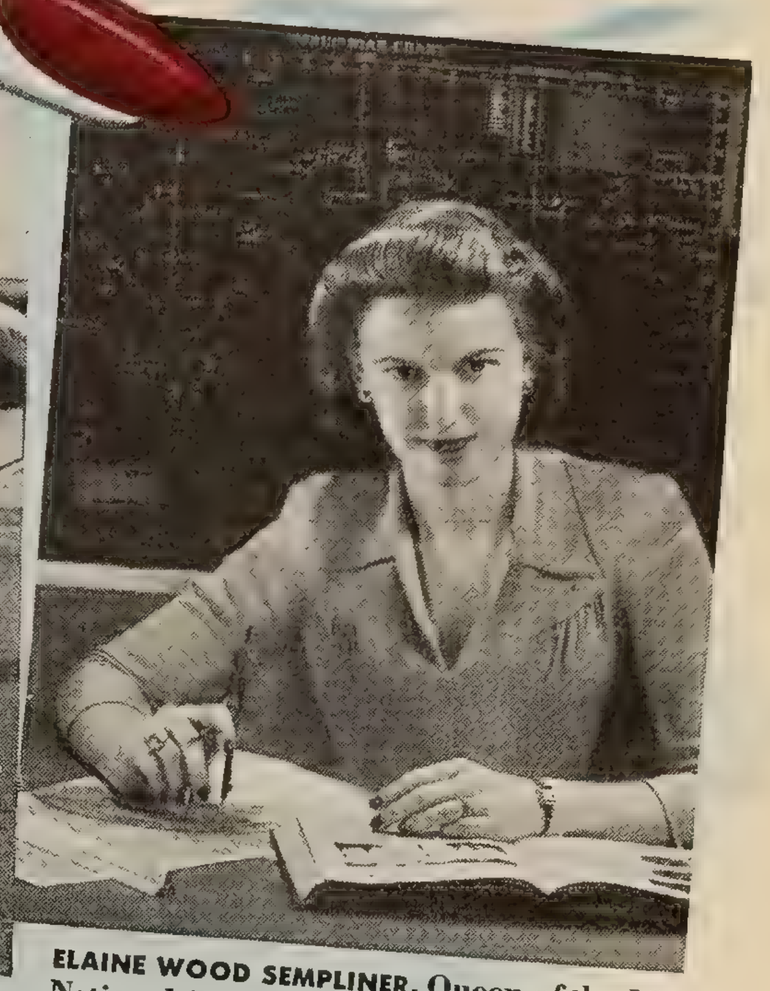
# AMERICA'S SMART FLYING WOMEN choose favorite Cutex shades



**GAY GAHAGAN,** active member of the famous 99'ers (over 400 air hours), selects Cutex ON DUTY. "It's the softest, loveliest shade I've ever worn. With extravagance out for the duration, no wonder it's so popular."



**HAZEL STAMPER,** working at Piper Cub plant and training for her pilot's license, chooses Cutex ALERT—says, "I like Alert because it is so flattering and so in the spirit of the times. It makes my spirits zoom!"



**ELAINE WOOD SEMPLINER,** Queen of the 1941 National Intercollegiate Air Show, chooses Cutex OFF DUTY. "It's such a daring color —a real 'lift' in these serious times. Yet only 10¢ for such a wonderful polish."

**RUTH GRAY** trains Pan American World Airways' Trans-Atlantic pilots to fly blind. She says, "Wearing Cutex YOUNG RED is like going into a glamour spin. It keeps me looking feminine even in a man-size job."



**TEDDY KENYON,** winner of national flying laurels, now flying for Grumman Aircraft, chooses Cutex LAUREL. Says, "It makes your hands look so softly feminine . . . and saves money for all-important War Stamps!"



**ELINOR "IRISH" FAIRCHILD,** enthusiastic young member of Women Flyers of America, says, "I choose Cutex SADDLE BROWN. It's a wonderful shade! So sophisticated—and marvelous with flying togs or date dresses."






only 10¢
(plus tax)

More Women choose Cutex than any other nail polish in the world

NORTHAM WARREN, NEW YORK

# STATE OF THE RATION

SOLDIERS on 72-hour leave or furlough won't have to spend precious time at ration boards. Under a new arrangement, they obtain an application before leaving camp, give it to the hand that feeds them. Fifteen days are allowed, after the furlough's end, for turning the application over to the local ration board for the necessary certificate or stamps.

* * *

*Always destroy unused ration stamps at the end of a ration period.* They can breed black markets, if they fall into the hands of unscrupulous persons. Though they may have expired for your use, they are obviously still good for storekeepers, who may use them to order larger stocks than they are entitled to under the ration system.

Here's good news for loggers, miners, prospectors, fishermen, sheepherders, and others who live or work far from food supplies. They are entitled to extra red stamp rations, up to 1.8 points per person per day, if other protein foods such as poultry are not available. They may apply for them from their regional or local OPA office or ration board. Certificates, rather than stamps, will be given.

* * *

"Seeing-Eye" dogs, or similarly trained dogs, may have meat rations. Blind persons who use such dogs may obtain up to 12 extra points weekly from their ration boards to be used for 10-point-value meats to feed the dog.

* * *

Farm families living on their farms do not have to surrender ration points for meat raised on their land, even though it is slaughtered at a custom slaughtering house. But if the family lives in the city, points must be paid, even though no money is paid.

* * *

Here's a point you may have wondered about. People who sell *home-canned fruits and vegetables must collect 8 points in blue stamps per quart.* As you know, however, commercially processed foods have point values that vary with the kind and weight of the food.

* * *

If you order your coffee by mail, you may now "pay for" it with the detached stamp, instead of sending the entire ration book.


How to make your Brunette complexion look more flawlessly smooth ...glowy



There's a lush-toned new powder shade that does lovely things for brunettes—Pond's misty-soft Dreamflower "Brunette." Soft brunette beige blends perfectly with your skin—undertones of soft rose kindle hidden radiance.

Rosy-beige Dreamflower "Brunette" gives your face that all-over-smooth look that makes your eyes seem more sparkling . . . your lips more clearly shaped. Wonderful investment in glamour!

MRS. CHARLES MORGAN, JR., attractive New Yorker, and member of Virginia's smart hunting set, says, "I love the soft rose-beige undertone in Pond's new Dreamflower 'Brunette'—it blends beautifully with my skin. And the powder goes on so smoothly!"




Pond's "LIPS" stay on longer!

Five gorgeous, long-lasting shades. Nifty little green-and-cream plastic case—only 10¢!

AND a knockout new flower-sprinkled case in a big size—only 49¢!

Pond's Dreamflower Powder

SIX LOVELY SHADES—new "misty-soft" texture!

BRUNETTE—rosy-beige
NATURAL—creamy shell-pink
RACHEL—soft ivory
ROSE CREAM—delicate peach
DUSK ROSE—deep, glowing
DARK RACHEL—rich golden

49¢, 25¢, 10¢ . . . At Beauty Counters Everywhere

# INSIDE RADIO—Telling You About Programs and People You Want to Hear

## SUNDAY

| PACIFIC WAR TIME | CENTRAL WAR TIME | Eastern War Time | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | 8:00 | CBS: | News and Organ |
| | | 8:00 | Blue: | News |
| | | 8:00 | NBC: | News and Organ Recital |
| | | 8:30 | CBS: | Musical Masterpieces |
| | | 8:30 | Blue: | The Woodshedders |
| 8:00 | 9:00 | 9:00 | CBS: | News of the World |
| 8:00 | 9:00 | 9:00 | Blue: | James McDonald, News |
| 8:00 | 9:00 | 9:00 | NBC: | News from Europe |
| 8:15 | 9:15 | 9:15 | CBS: | E. Power Biggs |
| 8:15 | 9:15 | 9:15 | Blue: | White Rabbit Line |
| 8:15 | 9:15 | 9:15 | NBC | Commando Mary |
| 8:30 | 9:30 | 9:30 | NBC: | Alan Holt |
| 8:45 | 9:45 | 9:45 | CBS: | English Melodies |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:00 | CBS: | Church of the Air |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:00 | Blue: | Gypsy Serenade |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:00 | NBC: | Highlights of the Bible |
| 9:30 | 10:30 | 10:30 | CBS: | Wings Over Jordan |
| 9:30 | 10:30 | 10:30 | Blue: | Southernaires |
| 10:00 | 11:00 | 11:00 | Blue: | Guest Orch. |
| 8:05 | 10:05 | 11:05 | CBS: | Egon Petri, Pianist |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | MBS: | Radio Chapel |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | Blue: | Josef Marais |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: | Invitation to Learning |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 | NBC: | Olivio Santoro |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | CBS: | SALT LAKE TABERNACLE |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | Blue: | News from Europe |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | NBC: | Modern Music |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | CBS: | TRANSATLANTIC CALL |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | Blue: | Stars from the Blue |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC: | That They Might Live |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | CBS: | Church of the Air |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | Blue: | This is Official |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC: | Rupert Hughes |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | NBC: | Labor for Victory |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | CBS: | Edward R. Murror from London |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC: | We Believe |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | Blue: | Kidoodlers |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | CBS: | The Coronet Little Show |
| | | 1:45 | Blue: | Martin Agronsky |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | Blue: | Chaplin Jim, U. S. A. |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC: | University of Chicago Round Table |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | CBS: | James Hilton, Author |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | CBS: | World News Today |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC: | John Charles Thomas |
| | | 2:30 | Blue: | Sammy Kaye's Orch. |
| 11:30 | 1:50 | 2:55 | CBS: | The Muffet Show |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | CBS: | New York Philharmonic Symphony |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | Blue: | Moylan Sisters |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC: | Reports on Rationing |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | Blue: | Hanson Baldwin |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | NBC: | Upton Close |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC: | The Army Hour |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | Blue: | Sunday Vespers |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | CBS: | Pause that Refreshes |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | Blue: | To be announced |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | NBC: | Lands of the Free |
| | | 5:00 | NBC: | NBC Symphony—Arturo Toscanini |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | CBS: | The Family Hour |
| | | 5:00 | Blue: | Where do We Stand |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 | Blue: | Ella Fitzgerald |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 | MBS: | Upton Close |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | MBS: | The Shadow |
| 2:45 | 4:45 | 5:45 | CBS: | Irene Rich |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | CBS: | Silver Theater |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | Blue: | Here's to Romance |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | MBS: | First Nighter |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC | Catholic Hour |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | NBC: | Great Gildersleeve |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | CBS: | Gene Autry |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | Blue: | Green Hornet |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | CBS: | Jerry Lester Show |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | MBS: | Voice of Prophecy |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | Blue: | Drew Pearson |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC: | Those We Love |
| 4:15 | 6:15 | 7:15 | Blue: | Edward Tomlinson |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | MBS: | Stars and Stripes in Britain |
| | 6:30 | 7:30 | CBS: | We, the People |
| 8:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | Blue: | Quiz Kids |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | NBC: | Fitch Bandwagon |
| 8:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | Blue: | Roy Porter, News |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC: | Edgar Bergen—Charlie McCarthy |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | CBS: | Calling America |
| | | 8:00 | MBS: | Mediation Board |
| 8:00 | 7:30 | 8:30 | CBS: | Crime Doctor |
| 6:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | Blue: | Inner Sanctum Mystery |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC: | One Man's Family |
| 5:45 | 7:45 | 8:45 | MBS: | Gabriel Heatter |
| 5:55 | 7:55 | 8:55 | CBS: | Ned Calmer & The News |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: | Radio Reader's Digest |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | MBS: | Old-Fashioned Revival |
| 7:30 | 8:00 | 9:00 | Blue: | Walter Winchell |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC: | Manhattan Merry-Go-Round |
| 7:45 | 8:15 | 9:15 | Blue: | Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin St. |
| 8:15 | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS | Texaco Star Theater Summer |
| 8:15 | 8:30 | 9:30 | Blue: | Jimmie Fidler |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC: | American Album of Familiar Music |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: | Take It or Leave It |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | Blue: | Goodwill Hour |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | MBS: | John B. Hughes |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC: | Hour of Charm |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: | William L. Shirer |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | CBS: | Bill Costello |
| | | 11:10 | CBS: | Everett Hollis |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | CBS: | Olga Coehlo & El Charro Gil Trio |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | NBC: | Cesar Saerchinger |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC: | Unlimited Horizons |



## SOME PAGANINI . . .

Exactly like most comedians, Henny Youngman was not slated for comedy as a career. Not in the beginning. No, his fond parents saw in him visions of a second Paganini. Shortly after their arrival from London, and their settlement in Brooklyn, New York, U. S. A., a miniature violin was stuck into his no less miniature fists and Carnegie Hall and a brilliant debut lay ahead like a bright, beckoning star.

Unfortunately, Henny himself became attracted by what was in the early '20s considered a will-o-the-wisp, namely swing. Henny became deaf to the traditions and subtleties of the classics. He had ear only for the even more intricate depths of swing and he followed them as only a devotee could. He organized a neighborhood jazz band made up of himself, Mike Reilly, who later co-authored "Music Goes 'Round And 'Round," Lou Bring, for years Helen Morgan's personal accompanist, and Manny Klien, now one of the country's leading trumpeters. Much to the horror and despair of Henry's parents, the boys called themselves the Swanee Syncopators and hired themselves out at $3 an engagement. Henny still insists they were worth every penny of it.

After awhile, the band was dissolved and Henny became half of a song and dance team. He worked in what's known as tank town vaudeville theaters. Then, he served a lengthy apprenticeship as a funnyman in obscure bars, night clubs, more vaudeville houses—anywhere he could get bookings.

Finally, an engagement at the Yacht Club, one of New York's famous 52nd Street places, brought him into the folding money class. Ted Collins caught his act there and hired him for a spot on the Kate Smith show. As this had done for so many others before him, the Kate Smith job really set his feet on the path to fame—and fortune. Besides his radio work, Henny has become more or less a fixture at Loew's State Theater on Broadway and in vaudeville houses throughout the country.

Henny has been doing a lot of travelling with the Kate Smith show. He puts on impromptu shows wherever he happens to be, attracts a crowd, and then starts selling War Stamps and Bonds. On trains, he wanders through the cars until he collects a group of service men. For them he puts on his shows gratis. When he's in New York, he makes periodic trips out to his native Flatbush, where his practice is to set up a soap box on a corner in the busiest shopping district, warm up the cockles of his old neighbors' hearts and then dispose of several hundred dollars worth of Stamps and Bonds.

## MONDAY

| P.W.T. | C.W.T. | Eastern War Time | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: | News |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | Blue: | Breakfast Club |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC: | Everything Goes |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | CBS: | Chapel Singers |
| | 8:45 | 9:30 | CBS: | This Life is Mine |
| | | 9:45 | CBS: | Sing Along |
| 8:30 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: | Valiant Lady |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | Blue: | Isabel Manning Hewson |
| | | 9:45 | NBC: | Robert St. John, News |
| | | 10:00 | NBC: | Lora Lawton |
| 8:45 | 9:15 | 10:15 | CBS: | Kitty Foyle |
| | | 10:15 | Blue: | Roy Porter, News |
| 9:00 | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC: | The Open Door |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: | Honeymoon Hill |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 | Blue: | The Baby Institute |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC | Help Mate |
| 2:45 | 9:45 | 10:45 | CBS: | Bachelor's Children |
| 7:45 | 9:45 | 10:45 | Blue: | Gene & Glenn |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | NBC: | A Woman of America |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | CBS: | God's Country |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | Blue: | Breakfast at Sardi's |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC: | Road of Life |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | CBS: | Second Husband |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | NBC: | Vic and Sade |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: | Bright Horizon |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | Blue: | Don Gardner, News |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC: | Snow Village |
| 1:15 | 10:45 | 11:45 | CBS: | Aunt Jenny's Stories |
| | 10:45 | 11:45 | Blue: | "Living Should Be Fun" |
| | 10:45 | 11:45 | NBC: | David Harum |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | CBS: | Kate Smith Speaks |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | CBS: | Big Sister |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | CBS: | Romance of Helen Trent |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | Blue: | Farm and Home Hour |
| 9:45 | 11:45 | 12:45 | CBS: | Our Gal Sunday |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | CBS: | Life Can Be Beautiful |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | Blue: | Baukhage Talking |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | CBS: | Ma Perkins |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | Blue: | Edward MacHugh |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | CBS: | Vic and Sade |
| | 12:45 | 1:45 | CBS: | The Goldbergs |
| | 12:45 | 1:45 | Blue: | Paul Lavalle's Orch. |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | NBC: | Carey Longmire, News |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | CBS: | Young Dr. Malone |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC: | The Guiding Light |
| 12:30 | 1:15 | 2:15 | CBS: | Joyce Jordan, M.D. |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 | Blue: | Mystery Chef |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 | NBC: | Lonely Women |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC: | Light of the World |
| 11:30 | 2:30 | 1:30 | CBS: | We Love and Learn |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | Blue: | Ladies Be Seated |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | CBS: | Pepper Young's Family |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC: | Hymns of All Churches |
| | 2:00 | 3:00 | CBS: | Elizabeth Bemis, News |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | Blue: | Morton Downey |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC: | Mary Marlin |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | CBS: | Joe & Ethel Turp |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | NBC: | Ma Perkins |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | Blue: | My True Story |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC: | Pepper Young's Family |
| 2:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | CBS: | Johnny Gart Trio |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | NBC: | Right to Happiness |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | Blue: | Ted Malone |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | CBS: | Green Valley, U. S. A. |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | CBS: | Your Home Front Reporter |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | Blue: | Club Matinee |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | NBC: | Backstage Wife |
| 1:15 | 3:15 | 4:15 | NBC: | Stella Dallas |
| 1:25 | 3:25 | 4:25 | CBS: | News |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | Blue: | Wilfred Fleisher, News |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | NBC: | Lorenzo Jones |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | CBS: | Perry Como, Songs |
| | | 4:45 | Blue: | Sea Hound |
| 1:45 | 3:45 | 4:45 | CBS: | Mountain Music |
| 1:45 | 3:45 | 4:45 | NBC: | Young Widder Brown |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | CBS: | Madeleine Carroll Reads |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | Blue: | Hop Harrigan |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | NBC: | When a Girl Marries |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 | CBS: | Mother and Dad |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 | NBC: | Portia Faces Life |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 | Blue: | Dick Tracy |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | CBS: | Are You a Genius |
| 5:30 | 5:30 | 5:30 | Blue: | Jack Armstrong |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | NBC: | Just Plain Bill |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | MBC: | Superman |
| 2:45 | 4:45 | 5:45 | NBC: | Front Page Farrell |
| 2:45 | 4:45 | 5:45 | Blue: | Archie Andrews |
| 2:45 | 4:45 | 5:45 | CBS: | American Women |
| 5:45 | 5:45 | 5:45 | Blue: | Captain Midnight |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | CBS: | Quincy Howe |
| 3:10 | 5:10 | 6:10 | CBS: | Bill Costello |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | Blue: | Lulu Bates |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | CBS: | Golden Gate Quartet |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | CBS: | Jeri Sullavan, Songs |
| 3:45 | 5:45 | 6:45 | CBS: | The World Today |
| | | 6:45 | Blue: | Lowell Thomas |
| 3:55 | 5:55 | 6:55 | CBS: | Joseph C. Harsch |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | CBS: | I Love a Mystery |
| 8:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC: | Fred Waring's Gang |
| | | 7:05 | Blue: | Coast Guard Dance Band |
| 4:15 | 6:15 | 7:15 | CBS: | Jack Smith, Songs |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | 7:30 | CBS: | Blondie |
| | 6:30 | 7:30 | Blue: | The Lone Ranger |
| 4:45 | 6:45 | 7:45 | NBC: | H. V. Kaltenborn |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | CBS: | Vox Pop |
| 8:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | Blue: | Earl Godwin, News |
| 8:30 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC: | Cavalcade of America |
| 8:15 | 7:15 | 8:15 | Blue: | Lum and Abner |
| 8:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | CBS: | Gay Nineties |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | Blue: | Adventures of Nero Wolfe |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC: | Voice of Firestone |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | MBS: | Bulldog Drummond |
| 5:55 | 7:55 | 8:55 | CBS: | Cecil Brown |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: | Lux Theater |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | Blue: | Counter-Spy |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | MBS: | Gabriel Heatter |
| 9:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC: | The Telephone Hour |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | Blue: | Spotlight Bands |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC: | Doctor I. Q. |
| 6:55 | 8:55 | 9:55 | Blue: | Harry Wismer, Sports |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: | Screen Guild Players |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | MBS: | Raymond Clapper |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | Blue: | Raymond Gram Swing |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC: | Contented Program |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: | Three Ring Time |
| | | 10:30 | Blue | Alec Templeton |

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## TUESDAY

| P. W. T. | C. W. T. | Eastern War Time | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | 8:30 | Blue: | Texas Jim |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: | News |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | Blue: | BREAKFAST CLUB |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC: | Everything Goes |
| 1:30 | 2:30 | 9:15 | CBS: | Melodie Moments |
| | 8:45 | 9:30 | CBS: | This Life Is Mine |
| | | 9:45 | CBS: | Sing Along |
| 8:30 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: | Valiant Lady |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | Blue: | Isabel Manning Hewson |
| | | 9:45 | NBC: | Robert St. John, News |
| | | 10:00 | NBC: | Lora Lawton |
| 8:45 | 9:15 | 10:15 | CBS: | Kitty Foyle |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | Blue: | News |
| 9:00 | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC: | The Open Door |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: | Honeymoon Hill |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | Blue: | Baby Institute |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC: | Help Mate |
| 12:45 | 9:45 | 10:45 | CBS: | Bachelor's Children |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | Blue: | Gene & Glenn |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | NBC: | A Woman of America |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | CBS: | Mary Lee Taylor |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | Blue: | Breakfast at Sardi's |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC: | Road of Life |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | CBS: | Second Husband |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | NBC: | Vic and Sade |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: | Bright Horizon |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | Blue: | Hank Lawson's Knights |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC: | Snow Village |
| 11:15 | 10:15 | 11:45 | CBS: | Aunt Jenny's Stories |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 | Blue: | Living Should Be Fun |
| | 10:45 | 11:45 | NBC: | David Harum |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | CBS: | Kate Smith Speaks |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | CBS: | Big Sister |
| 9:15 | 11:30 | 12:30 | CBS: | Romance of Helen Trent |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | Blue: | Farm and Home Hour |
| 9:45 | 11:45 | 12:45 | CBS: | Our Gal Sunday |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | CBS: | Life Can Be Beautiful |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | Blue: | Baukhage Talking |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC: | Air Breaks |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | CBS: | Ma Perkins |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | Blue: | The Women's Exchange |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | CBS: | Vic and Sade |
| | 12:45 | 1:45 | CBS: | The Goldbergs |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | NBC: | Carey Longmire, News |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | CBS: | Young Dr. Malone |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC: | The Guiding Light |
| 12:30 | 1:15 | 2:15 | CBS: | Joyce Jordan, M.D. |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 | NBC: | Lonely Women |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC: | Light of the World |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | CBS: | We Love and Learn |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | Blue: | Ladies, Be Seated |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | CBS: | Pepper Young's Family |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC: | Hymns of All Churches |
| | 2:00 | 3:00 | CBS: | Elizabeth Bemis |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | Blue: | Morton Downey |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC: | Mary Marlin |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | CBS: | Joe & Ethel Turp |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | Blue: | My True Story |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | NBC: | Ma Perkins |
| | | 3:30 | CBS: | Johnny Gart Trio |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | CBS: | Green Valley, U. S. A. |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC: | Pepper Young's Family |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | NBC: | Right to Happiness |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | Blue: | Ted Malone |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | CBS: | Your Home Front Reporter |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | Blue: | Club Matinee |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | NBC: | Backstage Wife |
| 1:25 | 3:25 | 4:25 | NBC: | Stella Dallas |
| | | 4:25 | CBS: | News |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | NBC: | Lorenzo Jones |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | Blue: | James McDonald |
| | | 4:30 | CBS: | Perry Como, Songs |
| 1:45 | 3:45 | 4:45 | CBS: | Mountain Music |
| | | 4:45 | Blue: | Sea Hound |
| 1:45 | 3:45 | 4:45 | NBC: | Young Widder Brown |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | CBS: | Madeleine Carroll Reads |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | Blue: | Hop Harrigan |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | NBC: | When a Girl Marries |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 | CBS: | Mother and Dad |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 | NBC: | Portia Faces Life |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 | Blue: | Dick Tracy |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | CBS: | Are You a Genius |
| 5:30 | 5:30 | 5:30 | Blue: | Jack Armstrong |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | MBS: | Superman |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | NBC: | Just Plain Bill |
| 2:45 | 4:45 | 5:45 | CBS: | American Women |
| 5:45 | 5:45 | 5:45 | Blue: | Captain Midnight |
| 2:45 | 4:45 | 5:45 | NBC: | Front Page Farrell |
| 7:45 | 5:00 | 6:00 | CBS: | Quincy Howe |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | CBS: | Edwin C. Hill |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | Blue: | Lulu Bates |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | NBC: | Bill Stern |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | CBS: | John B. Kennedy |
| 3:45 | 5:45 | 6:45 | CBS: | The World Today |
| | | 6:45 | Blue: | Lowell Thomas |
| | | 6:55 | CBS: | Meaning of the News, Joseph C. Harsch |
| 8:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC: | Fred Waring's Gang |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | CBS: | I Love A Mystery |
| 4:15 | 6:15 | 7:15 | CBS: | Harry James |
| 4:15 | 6:15 | 7:15 | Blue: | Men, Machines and Victory |
| 4:15 | 6:15 | 7:15 | NBC: | European News |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | CBS: | American Melody Hour |
| 4:45 | 6:45 | 7:45 | NBC: | Salute to Youth |
| 8:30 | 7:00 | 8:00 | CBS: | Lights Out |
| 8:30 | 7:00 | 8:00 | Blue: | Earl Godwin, News |
| 8:30 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC: | Ginny Simms |
| 8:15 | 7:15 | 8:15 | Blue: | Lum and Abner |
| 9:00 | 7:30 | 8:30 | CBS: | Judy Canova Show |
| 9:00 | 7:30 | 8:30 | Blue: | Noah Webster Says |
| 5:55 | 7:55 | 8:55 | CBS: | Cecil Brown |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | MBS: | Gabriel Heatter |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | Blue: | Famous Jury Trials |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC: | Battle of the Sexes |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: | The Colonel |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: | Report to the Nation |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | Blue: | Spotlight Bands |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | MBS: | Murder Clinic |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC: | Passing Parade |
| 6:55 | 8:55 | 9:55 | Blue: | Harry Wismer, Sports |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | MBS: | John B. Hughes |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | Blue: | Raymond Gram Swing |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC: | Johnny Mercer's Music Shop |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: | Suspense |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC: | Beat the Band, Hildegarde |
| | | 10:30 | CBS: | Congress Speaks |

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## ALWAYS A GUEST . . .

Everyone is familiar with songs like "Blues in the Night," "Arthur Murray Taught Me Dancing In a Hurry," "Strip Polka," just to name a very few. Most people would be satisfied with that. But not Johnny Mercer. Johnny wants to be a singer, an actor, a Star.

As far back as Johnny can remember, he's had this bug. This probably goes back almost to the time he was born in Savannah, Georgia, in 1909. He was educated partly in Georgia and more at a Prep School in Virginia.

When he was seventeen, he formed a little theater group which David Belasco invited to New York to participate in a one act play tournament. Johnny was sure he was launched on his chosen career. The play was judged the most original in the contest and that seemed to be enough for the other members of the troupe. They went home. Not Johnny.

Johnny stayed in New York banging on the doors of theatrical producers—with the usual success.

Paul Whiteman was looking for singers, so Johnny tackled him for a job. Papa Whiteman shook his head over the voice, but he liked Johnny's songs. This time, Johnny was making deals, though. He sold himself as a member of the Whiteman outfit—and the band got to play his tunes.

Then, friends began to heckle Johnny about song writing and he found himself devoting more of his time to turning out tunes. He joined the publishing firm of Will Woodin, met Hoagy Carmichael, and together they worked over a number Carmichael had been playing around with, unsuccessfully. What came out was "Lazy Bones" and a smash hit.

Money and fame coming his way, Johnny felt he could afford to be a singer again. He sang on the radio with Benny Goodman and Bob Crosby, until Hollywood waggled a tempting finger at him. Fame! That's what he saw ahead in California.

He got the fame, plenty of it—but not as an actor or singer. Hollywood wanted him as a song writer.

But the bug still had him. He made recordings of some of his own hit tunes—only to discover that he was still known as just the writer of songs. He was still just a guy who was always a guest star on the program.

Now, at last, his chance has come. The sponsors were looking for someone to replace Bob Hope's show for the summer—and Bob and Bing Crosby, pals of Johnny's, suggested him. Miracles! He's in. A show of his own, called Johnny Mercer's Music Shop, heard Tuesday nights over NBC. He sings, jokes, announces and cavorts. And the funniest part of the whole thing is that he's turned out to be a really fine entertainer.

All of which suits Johnny and his wife, Ginger, very nicely.

## WEDNESDAY

| P.W.T. | C.W.T. | Eastern War Time | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | 8:30 | Blue: | Texas Time |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: | News |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | Blue: | Breakfast Club |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC: | Everything Goes |
| 1:30 | 2:30 | 9:15 | CBS: | Chapel Singers |
| | | 9:30 | CBS: | This Life Is Mine |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | CBS: | Sing Along |
| 8:30 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: | Valiant Lady |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | Blue: | Isabel Manning Hewson |
| | | 9:45 | NBC: | Robert St. John |
| | | 10:00 | NBC: | Lora Lawton |
| 8:45 | 9:15 | 10:15 | CBS: | Kitty Foyle |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | Blue: | News |
| 9:00 | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC: | The Open Door |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: | Honeymoon Hill |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | Blue: | Baby Institute |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC: | Help Mate |
| 12:45 | 9:45 | 10:45 | CBS: | Bachelor's Children |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | Blue: | Gene & Glenn |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | NBC: | A Woman of America |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | Blue: | Breakfast at Sardi's |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC: | Road of Life |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | CBS: | Second Husband |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | NBC: | Vic and Sade |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: | Bright Horizon |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | Blue: | Hank Lawson's Knights |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC: | Snow Village |
| 11:15 | 10:45 | 11:45 | CBS: | Aunt Jenny's Stories |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 | Blue: | Living Should Be Fun |
| | 10:45 | 11:45 | NBC: | David Harum |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | CBS: | Kate Smith Speaks |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | NBC: | Words and Music |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | CBS: | Big Sister |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | CBS: | Romance of Helen Trent |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | Blue: | Farm and Home Hour |
| 9:45 | 11:45 | 12:45 | CBS: | Our Gal Sunday |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | CBS: | Life Can Be Beautiful |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | Blue: | Baukhage Talking |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | CBS: | Ma Perkins |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | Blue: | Edward MacHugh |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | CBS: | Vic and Sade |
| | 12:45 | 1:45 | CBS: | The Goldbergs |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | NBC: | Carey Longmire, News |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | CBS: | Young Dr. Malone |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC: | The Guiding Light |
| 12:30 | 1:15 | 2:15 | CBS: | Joyce Jordan, M.D. |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 | NBC: | Lonely Women |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | CBS: | We Love and Learn |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | Blue: | Ladies, Be Seated |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC: | Light of the World |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | CBS: | Pepper Young's Family |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | Blue: | Stella Unger |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC: | Hymns of All Churches |
| | 2:00 | 3:00 | CBS: | Elizabeth Bemis |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | Blue: | Morton Downey |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC: | Mary Marlin |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | CBS: | Joe & Ethel Turp |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | Blue: | My True Story |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | NBC: | Ma Perkins |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | CBS: | Johnny Gart Trio |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC: | Pepper Young's Family |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | NBC: | Right to Happiness |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | Blue: | Ted Malone |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | CBS: | Green Valley, U. S. A. |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | Blue: | Club Matinee |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | NBC: | Backstage Wife |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | CBS: | Your Home Front Reporter |
| 1:15 | 3:15 | 4:15 | NBC: | Stella Dallas |
| | | 4:25 | CBS: | News |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | Blue: | James McDonald |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | NBC: | Lorenzo Jones |
| | | 4:30 | CBS: | Perry Como, Songs |
| | | 4:45 | Blue: | Sea Hound |
| 1:45 | 3:45 | 4:45 | CBS: | Mountain Music |
| 1:45 | 3:45 | 4:45 | NBC: | Young Widder Brown |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | CBS: | Madeleine Carroll Reads |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | Blue: | Hop Harrigan |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | NBC: | When a Girl Marries |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 | CBS: | Mother and Dad |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 | NBC: | Portia Faces Life |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 | Blue: | Dick Tracy |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | CBS: | Are You a Genius |
| 5:30 | 5:30 | 5:30 | Blue: | Jack Armstrong |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | MBS: | Superman |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | NBC: | Just Plain Bill |
| 2:45 | 4:45 | 5:45 | CBS: | American Women |
| 5:45 | 5:45 | 5:45 | Blue: | Archie Andrews |
| 2:45 | 4:45 | 5:45 | NBC: | Front Page Farrell |
| | 5:00 | 6:00 | CBS: | Quincy Howe, News |
| 3:10 | 5:10 | 6:10 | CBS: | Bill Costello |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | CBS: | Today at the Duncans |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | CBS: | Jeri Sullivan, Songs |
| 3:45 | 5:45 | 6:45 | CBS: | The World Today |
| | | 6:45 | Blue: | Lowell Thomas |
| | | 6:55 | CBS: | Meaning of the News |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC: | Fred Waring's Gang |
| | | 7:00 | CBS: | I Love A Mystery |
| 8:15 | 6:15 | 7:15 | CBS: | Harry James |
| 4:15 | 6:15 | 7:15 | NBC: | European News |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | CBS: | Easy Aces |
| | 6:30 | 7:30 | Blue: | The Lone Ranger |
| 4:45 | 6:45 | 7:45 | CBS: | Mr. Keen |
| 4:45 | 6:45 | 7:45 | NBC: | H. V. Kaltenborn |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | CBS: | Sammy Kaye Orch. |
| 8:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | Blue: | Earl Godwin, News |
| 9:15 | 7:00 | 8:00 | MBS: | Cal Tinney |
| | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC: | Mr. and Mrs. North |
| 8:15 | 7:15 | 8:15 | Blue: | Lum and Abner |
| 8:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | CBS: | Dr. Christian |
| | 7:30 | 8:30 | MBS: | Take A Card |
| 8:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | Blue: | Manhattan at Midnight |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC: | Tommy Dorsey |
| 5:55 | 7:55 | 8:55 | CBS: | Cecil Brown |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: | The Mayor of the Town |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | MBS: | Gabriel Heatter |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | Blue: | John Freedom |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC: | A Date With Judy |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: | Jack Carson |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | Blue: | Spotlight Bands |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC: | Mr. District Attorney |
| 6:55 | 8:55 | 9:55 | Blue: | Harry Wismer, Sports |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: | Great Moments in Music |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | MBS: | John B. Hughes |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC: | Kay Kyser |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | Blue: | Raymond Gram Swing |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: | Cresta Blanca Carnival |
| | | 10:30 | Blue: | Alec Templeton |



*WAR WORKER*—Muriel Lunger and her mother have both taken war jobs at Bendix. Muriel tests altimeters.

**OFFICIAL WAR MESSAGE**

There's a war job for *you*—in a plant, store, office, restaurant, transportation company, community service. Check Help Wanted ads for needs in your area. Then see your local U. S. Employment Service.



*ENGAGED, HAPPY*—"Hold that engaged look," orders their Navy friend, as pretty Muriel and her fiancé smile up at his camera. A snapshot taken on last summer's vacation.



*MURIEL LUNGER'S BEAUTY* is serene and poised. Her eyes are a dreamy grey-blue, her soft-smooth Pond's complexion fine-grained as a rose petal.



*HER RING*—the diamond is set in platinum with a small diamond either side. The slender band is gold.

# SHE'S ENGAGED!

## She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

*CHARMING MURIEL LUNGER—daughter of the well-known Mr. and Mrs. William S. Lunger of Washington, D. C., engaged to Raymond W. Hitchens of Baltimore—he, too, has an essential war job with Bendix, in the plant protection department.*

WAKING up at 8:30 P.M., eating lunch at 3 in the morning, going home when most of us are just starting our day, seems quite natural to Muriel now. She's simply reversed her clock.

"I've discovered one thing," Muriel says. "Long hours working on a war job have made me extra fussy about how I look. I just love slipping into something pretty at home, and adore creaming my face with Pond's to help smooth away tiredness and make my skin feel all glowy—and so clean and soft!"

Copy Muriel's soft-smooth beauty care, *like this:*

SMOOTH on snowy-white Pond's Cold Cream and pat briskly, gently to work its lovely softening creaminess all over your face and throat. This softens and releases dirt and old make-up. Now—tissue off. See how clean and sweet you look!




"RINSE" with *more* Pond's Cold Cream for extra cleansing and softening. Whirl your Pond's coated fingertips around in little spirals—out over your eyebrows, up over your cheeks, around your nose and mouth. Tissue it all off again.

Give your face this *twice-over* Pond's creaming every night, every morning—and for daytime clean-ups! You'll *love* how *beautifully clean*, how much *softer* your skin will feel.

It's no accident lovely engaged girls like Muriel, noted society beauties like Mrs. Geraldine Spreckels and Britain's Viscountess Milton are devoted to Pond's Cold Cream. Get a jar today! Have *your* first Pond's creaming tonight!

*Today many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price*

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THERE'S A GLASS SHORTAGE—SO BUY ONE BIG POND'S JAR INSTEAD OF SEVERAL SMALL ONES. IT SAVES GLASS NEEDED FOR FOOD JARS.

## THURSDAY

| P.W.T. | C.W.T. | Eastern War Time | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | 8:30 | Blue: | Texas Jim |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: | News |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | Blue: | Breakfast Club |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC: | Everything Goes |
| 1:30 | 2:30 | 9:15 | CBS: | The Sophisticators |
| | | 9:30 | CBS: | This Life Is Mine |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | CBS: | Sing Along |
| | | 9:45 | NBC: | Robert St. John |
| 8:30 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: | Valiant Lady |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | Blue: | Isabel Manning Hewson |
| | | 10:00 | NBC: | Lora Lawton |
| 8:45 | 9:15 | 10:15 | CBS: | Kitty Foyle |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | Blue: | News |
| 9:00 | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC: | The Open Door |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: | Honeymoon Hill |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | Blue: | Baby Institute |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC: | Help Mate |
| 12:45 | 9:45 | 10:45 | CBS: | Bachelor's Children |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | Blue: | Gene & Glenn |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | NBC: | A Woman of America |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | CBS: | Mary Lee Taylor |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | Blue: | Breakfast at Sardi's |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC: | Road of Life |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | CBS: | Second Husband |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | NBC: | Vic and Sade |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: | Bright Horizon |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | Blue: | Hank Lawson's Knights |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC: | Snow Village |
| 11:15 | 10:45 | 11:45 | CBS: | Aunt Jenny's Stories |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 | Blue: | Living Should Be Fun |
| | 10:45 | 11:45 | NBC: | David Harum |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | CBS: | Kate Smith Speaks |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | NBC: | Words and Music |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | CBS: | Big Sister |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | CBS: | Romance of Helen Trent |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | Blue: | Farm and Home Hour |
| 9:45 | 11:45 | 12:45 | CBS: | Our Gal Sunday |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | CBS: | Life Can Be Beautiful |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | Blue: | Baukhage Talking |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC: | Sketches in Melody |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | CBS: | Ma Perkins |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | Blue: | Edward MacHugh |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | CBS: | Vic and Sade |
| | 12:45 | 1:45 | CBS: | The Goldbergs |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | NBC: | Carey Longmire, News |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | CBS: | Young Dr. Malone |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC: | The Guiding Light |
| 12:30 | 1:15 | 2:15 | CBS: | Joyce Jordan, M.D. |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 | NBC: | Lonely Women |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | CBS: | We Love and Learn |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | Blue: | Ladies, Be Seated |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC: | Light of the World |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | CBS: | Pepper Young's Family |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | Blue: | Stella Unger |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC: | Hymns of All Churches |
| | 2:00 | 3:00 | CBS: | Elizabeth Bemis, News |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | Blue: | Morton Downey |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC: | Mary Marlin |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | CBS: | Joe & Ethel Turp |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | Blue: | My True Story |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | NBC: | Ma Perkins |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | CBS: | Johnny Gart Trio |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC: | Pepper Young's Family |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | NBC: | Right to Happiness |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | Blue: | Ted Malone |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | CBS: | Green Valley, U. S. A. |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | CBS: | Your Home Front Reporter |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | Blue: | Club Matinee |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | NBC: | Backstage Wife |
| 1:15 | 3:15 | 4:15 | NBC: | Stella Dallas |
| | | 4:25 | CBS: | News |
| | | 4:30 | CBS: | Perry Como, Songs |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | Blue: | James McDonald |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | NBC: | Lorenzo Jones |
| 1:45 | 3:45 | 4:45 | CBS: | Off the Record |
| | | 4:45 | Blue: | Sea Hound |
| 1:45 | 3:45 | 4:45 | NBC: | Young Widder Brown |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | CBS: | Madeleine Carroll Reads |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | Blue: | Hop Harrigan |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | NBC: | When a Girl Marries |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 | CBS: | Mother and Dad |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 | NBC: | Portia Faces Life |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 | Blue: | Dick Tracy |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | CBS: | Are You a Genius |
| 5:30 | 5:30 | 5:30 | Blue: | Jack Armstrong |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | MBS: | Superman |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | NBC: | Just Plain Bill |
| 2:45 | 4:45 | 5:45 | CBS: | American Women |
| 5:45 | 5:45 | 5:45 | Blue: | Archie Andrews |
| 2:45 | 4:45 | 5:45 | NBC: | Front Page Farrell |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | CBS: | Quincy Howe, News |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | CBS: | The Three Sisters |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | CBS: | John B. Kennedy |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | NBC: | Bill Stern |
| 3:45 | 5:45 | 6:45 | CBS: | The World Today |
| | | 6:45 | Blue: | Lowell Thomas |
| | | 6:55 | CBS: | Meaning of the News |
| 8:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC: | Fred Waring's Gang |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | CBS: | I Love a Mystery |
| 4:05 | 6:05 | 7:05 | Blue: | Those Good Old Days |
| 8:15 | 6:15 | 7:15 | CBS: | Harry James |
| 4:15 | 6:15 | 7:15 | NBC: | European News |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | CBS: | Easy Aces |
| 7:00 | 6:30 | 7:30 | NBC: | That's Life—Fred Brady |
| 4:45 | 6:45 | 7:45 | CBS: | Mr. Keen |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC: | Blind Date |
| 8:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | Blue: | Earl Godwin, News |
| | | 8:00 | CBS: | Astor-Ruggles-Auer |
| 8:15 | 7:15 | 8:15 | Blue: | Lum and Abner |
| 8:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | CBS: | Death Valley Days |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | Blue: | America's Town Meeting |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC: | Aldrich Family |
| 5:55 | 7:55 | 8:55 | CBS: | Cecil Brown |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: | Major Bowes |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | MBS: | Gabriel Heatter |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC: | Kraft Music Hall |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: | Stage Door Canteen |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | Blue: | Spotlight Bands |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC: | Joan Davis, Jack Haley |
| 6:55 | 8:55 | 9:55 | Blue: | Harry Wismer, Sports |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: | The First Line |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | MBS: | Raymond Clapper |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | Blue: | Raymond Gram Swing |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC: | March of Time |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC: | Information Please |
| 7:45 | 9:45 | 10:30 | CBS: | The Eyes of the Air Force |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | CBS: | Ned Calmer, News |



## SHE COULD DREAM . . .

In the last ten years, there must have been a million High School girls who have dreamed of singing with Bing Crosby However, so far, only one of them has seen her dream come true. It took winsome, blonde, Trudy Erwin eight years of dreaming—and some plugging—to get there. But she's done it. But now she's a regular member of the cast of the Crosby radio program.

Back in the days when she was going to John Marshall High School in Los Angeles, Trudy was featured in most of the school shows with a girl named Virginia Verrill. Virginia wanted to be a popular singer and have her name in lights. Virginia got what she wanted. All Trudy wanted was to sing with Bing Crosby.

At seventeen, when she was on her way to the University of California at Los Angeles, she managed to get a couple of days' work at Paramount. It was in a Crosby picture called "Double or Nothing." Trudy was dreaming, but the closest she could get to Bing was to feel the breeze as he passed by on his way to his dressing room.

Off to the University she went and, to make French and medieval history and calculus more palatable, she began to sing with a couple of other girls at the campus affairs. Later, she was part of another trio that sang on the Hollywood Hotel radio program. By a series of complicated combinations, two trios became a quintet known as the Music Maids. The Music Maids wanted to be sure they were on the beam before they tried out anywhere, so they practiced together for six months, before giving an audition.

Their first audition was for Bing. And they were hired. But, after all that perseverance, all the singing Trudy got to do with Bing was to hum background harmony along with the other four girls.

A year ago, she left the Music Maids to go with Kay Kyser and, with the Kyser ensemble, she has been to approximately 160 service camps—some of these two or three times—in this one year. She's ridden in planes, tanks, jeeps, trucks and she's even been aboard a submarine as a guest of Uncle Sam.

Not long ago Bing picked her as the regular feminine singer for his program. An enviable spot for a dreamer of twenty-three—a spot formerly held by such notables as Connie Boswell and Mary Martin.

Bing's influence goes a good bit further than singing. Trudy's caught his infectious love of horses. She already owns four of them, a jumper, a brood mare, a colt and a race horse. The race horse seems to have caught something, too. He's nine years old and hasn't won a race yet. But Trudy can dream about that, too. And, considering how effective Trudy's dreaming seems to have been in the past—who can tell what might happen to that horse?

## FRIDAY

| P.W.T. | C.W.T. | Eastern War Time | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | 8:30 | Blue: | Texas Jim |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: | News |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | Blue: | Breakfast Club |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC: | Everything Goes |
| 1:15 | 2:15 | 9:15 | CBS: | Chapel Singers |
| | | 9:30 | CBS: | This Life Is Mine |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | CBS: | Sing Along |
| | | 9:45 | NBC: | Robert St. John |
| 8:30 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: | Valiant Lady |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | Blue: | Isabel Manning Hewson |
| | | 10:00 | NBC: | Lora Lawton |
| 8:45 | 9:15 | 10:15 | CBS: | Kitty Foyle |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | Blue: | News |
| 9:00 | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC: | The Open Door |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: | Honeymoon Hill |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | Blue: | The Baby Institute |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC: | Help Mate |
| 12:45 | 9:45 | 10:45 | CBS: | Bachelor's Children |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | Blue: | Gene & Glenn |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | NBC: | A Woman of America |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | Blue: | Breakfast at Sardi's |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC: | Road of Life |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | CBS: | Golden Gate Quartet |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | CBS: | Second Husband |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | NBC: | Vic and Sade |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: | Bright Horizon |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | Blue: | Hank Lawson's Knights |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC: | Snow Village |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 | CBS: | Aunt Jenny's Stories |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 | Blue: | Living Should Be Fun |
| | 10:45 | 11:45 | NBC: | David Harum |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | CBS: | Kate Smith Speaks |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | NBC: | Words and Music |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | CBS: | Big Sister |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | CBS: | Romance of Helen Trent |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | Blue: | Farm and Home Hour |
| 9:45 | 11:45 | 12:45 | CBS: | Our Gal Sunday |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | CBS: | Life Can Be Beautiful |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | Blue: | Baukhage Talking |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | CBS: | Ma Perkins |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | CBS: | Vic and Sade |
| | 12:45 | 1:45 | CBS: | The Goldbergs |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | NBC: | Carey Longmire, News |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | CBS: | Young Dr. Malone |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC: | The Guiding Light |
| 12:30 | 1:15 | 2:15 | CBS: | Joyce Jordan, M.D. |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 | NBC: | Lonely Women |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | CBS: | We Love and Learn |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | Blue: | Ladies, Be Seated |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC: | Light of the World |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | CBS: | Pepper Young's Family |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | Blue: | Stella Unger |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC: | Betty Crocker |
| | 2:00 | 3:00 | CBS: | Elizabeth Bemis, News |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | Blue: | Morton Downey |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC: | Mary Marlin |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | CBS: | Landt Trio and Curley |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | Blue: | My True Story |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | NBC: | Ma Perkins |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | CBS: | Johnny Gart Trio |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC: | Pepper Young's Family |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | Blue: | Ted Malone |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | NBC: | Right to Happiness |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | CBS: | Green Valley, U. S. A. |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | CBS: | Your Home Front Reporter |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | Blue: | Club Matinee |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | NBC: | Backstage Wife |
| 1:15 | 3:15 | 4:15 | NBC: | Stella Dallas |
| | | 4:25 | CBS: | News |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | NBC: | Lorenzo Jones |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | Blue: | James McDonald |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | CBS: | Perry Como, Songs |
| 1:45 | 3:45 | 4:45 | CBS: | Off the Record |
| | | 4:45 | Blue: | Sea Hound |
| 1:45 | 3:45 | 4:45 | NBC: | Young Widder Brown |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | CBS: | Madeleine Carroll Reads |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | Blue: | Hop Harrigan |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | NBC: | When a Girl Marries |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 | CBS: | Mother and Dad |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 | NBC: | Portia Faces Life |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 | Blue: | Dick Tracy |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | CBS: | If It's a Question of Music |
| 5:30 | 5:30 | 5:30 | Blue: | Jack Armstrong |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | MBS: | Superman |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | NBC: | Just Plain Bill |
| 2:45 | 4:45 | 5:45 | CBS: | American Women |
| 5:45 | 5:45 | 5:45 | Blue: | Archie Andrews |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | CBS: | Quincy Howe, News |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | CBS: | Today at the Duncans |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | CBS: | Jeri Sullivan, Songs |
| 3:45 | 5:45 | 6:45 | CBS: | The World Today |
| | | 6:45 | Blue: | Lowell Thomas |
| 3:55 | 5:55 | 6:55 | CBS: | Bob Trout |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | CBS: | I Love a Mystery |
| 8:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC: | Fred Waring's Gang |
| 8:15 | 6:15 | 7:15 | CBS: | Our Secret Weapon |
| 4:15 | 6:15 | 7:15 | NBC: | European News |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | CBS: | Easy Aces |
| | 6:30 | 7:30 | Blue: | The Lone Ranger |
| 4:45 | 6:45 | 7:45 | CBS: | Mr. Keen |
| 4:45 | 6:45 | 7:45 | NBC: | H. V. Kaltenborn |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | CBS: | Corlis Archer |
| 8:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | Blue: | Earl Godwin, News |
| 9:15 | 7:00 | 8:00 | MBS: | Cal Tinney |
| | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC: | Cities-Service Concert |
| 8:15 | 7:15 | 8:15 | Blue: | Parker Family |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | CBS: | The Thin Man |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | Blue: | Meet Your Navy |
| | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC: | All Time Hit Parade |
| 5:55 | 7:55 | 8:55 | CBS: | Cecil Brown |
| 8:30 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: | Philip Morris Playhouse |
| 8:30 | 8:00 | 9:00 | Blue: | Gang Busters |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | MBS: | Gabriel Heatter |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC: | Waltz Time |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: | That Brewster Boy |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | Blue: | Spotlight Bands |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | MBS: | Double or Nothing |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC: | People Are Funny |
| 6:55 | 8:55 | 9:55 | Blue: | Harry Wismer |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | Blue: | American Comedy Theatre |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | Blue: | John Vandercook |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: | Tommy Riggs, Betty Lou |
| | | 10:30 | Blue: | Alec Templeton |
| | | 10:30 | NBC: | Bill Stern |
| | | 10:45 | Blue: | Elmer Davis |



The fabric of American life is woven of simple familiar things. Home and neighbors — a movie around the corner — a table of bridge, or having Cousin Charley's family in for supper. Millions of Americans every day enjoy these simple human things in the pleasant company of a glass of friendly SCHLITZ . . . truly the beverage of moderation . . . brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops, none of the bitterness.



*Years of No bitterness*



*Just the KISS of the hops . . .*




—all of the delicate hop flavor—none of the bitterness. Once you taste that famous flavor found only in Schlitz, you'll never go back to a bitter brew. Since 1849, America's most distinguished beer.

*In 12-oz. bottles and Quart Guest Bottles. On tap, too!*

*Copyright 1943, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.*

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

## SATURDAY

| PACIFIC WAR TIME | CENTRAL WAR TIME | Eastern War Time | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | 8:00 | CBS: | News of the World |
| | | 8:00 | Blue: | News |
| | | 8:00 | NBC: | News |
| | | 8:15 | CBS: | Music of Today |
| | | 8:30 | CBS: | Missus Goes A-Shopping |
| | | 8:15 | NBC: | Dick Leibert |
| | | 8:30 | Blue: | United Nations, News Review |
| | | 8:45 | CBS. | Women's Page of the Air |
| | | 8:45 | NBC: | News |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: | Press News |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | Blue: | Breakfast Club |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC: | Everything Goes |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | CBS: | Red Cross Reporter |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS. | Garden Gate |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: | Youth on Parade |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | Blue: | Isabel Manning Hewson |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC: | Nellie Revell |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: | U. S. Navy Band |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | Blue: | Hank Lawson's Knights |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC: | Babe Ruth in Person |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | CBS: | Warren Sweeney, News |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | Blue: | Game Parade |
| | | 11:05 | CBS: | Let's Pretend |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: | Fashions in Rations |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | Blue: | Little Blue Playhouse |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC: | U. S. Coast Guard Band |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | CBS: | Theater of Today |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | Blue: | Music by Norman Black |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | NBC: | News |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | NBC: | Consumer Time |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | CBS: | Stars Over Hollywood |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | Blue: | Farm Bureau |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC: | Mirth and Madness |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | CBS: | Columbia's Country Journal |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | Blue: | News |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC: | Beverly Mahr, vocalist |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | NBC: | Sketches in Melody |
| | | 1:15 | Blue: | Nightclubbing at Noon |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | CBS: | Adventures in Science |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC: | All Out for Victory |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | CBS: | Highways to Health |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | NBC: | War Telescope |
| | | 1:45 | Blue: | Singo |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | CBS: | News |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | Blue: | Musette Music Box |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC: | Roy Shield and Co. |
| 11:05 | 1:05 | 2:05 | CBS: | I Sustain the Wings |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | CBS: | Spirit of '43 |
| | | 2:30 | Blue: | Tommy Tucker |
| 11:35 | 1:35 | 2:35 | NBC: | Lyrics by Liza |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC: | People's War |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | CBS: | Of Men and Books |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC: | U. S. Air Force Band |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | Blue: | George Hicks Reporting from England |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | CBS: | F. O. B. Detroit |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC: | News |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | Blue: | The Marshalls |
| | | 4:00 | Blue: | Saturday Concert |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | CBS: | Report from London |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | NBC: | Matinee in Rhythm |
| 1:15 | 3:15 | 4:15 | CBS: | Bobby Tucker's Voices |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | CBS: | Calling Pan-America |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | NBC: | Minstrel Melodies |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | CBS: | It's Maritime |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | Blue: | Horace Heidt |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | NBC: | Doctors at War |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | NBC: | Three Suns Trio |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | CBS: | Chips Davis, Commando |
| 2:45 | 4:45 | 5:45 | NBC: | News, Alex Drier |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | Blue: | Korn Kobblers |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC: | Gallicchio Orch. |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | CBS: | Quincy Howe |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | CBS: | People's Platform |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | Blue: | Message of Israel |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | NBC: | The Art of Living |
| 3:45 | 5:45 | 6:45 | CBS: | The World Today |
| 3:45 | 5:45 | 6:45 | NBC: | Paul Lavalle Orch. |
| 3:55 | 5:55 | 6:55 | | Bob Trout |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | CBS: | Man Behind the Gun |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | Blue: | Adventures of the Falcon |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC: | For This We Fight |
| 8:00 | 6:30 | 7:30 | CBS: | Thanks to the Yanks |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | Blue: | Enough and on Time |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | NBC: | Ellery Queen |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC: | Abie's Irish Rose |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | CBS: | Crummit and Sanderson |
| 5:15 | 7:15 | 8:15 | Blue: | Esplanade Concerts |
| 5:39 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC: | Truth Or Consequences |
| 8:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | CBS: | Hobby Lobby |
| 5:55 | 7:55 | 8:55 | CBS: | Ned Calmer and the News |
| 9:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: | YOUR HIT PARADE |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC: | National Barn Dance |
| 6:15 | 8:15 | 9:15 | Blue: | Edward Tomlinson |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC: | Can You Top This |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | Blue: | Spotlight Band |
| 6:45 | 8:45 | 9:45 | CBS: | Saturday Night Serenade |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | Blue: | John Vandercook |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC: | Million Dollar Band |
| | | 10:15 | Blue: | Talley Time |
| 7:15 | 9:15 | 10:15 | CBS: | Blue Ribbon Town |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC: | Quiz |
| 7:45 | 9:45 | 10:45 | CBS: | Eileen Farrell |
| | | 10:45 | Blue: | Dixieland Capers |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | CBS: | Ned Calmer, News |



*She's never too busy to do her part in the war effort, so far as trying to prevent inflation is concerned—she is singer Martha Stewart.*

# *The cover girl*

A NEW face and a new voice. You've been hearing Martha Stewart on Your All Time Hit Parade heard Friday nights over NBC and you'll be hearing more of her—and seeing her, too, soon.

When Martha Stewart was born, down in the sleepy, lush, tobacco country around Bardwell, Kentucky back in 1922, her name was Martha Hayworth.

In 1928, Martha's family moved to New York and eventually Martha went to New Utrecht High School in Brooklyn. At first, she wanted to be a dancer and she studied very hard for that, but an automobile accident which left it questionable whether she would walk again decided the finish of that. Martha had always done some singing and at High School she was always appearing in the school shows.

Naturally, she was a member of the Drama Club. There were two other girls in the Club with ambitions, too. Pat Cameron and Rosalind Ennis—and with them Martha formed a pact. The first of them to strike gold was to help the others get started. Now, Martha has struck it in one fell swoop and she has stuck to the pact. She's financing Pat and Rosalind is working as her secretary until she gets her first break.

After her graduation from High School in 1938, Martha set out to conquer the world. She changed her name to Martha Wayne and landed a job singing with Jerry Livingston's band. Bands and jobs being what they are, she moved on to engagements with Claude Thornhill and, later, to Glenn Miller.

She decided that things weren't moving quickly enough and there must be some reason for it—so she changed her name. Whether that was what did it or not, things began to roll along much faster. And she finally landed the coveted spot as the soloist on Your All Time Hit Parade.

Since she has hit the "big time"—and it has been only for a few short months, everything is happening at a dizzy pace. Warner Brothers have already offered her the second lead in their forthcoming musical extravaganza, "Carnegie Hall."

She has her hobbies, of course—horseback riding being the most important, she writes song, she collects jazz recordings and she loves to fish.

More vital than her pastimes, are her various activities connected with war work. Martha has been called in by the Office of War Information, more and more often, to do Overseas broadcasts to the men in the Armed Forces. She has been voted "Pin Up Girl" too.

She's proud, of course, that the boys overseas like her voice and want to hear more of it. But she has learned that her singing isn't the only thing she can do. She's grown aware of everyday things, and the important part they are playing in the war effort. She's realized that there are many things she can do without—and War Bonds are not included in that. She keeps up with information on what is being done to control prices and prevent inflation and she is careful to check ceiling prices when she buys the things she needs. That, she says, in her ever so slight Southern accent, is the least anybody can do.

# "I use Dura-Gloss"

You're *sweet* to praise my fingernails, Marjorie. There's nothing very complicated about it. I just use Dura-Gloss all the time—Yes, it's only 10¢ and I can't see why anybody should want to use anything else. Dura-Gloss gives your nails such a brilliant, beautiful finish; it goes on so nicely, and there's something in it called Chrystallyne that makes it stay on the nails longer without peeling—which is quite a help when you're as busy as I am. Want to try some of my Dura-Gloss?




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Founded by E. T. Reynolds

# DURA-GLOSS NAIL POLISH

Cuticle Lotion
Polish Remover
Dura-Coat

R
M





# Even Though I Love You

*Continued from page 29*

brushing her dark brown hair like a schoolgirl ready for confidences. And she had said, "Ronny, I'm wondering whether I won't pass up that meeting out in Rochester."

"Pass up a meeting!" I stared at her, incredulous. A sick cold fear chilled me. It was a meeting on her own problems of Internal Medicine, and she'd been reading up for months on the questions to be discussed there. But that wasn't what scared me. It was the look in her eyes. The stars.

She laughed a little shy laugh that sent shivers down to my toes. She said, "Dana's expecting his call to his unit any day now. I'd hate to be away just when it came."

Oh, I couldn't stand it! She'd never fallen for anyone before, she'd always said she was fated to be a sister to every man she met. She hadn't *needed* men! And now she was reaching out for mine!

Well, she couldn't have him. I'd seen him first, it was because of me that he had been in the mood to look at any woman. Why, she'd never even have met him if I hadn't introduced them! She had no right to Dana Craig at all.

I looked down at my toes, the bright polish showing through my sandal straps. "I imagine he'll be pretty busy, though," I said slowly. "So much to clean up, consultations and all. Besides his personal affairs—"

She seemed a little dashed. "Has he a lot of friends?" she asked, with a wistful note in her voice.

*Why did she ask me? Why did she practically beg for the answers I couldn't help making?* "Of course," I said with care. "Naturally he lived a pretty active social life, married to Connie." I spoke the name as if I'd known the Craigs intimately from the time of their honeymoon.

DID he care a lot about her?" Gertrude asked, almost pleadingly. "Deeply, I mean?"

I shrugged. "I guess a man has some reason for marrying a woman. After all, a man like Dana, with all his heavy problems pressing on him all day, would naturally go for a girl who could make him forget his work, somebody gay and high-spirited and—and young—"

I heard her sigh, but I didn't look at her. "Was that the way it was?" she asked, her voice sad. *Oh, Gertrude, go away! Can't you see that if you lay your dreams right out in front of me I've got to tramp on them? I've got to!* But she went on, hopefully. "But don't you think, Ronny, maybe he sees that kind of marriage was a mistake? Don't you think he may realize that a different sort of woman would be better for him?"

"Do men ever learn?" I asked her. "Do they want girls that are good for them?"

She said, "I wonder." I looked at her, and all the stars were gone now from her eyes. But she lifted her head almost with my own kind of defiance. "Well, I've got a date with him tomorrow, anyway," she said, her voice firm. "I won't worry about it till then. And if he asks me to stay home—" She shook her hair back with a gesture almost of recklessness—"If he asks me, I'll toss the meeting to the winds."

It was then that I got panicky. It was then that I felt scared and lost. To see Gertrude acting like any ordinary girl, thinking only of her own happiness, forgetting all about me! I felt as if my life was being torn right up by the roots, and there wasn't any way to stop it.

But the way dropped right into my lap.

IT was the next morning that Dana's call to the Army came. As soon as he found it on his desk, he buzzed for me. "Cancel Mrs. Culpepper Fownes," he said gleefully. "And all the others that have nothing wrong with them but too much money. Call the hospital and tell Warburton to start weeding them out there. Line up all the big stuff and throw out the rest." His eyes darkened then to gravity. "And call your sister." His voice softened. "Tell her not to forget about tonight."

I couldn't speak. I turned away.

He said, "What's the matter? What's wrong, Ronny?" He'd never called me that before, and it did things to me.

"I'm just sorry to have you go," I told him in a small voice.

He said, "Well, why not come along? I told you I'd make a place for you in the unit, and I still could."

I started to shake my head, concealing the shudder I always felt at the idea of army nursing. But suddenly I wondered. Maybe it would be worth it, after all. Gertrude couldn't go, for women doctors weren't allowed then in the Army. I'd be with Dana for the duration, and I could make him love me! He'd have to!

But before I could frame the new answer, Dana had started talking again. "Funny your sister hasn't married," he said, as if thinking aloud.

"Not very," I said suddenly, my lips saying words that had not even come into my mind. "A woman like Gertrude waits till she finds the one man, and after she finds him she can't see anyone else."

"That's it," he said, his voice excited. "That's the way I figured her. I thought I'd never be sure again about any woman, but when I saw her—" He broke off with a sigh, his craggy face so dreamy that he looked absolutely funny.

"When you saw her with Cam, do you mean?" I asked quickly.

He jerked around as if I'd thrown a rock at him. "What's that you say?" His brows were drawn together in a fierce frown. "But *you* had the date with Jones."

I nodded, and made my voice come out clear. "Girls may carry torches," I said, "but men don't always see the light."

Dana Craig stood staring at me with that furious frown, as if he could see right into my soul at the truth beneath that crazy, cheap remark. And I began to think he did. For he turned away as if suddenly impatient with wasted words. "Well, you remind her of that date, anyway," he said with a dogged determination in his voice that scared me.

*Continued on page 62*

They're Still Fighting—Are You Still Buying?
THIRD WAR LOAN DRIVE

Ginger Rogers

IN PARAMOUNT'S

"LADY IN THE DARK"

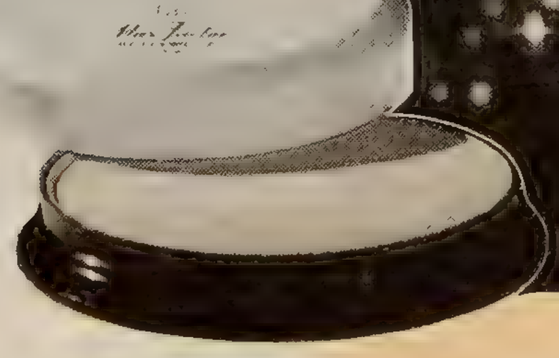




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They told Ansil Fults she'd always be big and for years she believed it. But she got tired of *being* tired, decided to try the DuBarry Success Course. The result—waist and hips now slender, legs slim and graceful, a peaches and cream complexion and a gay new spirit.

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*Continued from page 60*

Now it was worse than ever. I had a right to fight for my life, but these were no simple-minded youngsters who would let me have my own way with them. All I'd done was get them more set than ever in the path they were going. They were both intent on making tonight's date show them where they stood. At this rate, they'd be married long before Dana joined his unit. There'd be no hope left for me then!

No hope? I reached for the phone to follow Dana's instructions, and before I picked it up, it rang. It was Dr. Warburton. He had an emergency for Dana. "We can't have her ready till eight tonight," he said. "Tell the doc I'm sorry, but it looks as if he'll have to do the job then or never."

By the time I got hold of Dana to give him the news, he was deep in the heaviest day he'd ever had. But when I told him he took a minute off for swearing. He finished in a sort of groan, "Call Gertrude, will you? Explain that I don't know how long it'll hold me up. You know what to say. She'll understand."

"I know what to say," I told him. "And she'll understand." Even then I hardly knew what I would say. But the words just came as if I had been rehearsing them for years, when I finally got Gertrude on the phone that night.

"It's too bad," I told her, "but the worst of it is that he has no idea how long it'll take him to get through with what he's got on for tonight—"

THAT's all right," Gertrude said. "I'll wait."

"Is that what you're going to do?" I asked doubtfully. "Pass up your meeting, and wait for him, after he said that—"

"But Ronny," she asked sharply, "won't he be through long before my train time?"

"You never know—" I let my voice trail off evasively.

"But Ronny—" Now her voice was really startled. "Tell me. That's just an operation he has scheduled, isn't it?"

"Well—" I hesitated. "Let's skip that, Trudy. The point is that he said he didn't know when he'd be through. Isn't it clear enough, when a man says that—"

"I don't know—" Her voice was bleak with the doubts that had grown up from the seeds I had planted the night before. They had grown in a soil that was right for them, made right by years in which she had not had time for the popularity with men which gives a woman confidence in her charm.

"But I can't bear to take that train unless I'm sure—" She almost wailed. It was an appeal straight to me for reassurance.

But I didn't give it. I didn't say a word. Not for a long, long minute. I sat there holding that telephone clenched into my hand as if it was my chance for happiness that I was hanging onto. Then I said, "Look, I'm going to have to work late tonight. Will you fix it up with Cam for me?"

"I'll see if I can get him," she said in a voice so dreary that I was shocked. In all her life of quiet unselfishness she had managed to be cheerful.

"Gertrude," I said quickly. Suddenly I knew I couldn't go through with this. She sounded as if she had been hurt, mortally hurt. I could not do that to her. Not to Gertrude. I said, "Listen, Gertrude. Don't you believe—I mean, things aren't the way you think—" But she had hung up.

OH, I know I should have called her back. But the way she had answered seemed like Fate.

The rest is harder to tell. By rights my silly, impulsive little tricks should have exploded in my face. They would have, surely, if I'd been playing with the lives of ordinary, plodding people. But Dana Craig was a high-strung, nerve-racked genius, whose sensitive spirit was still raw with the deep wounds life had dealt him. And my sister Gertrude had been made terribly vulnerable by her years of nun-like devotion to her work—and to me. Even the moment was exactly right, one of those rare times when the things that happen can be irrevocable. It was really as if I was right in thinking that Fate was giving me all my cues and I was only making the speeches written down in the books of Destiny.

Dana came out of his examination room to find me waiting, when he'd finished with his last patient. He growled, "Why aren't you somewhere listening to trumpeters with that young intern of yours?"

"Because I prefer to drive you to the hospital," I told him firmly.

"You're a good kid," he said. He stretched his long arms and grinned. "I'm pretty well worn out, I will admit."

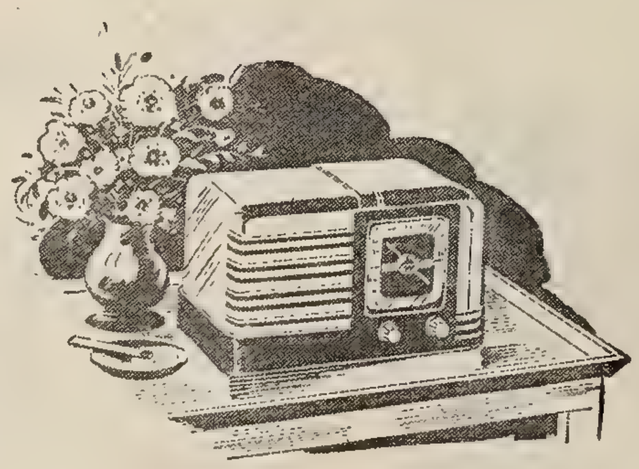
I sat and watched the operation. As usual, tired as he was, he did a magnificent job. I was waiting outside when he had dressed. "I thought you'd be going my way," I told him.

"You bet I am." He strode along the hall as if his aching weariness had suddenly lifted from him. "Half a moment till I make a call." He was beaming as he headed for the phone booth.

He was not beaming when he came back. "She doesn't answer," he said, his brows

*Cont. on page 64*


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# How to Win Out on ROMANCE

by DIANA BARRYMORE



**1 When that man you've had your eye on asks for a date** it's time to go into action. You've got to look irresistible—and you've got to *feel* it.



**2 Take time out for this beauty pick-up.** It's wonderful what a refreshing Lux Toilet Soap beauty bath will do! Leaves you feeling like a million, really *sure* of daintiness.





**3 You'll see approval in his eyes.** Men don't call it "daintiness"—they just know it's nice to be near the girl whose skin is smooth and fragrant.

**4 Ten to one he'll say "You're sweet."** You can't afford to take chances with daintiness, so make *sure* the gentle Lux Toilet Soap way.

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**9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it—*it leaves skin* SWEET!**




(*Continued from page* 62) twisted in a puzzled frown.

"Well . . . " I bit my lip, turning away. "Of course, there was that meeting in Rochester—"

His brows pulled into an even fiercer scowl. "D'you think she'd go, like that?" He looked at his watch, and his eyes lit up. "It's not time, yet, for her to start. Let's get going."

I didn't say anything. Even then, driving along the streets as slowly as I dared, I really believed she'd be at home waiting for him.

I THINK I was as shocked as he was when we found the note on the table, propped up against the radio. "Dear Ronny, I decided to take your advice. I've gone to the Honeysuckle Club with Cam, and he will put me on the train."

I grabbed it quickly. I didn't want him to read that first line. But he took it out of my hands. He turned then and gave me a frown that made any he'd given me before seem like a sweet smile. "What does that mean, 'on your advice?' "

Why didn't I take that opportunity to tell him the truth? But I was in so deep. And it was all working beyond my wildest dreams. After going that far, how could I look up at Dana Craig and tell him something that would make him hate me?

I said, "Maybe she shouldn't have. But a girl wants to take every chance to be with a man—" My voice faded out in fright.

"But I can't think she'd break an engagement; one she must have guessed was important. At least to me—"

"Maybe that's why!" I seized on it desperately. "I mean, she respects you so much. You're so important. Knowing a doctor like you was such a thrill to her. It would be awfully hard for her to tell you—anything you didn't want to hear—"

Why did he believe that? How could he dream that my sister, even if she had loved another man, would run away from anything difficult, would be cheap, lacking in courage? It is incredible, almost, that a man's doubt of himself can make him so utterly blind. But Dana Craig stamped out of our apartment without a backward look.

Still, when the shock passed, he must have begun to wonder if I had not been wrong. For at his bidding, during those next four days, I sent telegrams and placed long-distance call after call. But we did not reach Gertrude. She was not registered at the Rochester convention.

Then I was really frightened. I made desperate attempts to locate her on my own account. I telegraphed all the likely friends and relatives to whom she might have gone. And from Chicago came a wire at last: "AM ALL RIGHT. DON'T TRY TO FIND ME. HOME SOON." That was all.

Well, there was nothing to be done. Nothing but accept the fact that I had played my cards and I had won. There was no use throwing away my winnings.

I told Dana, the last day, "I'm sorry. About Gertrude, I mean."

He said gruffly, "You've been a good kid, to stand by as you have done."

I said, "Can't I keep on standing by? I'd like to come with you, if it's not too late."

He said, "Sure. I told you I could fix it, and I will." He said it dully, without emotion. As if there were no more emotion in him.

That was how it was, all the way through.

We were sent across almost immediately, for the big job was beginning. Dana has been needed here, all right. I love to think how many boys owe their chance at a future to what Dana has done here.

But that is getting ahead of the story. I never heard from Gertrude, and I wasn't surprised. I wrote her a note telling her I'd joined Dana's unit, and I could imagine her feelings. She had been trying to get me into the Army for months, until at last she'd given up the job of instilling in me her ideals of patriotism and service. But now—now I had joined only to be with the man she loved.

AT first, in the hurly-burly of the early weeks, Dana was teamed with Dr. Bill Worth on compound fractures, cleaning them and sprinkling them with sulfa drugs and encasing them in plaster according to the Orr-Tureta technique that was perfected in the Spanish war. Dana was good at it, of course. I believe he'd be good at anything. But soon he landed in his own specialty, performing the most involved and elaborate abdominal operations. And there he set some speed records that have not been equalled as far as I know. He worked with a tireless, almost mechanical precision.

It really seemed to me that he wanted nothing but work; it was a complete escape from his whole personal life. He never even slept, it seemed to me, except when we were riding in truck or

**Back the Attack with War Bonds**
**THIRD WAR LOAN DRIVE**

ambulance to the next advanced position. And then he slept so deeply that it was as if he were dead. Sometimes, looking at his gaunt face, I had the sense that he *was* dead. And I thought with sick horror that I had killed him. More and more I had that thought, until I could not escape it. It was true. I had killed something in him.

I TRIED to escape those thoughts. I told myself it was the atmosphere around us that made me morbid. I threw myself even more desperately into my own grinding endless work. But I grew to hate the enforced leisure of those trips.

It was on one of them that I found Arturo.

I was sitting on the tail of the truck looking idly out over the fields of poppies and daisies on which ruined German and Italian tanks still smouldered, and I saw the figure lying prone in a crevice of a dried stream bed. I yelled to the driver and pointed. "Look, in that *wadi!*" I had seen the head lift in a tiny jerk of fright and appeal. Sure enough, it was a wounded Italian soldier who had somehow hidden himself and not been captured as our army advanced. When the boys tried to take him now he shouted furious oaths at them, his face contorted, and then he suddenly burst into tears, crying out, *"Mamma, mamma carissima!"*

I was used to that sort of delirium. It was easily explained when the letter in his pocket was read. It was from his mother, telling him that his young wife and new baby had died. The word describing the reason for the death had been cut out by the censor. But we all knew it was starvation. I felt sure it was that shock, more than Arturo's slight wound or even the days of thirst and exposure, that had left him such a pitiful figure. Maybe it was because I felt responsible for Arturo because I had found him, that made him my pet. Or perhaps it was because he seemed so young and innocent with his great velvet brown eyes. Anyway, I was very proud when he began to have longer and longer lucid periods, until it looked pretty sure that he'd recover entirely. He'd open his great eyes and smile at me when I came by, and he seemed to hear the kidding whisper from Sam in the next cot who represented one of Dana's most incredible miracles: "Buck up, my friend, show a little appreciation for the chance to sleep in a real bed. Count your blessings, chum!"

Arturo seemed to get the idea, even though he didn't know the words. He did buck up. And after a while he even learned the words. He picked up American slang along with his strength, and began to follow me around begging for a chance to help. Well, it is good for a man to be useful. And we were short-handed. We never had enough people to keep up with the cleaning and bandage making and sterilizing. Arturo's hands were quick and clever, and we gave him more and more important things to do. After a while the doctors let him carry instrument trays when they went on their rounds doing redressings on the bed patients. Maybe it wasn't wise. But doctors and nurses working under the shadow of anti-aircraft gun emplacements, within sound of machine gun fire, can't be held strictly accountable for the wisdom of everything they do between the whoosh of a shell coming down and the thoomp of its explosion. Any sensitive man, even our most perfectly trained technicians, might have cracked up under those conditions, and become a menace to his fellow workers. But it happened to be Arturo.

Dana was bending, utterly absorbed, over the body of Sam, starting to lay in place the dressings I had put ready to his hand before I went on to the next bed and started the long job of removing adhesive tape. I don't know how I caught the sense of danger.

I was standing with my back to them. But there was a moment of silence that was somehow too quiet. I could actually feel the tension the way you would if you were watching a great jungle cat about to spring. And I whirled around.

EVEN in the instant I jerked to face them, I was sure I was too late. For Arturo, with the soundless speed taught in modern warfare, had caught Dana's neck in the vise made by the crook of his own left elbow. With his right hand he had already seized a scalpel, and that right hand was raised.

How I got there I don't know. I jumped, in just about the same way that a football player makes a tackle, and it seems I arrived in time to keep that scalpel from finding its mark.

It found another. But I spoiled the beautiful deadliness of its aim. When it reached me it made only a flesh wound—deep, of course, because of that insane force behind it, but nothing that rest and top-notch treatment I'm getting back here at the base hospital where I've been sent won't cure.

It's been quite a novelty, lying here and being on the receiving end of the transfusions of blood plasma I've administered so many hundreds of times





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to others. But as I got better, it wasn't so good. Six months ago I'd have loved the attention I got. But not now.

NOT after that letter I received—received the very morning I was hurt. For I've had too much time to lie and think about that letter.

But I'm glad it came before Dr. Dana Craig made his strange, sad little visit to my bedside, to say the words I had waited so long to hear.

He started as brusquely as usual. "Ronny, look, I'll not hand you any nonsense. I think too much of you to be any less than frank with you. Look. My life's not worth much. All it's good for is to patch up these kids. But such as it is, if what's left over has any value for you, you're welcome to it—" He grinned, the queerest, bright-eyed, sad little shadow of a grin, I ever saw.

I laughed. "Is that a proposal?"

"You know me," he said tersely. "You seem to be able to stand being around me. I don't know why, but sometimes you've even seemed to like it, so—" He shrugged.

"I do," I told him, smiling up at him. "I do, but what about you? You haven't even said you love me."

His grin left his face. "I guess you know why," he said. "But I think on the whole you're better off without those words. When I get ideas like that, it seems to turn out to be nothing but bad luck for all concerned."

'Oh, no," I told him softly. "You're wrong there, I think." I wanted to cry out, "You'll see! You'll say that word another day, and soon!" But I didn't. I said, "Dana, it's sweet of you. I thank you, for the honor. And I'll give you your answer—when I come back." I was being sent to the base hospital, you see, and that would give me time.

This story is my answer.

But it isn't finished. The reason for this answer, the reason I knew that Dana Craig is not for me, is not just six months of education at the front, seeing the constant supreme sacrifices made by others. Though that helped. That got me ready, perhaps, for what the letter told me.

It had followed us for five months, that letter, forwarded from Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania, shipped across on a ship that was sunk, sent again until at last it was only a lap behind us on our tortuous trail over sand and mud and mountainsides. You see, my sister did not fail to answer my note, as I thought. Almost at once, she had written this to me:

Dear Little Sister,

I was glad to get your news. At first it seemed hard to lose both you and Dana in one sudden departure. But since I had to lose him, I am glad that you went with him. No one knows better than you how Dana drives himself, how unsparing he is in giving himself to his work. No one could help as you can in protecting him from his own unstinting devotion to duty. I shall feel better about him, knowing that you are with him, looking out for him as only a woman who loves him can. Since I can't be the one, I'm glad that you, whom I've loved too, always can have that privilege and joy. Take care of him, Ronny.

What a letter to receive, instead of the contempt and anger I expected!

At first I wept, constantly, ceaselessly, for hours, with a sort of sick, shamed wonder at the kind of love my sister was capable of feeling—love so deep that it does not even think of self.

I remembered Cam's words: "You don't know the first thing about love," and, "Only a grown person is capable of love."

When I remembered Cam, I stopped crying. I was ashamed to cry. I had to think. I wished he was here to tell me what to do.

AND when I thought that thought, the answer came: "Why, fix it up, of course." The words were as clear as if he had said them to me in his half-angry, half-amused, wholly loving voice. Well, he might never speak to me again, but I could start right now growing up.

So I began writing this.

Writing the things I have written about myself have led me to some conclusions that have been pretty bitter. Bitter enough to make me want to run away when they told me there was a visitor to see me: Lieutenant Cameron Jones.

Well, I couldn't run away, of course. I had to lie there and take it.

But Cam didn't scold me. He sat down and looked at me, his blue eyes narrowed intently, his wide mouth smiling a little, not angrily at all. I wanted suddenly to reach out my hand and touch him, to tell him that I was different, that I had changed. But I had no right, any more. I had forfeited his love.

"So you're quite the little heroine," he said. "Very romantic, wasn't it, saving the life of His Nibs from the wicked villain—"

I knew I had it coming to me, this teasing and much more—and worse—but I couldn't take it. I shook my head, to shake away the angry tears. "No," I told him quickly. "It wasn't that."

Cam said, with the queerest look, "Ronny, what's come over you?" He said it very eagerly. As if he might be asking, "Have you grown up, at last? Have you stopped being a spoiled baby interested only in yourself? Are you ready to be a woman?"

But he didn't say it. He just looked at me until I felt so curiously self-conscious that I had to say something, anything that came into my head. Maybe it was an answer, in a way. "I got a letter from Gertrude today," I told him. "Tell me. How is she, Cam?"

"She's O. K.," he said rather shortly. "As you'll see yourself, maybe. They're letting women doctors come across now, too. I got here—it wouldn't be so strange if she did, too."

For a moment neither of us said anything more. Then I said slowly, "Will you send her something, for me?"

He said, "Of course."

And so, Gertrude, here it is: your answer. And when you have finished reading it, will you see that Dana gets to read it? And Cam, too, before we meet again. Perhaps we never shall meet, when he reads it. But I don't know. I think perhaps Cam knows more about me than is in this. That, I think now, is good. I am glad to have him know. Because I think he can help me better to grow up. And I hope he will.

They're Still Fighting—Are You Still Buying?
THIRD WAR LOAN DRIVE

# Everybody Likes Ham

*Continued from page 50*

For variation, omit onions and other vegetables and use instead 2 cups of fruit mixture—orange sections, fresh or canned peaches or apricots, crushed pineapple, etc.

### Ham a La King

1 cup medium white sauce
1 cup diced cooked ham
2 hard cooked eggs
¼ cup chopped pimiento
¼ cup sliced ripe olives
½ tsp. paprika

Heat all ingredients in white sauce in double boiler. Serve with rice, string or lima beans or peas. There probably won't be any of this left over, but if there is add tomato paste to make a sauce for a baked macaroni casserole.

### Ham Loaf

1 cup minced cooked ham
1 tbl. ham drippings
2 tbls. minced onion
1 tbl. minced celery leaves
1 cup bread crumbs
⅓ cup hot milk
Dash pepper

Sauté onion and celery in drippings. Soak crumbs in hot milk. Combine all ingredients and turn into buttered loaf or ring mold pan. Cook in 375 degree oven until loaf is firm (about 40 minutes). Cooked, mashed navy beans, lentils or cereal may be used in place of bread crumbs, in which case more milk may be required. This same mixture may be used as a stuffing for green peppers, squash or tomatoes.

### Ham and Egg Luncheon Dish

1 tbl. ham drippings
2 tbls. minced onion
1 cup cooked, diced ham
1 cup cooked, chopped potato
2 eggs
2 tbls. milk
Dash pepper

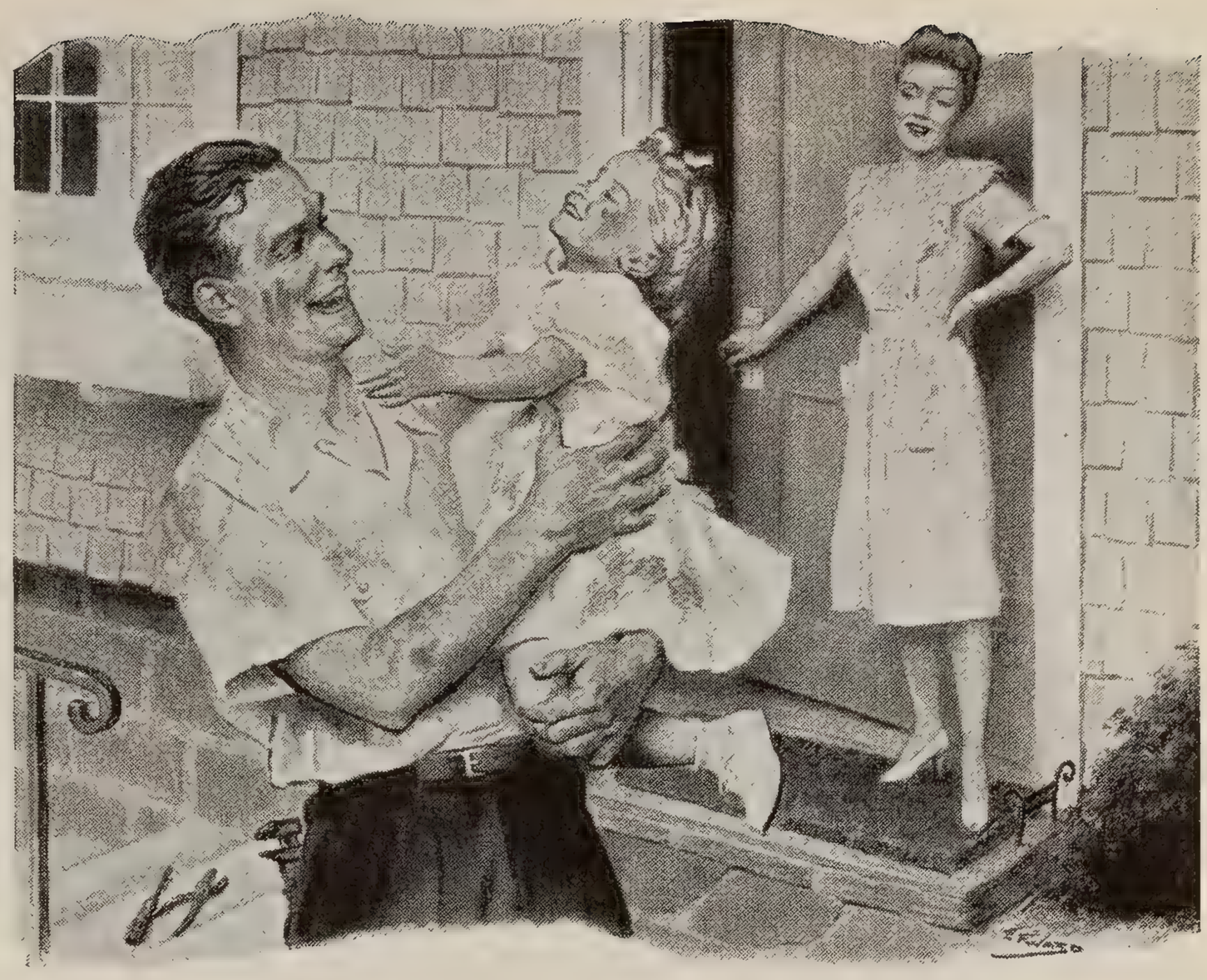
Sauté onion in drippings, using low flame, add ham and potato and continue cooking until potato begins to brown. Beat eggs, milk and pepper together and pour over ham mixture. Continue cooking until eggs are set.

### Lima Beans and Ham

1 lb. dried lima beans
2 onions, chopped
1 bayleaf
6 peppercorns
6 cloves
Bone from baked ham

Wash beans and soak overnight. The following morning, bring to simmering point in water in which they were soaked, skimming off foam as it rises. When foam no longer appears, add remaining ingredients and continue simmering until beans are done (2½ to 3 hours). When done, they should be whole, the liquid thick and creamy. For additional seasoning, add some of the ham jelly if desired, or stir in ½ cup minced ham just before serving. Navy beans and lentils may be prepared in this same way. Also you can use this same basic recipe, by increasing the cooking time and adding more water as required, to make bean, black bean, pea or lentil soup.

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**THIRD WAR LOAN DRIVE**



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# SHE SINGS HIM A LOVE SONG

*Vic is in the Navy while Mary Small is busy singing. "I never know when Vic may be listening," she says, "so I'm always singing to him."*

By JUNE AULICK

SHE looked like a college Freshman that April afternoon. A powder-blue sweater copied the color of her eyes and topped a jaunty tweed skirt. Her face glowed with the sparkle of youth, unmarred by make-up. A blue bow twinkled in her tawny hair that reflected the sunshine as she threaded her way through the Broadway crowds. Suddenly she turned into the "Tin Pan Alley" Building where musicians of all sorts—publishers, writers and leaders—maintained their offices.

Mary Small, a "career" girl since the age of eleven when she gained nation-wide fame singing over the radio, *was* a college Freshman back in 1940. And, although only seventeen, she was making a personal appearance at the Strand Theater.

While other young girls were spending the Spring afternoon strolling through Central Park with their boy-friends, Mary was business-bound. As she watched couples in their teens pass by, the young songstress from Baltimore wished that she could be as free as they were. Then she pushed the thought aside.

Even if she could have the afternoon off, who would share it with her? College boys treated her like a celebrity when she went out with them. She couldn't relax and have fun. Older men regarded her as a child, and she didn't care for that either. For all her professional success, Mary Small was lonely.

She came to the office of Vic Mizzy. This brilliant young arranger had been recommended by her manager, Ed Wolf.

"I'm Mary Small," she introduced herself.

A dark-haired chap, with the air of an adventure-loving Gypsy, looking up from the piano. He was twenty-three. To Mary he appeared a confident man-of-the-world. He had already established himself as a song writer with his composition, "There's a Far Away Look In Your Eyes,"—triumphing over composers many years his senior.

"Why, you *are* only a kid after all!" Mizzy exclaimed. "I heard you on the Rudy Vallee Hour. They said you were only twelve years old then, but I thought it was a press agent's gag."

Mary laughed. She explained that she needed a new song arrangement in a hurry. She thought a swing arrangement of an operatic number would go well. Mizzy preferred to try something novel. He (*Continued on page* 71)



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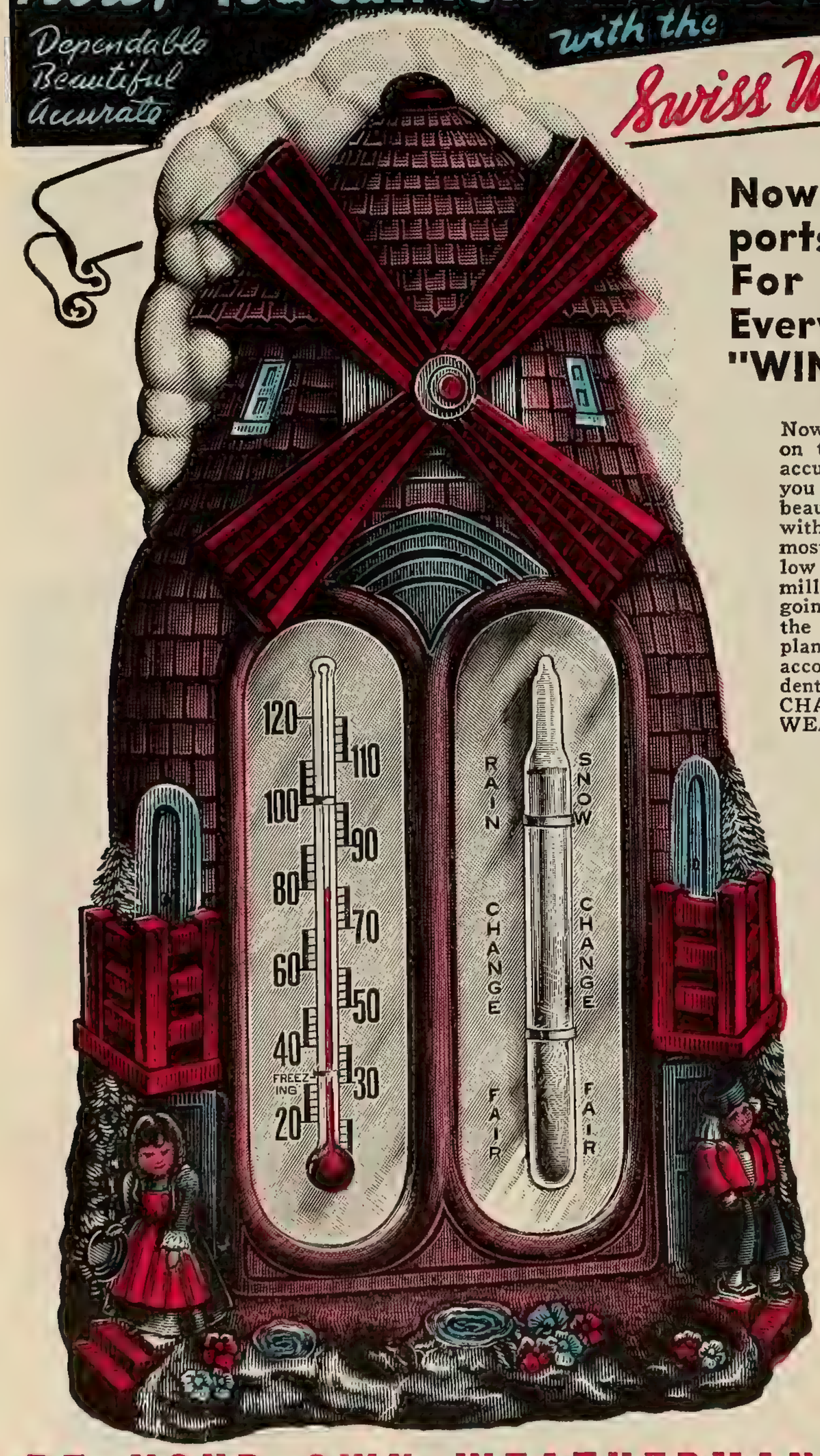

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# She Sings Him a Love Song

*Continued from page 68*

reversed the current craze and contrived a classical version of "Flat Foot Floogie," interspersed with excerpts from Pagliacci, Aida, Carmen.

That night Mary brought down the house when she introduced the unique twist to the swing hit. She decided that another arrangement by Vic Mizzy would be good for business.

When her feet led her to his office for the third time, Mary realized she had no professional excuse for going there at all, since her engagement at the Strand was over.

But her heart led her on.

There were a half dozen other girls in the office when she entered. Fashionably dressed, with veiled hats and high heeled shoes. They were exchanging confidences about where they had been the night before, and the good time they had. Mary was quiet.

Suddenly Vic looked down at her. His dark eyes smiled kindly. "What's the matter, kid? Don't you ever have any fun? Don't you ever relax?"

Kid. The way he said it, Mary Small knew that Vic Mizzy looked upon her as a younger sister. Her heart leaped when he suddenly suggested:

"How would you like to go to Coney Island with the crowd tomorrow?"

Mary was elated. She had never been to Coney Island.

For the occasion she chose a frilly blue crepe dress, hat with a veil, and high heeled shoes. She was determined to be as grown-up looking as those other girls in Vic's office. The only trouble was, this time *they* were all dressed in sports clothes.

But her fancy costume didn't stop Mary from having a good time.

The fabulous resort was even more exciting than Mary had dreamed. The roller coaster that whirled them high in the air, then plunged them breathlessly down again—the Ferris wheel that dangled them gently over the sands—the frantic bumpings of tough little cars as they rode the Whip—all were new thrills to Mary.

They strolled along the boardwalk in the moonlight, and the "Kid's" feet ached from her spiked heels. But she didn't mind. She was near Vic.

Vic and Mary saw more of each other, but always she was the extra girl on their excursions.

But one night Vic asked Mary to go out with him—alone! At last, she thought, he realizes I'm not just a kid. She suggested that they make another trip to Coney Island. Vic, as usual, was agreeable. And as usual, nothing more than a jolly companion. They sailed right in and out of the Tunnel of Love without his even holding her hand!

Mary celebrated her birthday in May and invited Vic to her party. He came —with another girl on his arm.

One day Aunt Ida heard a blissful account of all the places Vic Mizzy had taken her niece, Mary Small.

"Aren't you afraid that this propinquity might lead to something serious?" asked her Aunt with a mysterious twinkle in her eyes.

Mary didn't know what the word meant. When she found out that it was commonly understood to mean a nearness that was likely to produce deep affection, she decided to promptly put it to work.

She bought a set of golf clubs and explored Long Island courses with Vic. They climbed the Statue of Liberty, rode Fifth Avenue buses together and went to baseball games.

They spent summer evenings playing records of Tschaikowsky's "Pathetique" and "None But the Lonely Heart." When Mrs. Small, with Mary's brother George and sister Gloria came home from the movies they would all have crackers and milk—and Vic would depart in a very brotherly fashion.

Mary wondered what she could do to impress Vic that she wasn't a "kid" anymore. Without telling her mother, she bought a revealing and sophisticated bathing suit.

When the "kid" appeared on the beach in her scanty attire, Vic took one look, then scowled, "Go back and get into your slacks and jacket," just as though she was his younger sister.

LATE in September Mary and Vic went to Atlantic City. They spent the day sitting in beach chairs . . . watching the surf pound in and out . . . talking about their dreams of the future. He would write a musical comedy, she would be the leading lady. They made up poems for each other to the tune of "Two Sleepy People." But they both avoided the line, "Too much in love to say good night." Once Mary thought Vic was going to break down—because the last line he wrote was "Too much in love—with Debussy —to say goodnight!"

It seemed as though they had just settled down when the attendant appeared and said it was time to put the chairs away for the night. Eight hours had slipped away—with two wide awake young people too much in love to notice. They got up and caught the next train to New York.

Vic knew then that if he could stand any girl's company for eight hours without getting bored, he must be in love.

With her enthusiasm to spur him on, he would settle down and create finer songs than he ever had before. Vic realized, that of all the girls he had ever met, Mary Small was the only one he loved. But she was a radio star who had been successful for years. He was just a rising young arranger.

Soon, royalties from his song, "Three Little Sisters," skyrocketed his bank account. He felt at last he had the right to propose. In December Vic Mizzy admitted that Mary Small was more than a kid sister to him.

They were married in June, 1942, in the Actor's Temple, on 47th Street, with Vic's partner, Irving Taylor, serving as best man. There was a brief wedding feast, because Mary had to hurry back to her program over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Vic is in the Navy now. Mary is busy with her radio work and her first Broadway musical comedy, Richard Kollmar's production, "Early to Bed," in which she is the singing star. Every day her voice grows in richness and beauty. "You see," she explains, "I never know when Vic may be listening. And I want him to know someone is singing for him who loves him."




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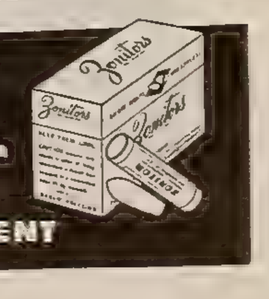
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R
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72


# You Are My Heart

*Continued from page 37*

was at home. And, when Johnny came in on tiptoe, I relaxed in contentment.

But Johnny didn't get undressed for bed. He stood by the window, staring out into the darkness and I could feel that he was troubled about something.

"Johnny?" I whispered.

He turned from the window. "Anne," he said softly. "I've got to talk to you." I reached for the light by the bed. "No," he said quickly. "No—let it be dark. It will be easier."

"Easier?"

He sat down beside me on the bed, his back to the window, so that not even that small, murky light could reach his face.

"My dear—" he said, and a little of me died inside. My dear—full of pity, solace—like some kind stranger preparing a child for a shock. He took my hand gently and that, too, had the same quality.

"Anne—" he said. "I've got to go away from here. I've got to get free of all this—before I go crazy." He stopped, as though he expected me to say something. What could I say? Then, he went on quickly. "Anne—you mustn't think it's your fault. You've done everything—you've been—wonderful and good to me always—too good."

"But not good enough," I said softly. I hadn't meant to say that—or anything. It seemed pointless to speak.

"No, don't say that," he spoke sharply. "It isn't you. It's me. Anne—all my life, I've had it—this craziness you've known. I've got to be free!" It was a desperate cry. It lay heavy, like an echo, on the darkness.

I THOUGHT of the world and the holocaust raging in it. "Where can you go, Johnny?" I asked. "Where can you be free?" I had tried to keep my voice emotionless, dull, but I couldn't quite manage it.

Johnny slid down to the floor and hid his face in my pillow, close to my head. "Don't, Anne—don't sound like that," he whispered tensely. "I'm not worth it. If there were only something I could say—something—so you wouldn't be hurt. Anne—I don't want to hurt you—"

Not hurt me—? I thought. And against my will the slow tears brimmed over and I was grateful for the dark. Of all things I couldn't stand his pity.

"Say something," Johnny said desperately.

"What—what can I say?" I asked and my voice was dull and meaningless. "You want to go away—what is there to say?"

Suddenly, then, Johnny stood up. Startlingly, he smacked at the wall with his fist, as though he were bent on hurting himself. "I can't do it!" he said through his teeth. "I can't lie to you!" He turned the light on quickly, so I was blinded for a moment with the shock of it. I turned my face away. "She didn't think I ought to tell you—but—"

She? I turned and stared at him.

Johnny gritted his teeth, "I can't help it. She's part of it. She's like me—she understands how I feel about being tied down—because—she's the same way. Only she had nerve enough to go out after what she wanted. She's been all

**WAR BONDS**
**Speak Louder Than Words**

over the world. She's done all the things she wanted to do. Now—now that I've met her—I—I know it's crazy—maybe it's wrong, but I've got to go with her. Just being with her gives me courage. I wish I could explain—you, you tried—but you tried to make me accept things. She's different. She can make me fight against accepting—fight for what I want. I need her—"

To have him need me like that, I thought—I would give my life for it. But there didn't seem to be anything to say. When you have been killed, you don't talk any more.

Of course, I knew he meant Clarissa Mallory. No one else in Stanboro was like that.

Lying there with the light full on my face, I had one of those sudden flashes of intuition. I saw Clarissa Mallory very clearly—not as she looked—but as she was. Brilliant—perhaps. Talented, surely. But courageous? No. I knew she wasn't that. Erratic and unstable. The perpetual child, playing her wild games with the world for her playground. And I saw Johnny with her, fascinated by her, because this was what she wanted, at the moment, and because she had discovered the one way to get him.

But I couldn't say this to Johnny. I couldn't try to hold him back, now. I knew, deep inside, that the only thing to do was let him go and wait—wait for him to come back, if he would.

"Is that all, Johnny?" I asked, turning out the light as quickly as he had put it on.

"I'm sorry—Anne—" he said. He went out of the room.

I WANTED to laugh because it hurt so much. He was sorry! He was going away, taking with him everything that gave my life meaning—and he was sorry! Always, I had thought only of him, his happiness, his well being and, now, he was going off with another woman—and he was sorry for me. I was too hurt, too dead, even to cry. I stared helplessly into the darkness. What had I done that was wrong? What had been lacking in my love, my care, that Johnny should have been driven to another woman's arms? And I couldn't find any answers within myself.

Now that he had spoken, I thought Johnny would go, at once. I would have preferred it that way. So would he, I think, but it wasn't possible. Johnny's job was an essential war job. He couldn't just leave it. He would have been drafted immediately—and that wasn't what Clarissa wanted. I couldn't understand how Johnny could go on living in the same house with me, though. I know he was trying to do the kindest thing for me, but I hated it just the same. He was trying to spare me from gossip and the neighbors' pity, as long as possible. Perhaps, a little, he was trying to spare himself, too.

In a close, friendly neighborhood like ours, everyone knew everyone else's affairs. Maybe Johnny was a little afraid the neighbors might try to do what I hadn't done—keep him back. Maybe he was even afraid that if they should find out and speak to him, he might not be able to face them out.

For over a week we lived in a horrible play-acting world. Johnny was his usual self before others. He met me every day after work and we walked home together, we chatted with the





kisses on a
Satin-Smooth little Face



CORRECT WAY TO CLEANSE A DRY SKIN

Tie back your hair. Smooth new Jergens Face Cream generously over your face and neck, using light upward gesture. Leave on 2 minutes; remove cream. For a very grimy skin, repeat this. You'll have such clear, clean skin—so gloriously smooth.

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Betty McLauchlen
COVER GIRL tells



# "How I *really do* Stop Underarm Perspiration and Odor (and save up to 50%)"

**"Glamour is my 'stock-in-trade,'"** *says successful BETTY McLAUCHLEN*

"Before I became a Cover Girl on the fashion magazines," beautiful Betty says, "I had to learn to beat the heat of merciless photographer's lights. I *had* to find a deodorant that really did keep underarm perspiration *under control!* I found the charm-protection my job demands in Odorono Cream. My underarm is fastidiously dry and the luxury clothes I model in are entirely safe."

***Why I Recommend It***

"I want to recommend Odorono Cream to every girl who values her charm, because it contains a really effective perspiration stopper. The tiny underarm sweat glands are simply closed and kept closed—up to 3 days! And when your underarm is dry . . . it is odorless."

***Safe for Skin and Fabric***

"Odorono Cream is skin-safe, too. It will not irritate—actually contains emollients that are soothing to the skin. I even use it right after shaving. And I've also proved that it won't rot dresses. I just follow directions and use it as often as I like. Every day if I'm rushed and busy."

***Another Big Advantage—Economy***

"And you'll be delighted with your big saving on Odorono Cream. Actually, it gives you up to 21 more applications for 39¢—50% more for your money—than other leading deodorant creams!

"Do try my perfect Cover-Girl way to underarm daintiness—Odorono Cream! You'll love it!"




*"It has everything. Fragrant and light as whipped-cream, non-gritty, non-greasy . . . no waiting to dry! Odorono Cream is the loveliest way to guard your precious, feminine charm."*


neighbors, we put on a show for them. Every minute was agony for me. When we crossed a street and Johnny took my elbow, his touch was like a knife in my heart. Even at home, before his brothers, he carried on with this.

Only when it was dark and the boys were asleep and the neighbors all gone to their night's rest, was there any peace for me. Then, if we talked at all, it was coldly, calmly, about impersonal things.

Somehow, the days dragged themselves out and it was the morning when Johnny and Clarissa were going to leave. It was time to say goodbye.

"Well—Anne—" and his awkwardness made me think of the first time he had seen I was grown up and desirable, and I wanted to die. "Goodbye. I hope you'll forgive me some day." That was all.

I wasn't very useful in the office that morning. My attention kept straying from my work, and Johnny's face—the face I wouldn't be seeing again—kept swimming before my eyes. Frantically, I searched for some way to blot it out.

My desk was near a window, looking down on the mill yards. I remember that just a few minutes before it happened, I was staring idly out of my window and the thought—completely irrelevant to the deep trouble in my heart—ran through my mind that something should be done about those trailers. For, by this time, the lack of space, the press of ever more workers moving into Stanboro, had forced the trailer camp to expand almost to the limits of the mill yard. It had often been pointed out as a danger, but nothing had been done. The workers had to sleep somewhere. There was nowhere else.

SUDDENLY, while I gazed out blindly, the mill yard siren shrieked and the clattering typewriters in the office froze into a terrified silence. The accident signal! None of us could move for minutes, while the shrill, piercing sound tore into our brains and hearts. It meant disaster.

Then we moved, rushing, pushing, running to the windows that looked down on the yards. The scene below was like something out of a nightmare.

One of the huge cauldron trucks filled with white hot molten steel was running amuck in the yards. It had broken loose from the cables that usually guided it from the furnace to the bath. Men in the yards were scurrying for their lives before it. And it lurched madly, spraying its murderous contents all around.

Someone in the office screamed. "The trailers! It's going to hit the trailers!"

As we stood rooted to the spot, the truck tore insanely through the useless wire fencing of the yard and crashed horribly against the first line of trailers. Immediately, there was a burst of flame and the wooden trailers began to catch fire, swiftly, one after the other, while the molten steel seethed over the ground, making it impossible for the people trapped inside the trailers to escape.

It was madness the rest of that morning. Everyone—men and women and even children—worked fiendishly, helping the fire brigade, giving First Aid, saving what could be saved. The fire raged relentlessly. Many of the trailers had kerosene stoves in them and they exploded, periodically, endanger-


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**BUY WAR BONDS**

ing the lives of the rescuers.

I have only a vague recollection of how I got down the stairs and into the very heart of the pandemonium. There was so much to do. It went on for hours and hours and my arms ached and my legs felt as though they wouldn't carry me another step. But I couldn't stop. Somehow, I managed to drag myself back and forth, from the trailers to the ambulances, managed to tear flaming parts of trailers away, so that we could pull children out of the traps their so-called homes had become. I was burned—my hair, my arms and hands. Still I couldn't stop. Somewhere I caught a fleeting glimpse of Johnny, but I was too busy to do more than register the fact that he had stayed and helped, when he should have been on his way.

Carrying a little boy to one of the cars that had been commandeered to take the victims to a hospital, I passed Clarissa. She was off to one side, neat, untouched, taking pictures. There was a wild look of excitement in her eyes. That was all I saw of her.

I don't know how much longer I worked, struggling desperately against the smoke and heat and destruction. I know only that somewhere in that inferno and clamor and terror, I collapsed and, when I woke up, I was in the hospital. I woke up painfully, swathed in bandages.

And Johnny was there, beside my bed.

"It's all right, now, darling," he said softly.

SOMEHOW, I knew Johnny wanted to take me in his arms, to hold me close, and that only my injuries prevented him. His eyes were miserable. He needed comforting—but more, he needed to comfort me.

"Was it bad?" I asked.

Johnny's eyes clouded over. "Awful—" he said. "They don't know all the damage yet—even in this day and a half—" So, I'd been unconscious for a day and a half, I thought, "they haven't been able to check up on everything. Over a hundred dead—lots of them kids—maybe there'll be more."

"You—are you hurt?" I whispered.

Johnny shook his head. "No—I was lucky." He came close to me. "I—I guess—I'm a pretty lucky guy—in lots of ways."

Suddenly, he kneeled down beside my bed and his face was close to mine. "Anne—forgive me. I almost did a terrible thing. I love you—you've always known that, I guess. But I know it now."

I tried to move my hand to cover his, but it hurt too much. "Darling—I know—I understand," I said softly. "Don't talk any more—you don't have to. You're here."

"But I want to—" Johnny said. "I have to. It's still a little mixed up—everything—the accident, Clarissa—you and me."

"Clarissa," I said, glad that I could say the name without wincing. "Is she gone?"

Johnny smiled. He nodded. "Right in the middle of it." He looked a little angry suddenly. "She wanted me to go, too. That's what started me off—thinking, I mean. And I'm glad it did. You know what, Anne? She hung around until she had a full camera load of pictures. Then she wanted to leave—right away—so she could scoop the market with her pictures. She didn't care about


**$375 Buys Two Depth Bombs**
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**Need a refreshing beauty "lift" after a busy day?**
**How can you brighten and soften your skin—right away?**
**What smooths rough skin—makes powder go on evenly?**

# "Smooth on a 1-Minute Mask!"

—advises JOAN BELMONT

of the distinguished old New York family. "For speed and effectiveness, there's nothing like a 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream!" says Miss Belmont, who works in the New York office of American Field Service, volunteer overseas ambulance corps.



## See how quickly it "re-styles" your complexion!



No use trying to powder over a scuffed, dull-looking complexion. Make-up catches on scaly little roughnesses. Tiny specks of imbedded grime show through. So—



Smooth and brighten your complexion first! Spread a cooling, white 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your whole face—except eyes. Leave the Mask on for one full minute. Then tissue off. "Keratolytic" action of the cream loosens and dissolves dead skin and imbedded dirt particles!



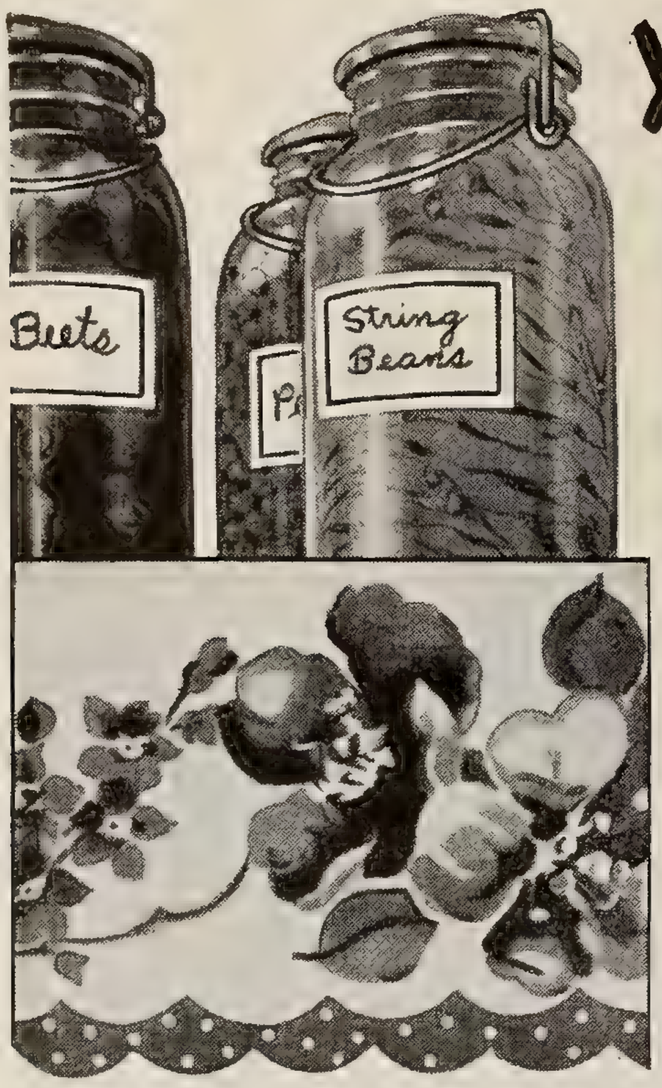
Your face looks divinely different!
—Lighter . . . brighter . . . even cleaner!
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—Has the smooth mat finish that make-up loves to cling to!

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"I give myself a 1-Minute Mask three or four times a week," says Joan Belmont. "But I use Pond's Vanishing Cream as a powder base, too—before every make-up. Smoothed on in a light film, the cream is a superb make-up foundation."




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**Commandeer every** empty inch of shelf space you can find to store that precious wartime food you're putting up so patriotically . . .

***but don't forget*** the greatest help in keeping those shelves spotless and sanitary . . . Royledge *Paper* Shelving! Trouble-proof and time-saving, it keeps shelves clean and dust-free until you open the last yummy jar!

**No tacks needed** to lay Royledge, it clings as you lay it. A special patented construction, the "doubl-edge" stays crisp and straight for months. So inexpensive—you can splurge Royledge on every Victory Shelf.




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**Instead, get after the "core" this easy way**

Medicated Blue-Jay brings prompt relief from pressure-pain, then while you walk, it gently softens, loosens the corn so it can be easily removed—*with the core.* Get Blue-Jay at any drug counter today

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# I HATE GRAY HAIR!



**Of Course** you do! You know tell-tale gray hair kills romance, that it can cause a hundred little heartbreaks, and yet for years you have hesitated to do anything about it! Has fear held you back—fear of dangerous dyes, fear that it is too difficult, that people will know your hair has been dyed?

**These fears are so needless!** Today you can buy at your drug or department store a hair coloring preparation called Mary T. Goldman's. Pronounced positively harmless by competent medical authorities (no skin test needed), and sold on a money-back guarantee, Mary T. Goldman's Hair Coloring Preparation will color your gray, bleached or faded hair to the desired shade so beautifully and so gradually your closest friends won't guess. It's inexpensive and easy to use—if you can comb your hair, you can't go wrong! Millions have used it with beautiful results for the last fifty years, *proving* its merit and safety.

So help yourself to happiness — *today!* Get a bottle of your shade of Mary T. Goldman's—*insist on the original.* Beware of substitutes—others have tried to imitate our product for years. For free sample, clip and mail coupon.

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☐ Black ☐ Dark Brown ☐ Light Brown
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*City*.....*State*.....


the people who were in trouble. All she cared about was that her career would be helped by such a piece of luck. Luck! That's what she called it. And she was mad at me, when I wouldn't go."

"Maybe she couldn't help that," I said.

"No—maybe not," Johnny said. "But you know what I thought? I got a good look at myself. I was going with her so she could show me how to be free. I could just see myself—year in year out, following her around, tied up hand and foot to that career of hers. That's what it would have been, Anne."

"Is that why you didn't go?" I asked. I held my breath—because it mustn't be that.

"No—I—it's hard to say it in words," Johnny said. "I don't know really what it was. Maybe I got a good look at her. Maybe it just came clear in my head that she wasn't really free—like she thought—like I thought. Sure—she went all over the place—and she thought she was going around looking for something. But, all of a sudden, I got to wondering. Was she looking for something? Was I? This is all crazy—but maybe you'll see what I mean. I got the idea that all this scrambling around—it wasn't searching for something—it was running away from things—like we were running away from something inside us that wouldn't let us alone and that we didn't dare to look in the face."

It was all right. I closed my eyes and I was happy.

"You knew all the time, Anne," he whispered tenderly. "You knew—but you're a very smart person. You knew I'd have to find out for myself. You knew that living without a purpose—a—well, some kind of goal, without some kind of ties that make it mean something—no matter how far your feet took you—you knew this was the worst kind of imprisonment. A useless, empty one. Now, I know, too, darling. Freedom is here—inside, in my heart—where you are."

## Soldier's Wife

*Continued from page 43*

to go dancing. "I told him I'd have to let him know. I wanted to talk to you first . . . after all, you were going out with him and I don't want to trespass on your property."

"He's not my property," I said quickly. "But you know the kind of man he is."

She gave me a sharp glance. "If you'd rather I didn't go—"

"It isn't that way at all, Avis."

But there was a constraint between us that hadn't been there before. I knew she thought I was jealous, and there was nothing I could do about it.

I was seeing Carl Haggard nearly every night, either at my place or the Ruells'. He fitted right into the family. He helped with the dishes, he teased Mom, he took Cissie and Teddy and me to movies. As I wrote Jim, "They're all crazy about him. And he's a wonderful influence on Cissie and Teddy—he's just about talked them out of getting married till the war's over. He's done just what you would have done. We'll miss him when he goes."

I didn't realize just how much I would miss him till his last night. He'd brought me home from the farewell supper at the Ruells'. He was due back at camp at midnight, and there was no

telling when he would return to town.

We were alone in the apartment—Avis was out with Alec. I looked at him standing there, straight and tall in his uniform, and I thought how much we'd all come to depend on him and what a fine person he was and of the uncertainties of war . . .

"It won't be the same without you," I said. "Why, you've been like a son to Mom and a brother to Cissie and—"

"And what to you, Connie?"

His eyes were steady and compelling, and suddenly I couldn't look at them any more. "—and a wonderful friend to me," I finished. "The best I ever had."

He didn't answer right away, but his gaze never left my face. Then he said, "Yes, we've been—wonderful friends . . . Will you kiss me goodbye, Connie?"

I put my face up to his, and felt his kiss, tender and sweet, on my lips. For an instant I clung to it, wanting it, needing it, remembering Jim coming home from the office, kissing me like this . . . Then I stepped back. Goodbye, Carl."

"Connie—if I don't get transferred, if I can get into town again, can I come?"

"Yes," I answered softly. "Come."

With Carl gone and more time on my hands, I began to notice the change that had come over Avis. She had always been restless and vital, but now there was a new quality in it—almost a feverishness. She was out every night, and I realized she never asked me to go along any more and never suggested bringing any of her friends to the apartment.

AND then one day from something Alec said in the office, I knew. It was he whom she was seeing—every night now, for a long time.

It disturbed me. Not only that it was Alec Holden. But for a girl in Avis' position to be going out with only one man, secretly, didn't look right. I determined to talk with her about it.

I waited until one of the rare nights she was home. We'd finished dinner and were getting ready for bed.

"Avis, honey—aren't you seeing a good deal of Alec these days?"

She stiffened, and withdrew behind that hard shell she faced me with these days. "What if I am? Whose business is it but mine?"

"It's your husband's, isn't it?" I said gently. "What would Jack feel if he knew you were getting involved with a man like Alec Holden—or anybody, for that matter? It's all right to have dates, but this—this is different. You've changed, Avis."

"All right, I've changed!" She faced me then, angrily. "Why shouldn't I? I love Jack, but he's gone. He may never come back. He may be killed. Why should I stop living *my* life, because he's out of it? If he does come back, that's fine, that's wonderful. But if he doesn't—"

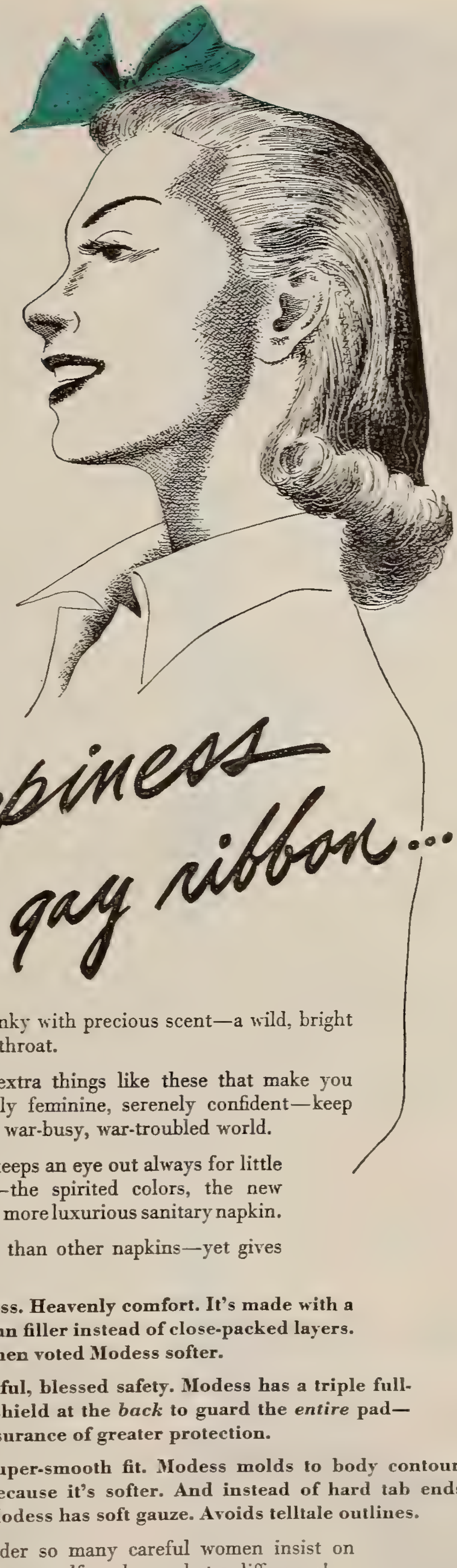
"But that's horrible!" I was deeply shocked. "That's like betraying him!"

"Oh, leave me alone . . . you and your preaching! Leave me alone!" And she ran out, into the bedroom, and slammed the door behind her.

After that, we were farther apart than ever.

It was right about then that Jim's letters stopped coming. Without warn-

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ing, without clue. I'd grown used to their irregularity; I'd gone as long as ten days without one. But now two weeks lengthened into three, and still no word. I began having horrible dreams where I saw him mangled, dead. I found myself terror-stricken at the sound of the doorbell, bracing myself for the telegram it might mean.

I poured out my anxiety in letters to Carl. I could no longer write to Jim. It was like talking in an empty room. I could no longer bring him to me.

On Saturday night I came home early from the USO, dispirited, worn out, and went straight to bed. I fell into the light, troubled sleep that was my only rest now—and then suddenly I was wide awake. Had there been a noise or was it my overwrought imagination?

Seizing my flashlight, I hastily wrapped my robe around me and crept to the bedroom door. My knees shook.

"Who's there?" I called loudly, at the same time snapping on the flashlight.

Its beam fell straight on two figures standing in the middle of the room. Avis and Alec Holden in each other's arms. They started apart but not before I had seen the strained, passionate eagerness on Avis' face as she received his kiss.

"Oh," I mumbled. "Oh . . . I'm sorry." I closed the door and crept back to bed again.

IN a moment, Avis came in. She looked dishevelled, and two spots of color burned in her cheeks. "Well," she said, "now you know."

I tried to answer calmly. "What, Avis? What do I know?"

"That I'm in love with Alec."

"No! You can't be—not with a man like that. He's only playing with you, he doesn't mean it—"

"You think it isn't real? Then listen to this—I'm going to write Jack I want a divorce."

I leaped out of bed, rushed over to her. "Please," I begged, "think what you're doing. You're upset now, and excited. You can't break up your marriage for a man like that . . . Avis, what are you doing?"

She had shaken off my restraining hands, and had jerked a suitcase from under the bed. She began throwing clothes into it. The high color had faded now, leaving her face chalky white. "I'm going to a hotel, away from your jealousy. And while you're giving me this lecture on life and love, what about you and Carl Haggard? What would Jim think about that? At least, I'm being honest about the way I feel. While you go around with an angel face talking about Carl being your 'good friend.' *Friend!*"

She slammed the bag shut, picked it up, and hurried out. I stood speechless, staring after her.

I felt utterly shaken. I couldn't think. Her words echoed and re-echoed in my ears. *I'm in love with Alec . . . you and Carl Haggard . . .* It wasn't true, any of it. It couldn't be.

Mechanically, I went back to bed. Every nerve in my body seemed numbed from weariness.

Early the next morning, the telephone rang. It was Carl, calling from camp. "I've got a one-day pass," he said. "Can I see you?"

"Oh, yes!" I cried. "I've got to see you. I've got to talk to you."

His voice tightened. "Is anything wrong?"

"Everything! Please come."

And yet, when he came, when I saw him there strong and steady, I didn't know where to begin.

"I shouldn't have begged you to come," I said remorsefully. "It isn't fair to burden you with all my problems, especially when most of them don't seem to have any answer."

"Don't talk of fairness," he said quickly. "Anything that concerns you concerns me. You know that, Connie."

"I know. You've been wonderful." I reached out and touched the rough sleeve of his blouse. "You don't know what it's meant to have you always there, always dependable, always—"

His fingers imprisoned mine. His eyes, with their compelling intentness, held mine. "I'll be there forever, if you want me. For as long as you want me." His voice seemed to break, and then, almost roughly, he pulled me to him. "I love you, Connie. I love you."

This was no sweet and tender kiss. This was fierce and demanding. I tried to pull away from it, to fight my own response. But the answering urgency was too great, too strong. I gave myself up to it.

And suddenly came one sharp, cleaving thought—like lightning from the sky.

I could no longer remember what Jim looked like. I could no longer see his face. He was gone from me as if I'd never known him.

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*Has Carl really taken Jim's place in Connie's heart, or is this just her terrible loneliness speaking in the voice of love? Read next month's surprising instalment of Soldier's Wife in November* RADIO MIRROR, *on sale October 8.*

## WOMEN WILL HELP STAFF AIRBASE CONTROL TOWERS

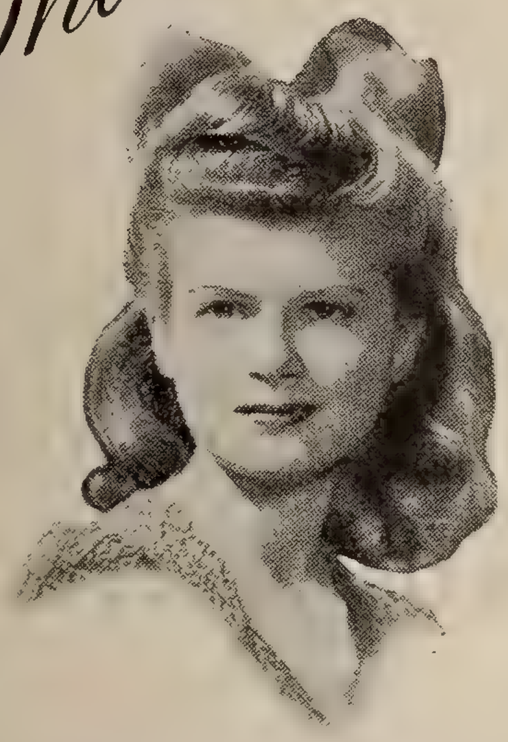
At radio control towers of airbases on both coasts, enlisted members of the WAVES will soon be helping direct the take-off and landing operations of fast Navy fighting planes and huge four-motor bombers.

These women are prepared by a four month's training course, consisting of one month's indoctrination followed by three months of specialized schooling. Similar opportunities await thousands of young women from 20 to 36 years of age who will be enlisted as WAVES in the Navy or SPARS in the Coast Guard.

WAVES and SPARS are now serving as storekeepers, yeomen, radio operators, and in many other capacities. Full information is contained in the new booklet, "How To Serve Your Country in The WAVES or SPARS." Write to Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd St., New York 34, N. Y., for your copy of this booklet.



*Introducing*



RENEE TERRY

THIS little seventeen-year-old miss with the brilliant blonde tresses is Renee Terry.

Among her many roles, is playing the part of the drum major for Natalie Purvin Prager's Game Parade, the children's quiz show heard on the Blue Network every Saturday morning, and what with announcing in rhyme, singing in sweet key and general cute cut-ups, she puts in one of the busiest half-hours on record for a program of this type.

Born in Brookline, Mass., she is the elder of two daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Terry, proud daddy being an aircraft worker for the Eastern Airlines. A movie scout earned his pay by discovering her when she was six years old, and signed her to do a series of twelve shorts.

Radio called her when she was ten. Her first national hookup was with Madge Tucker's Coast to Coast on a Bus. Versatility reared its pretty head at once, and she took over a dramatic spot on the Little Blue Playhouse. Broadway then put in its bid, and "Bright Honor" claimed her during its run.

Renee also played a good part in the musical extravaganza, "Hi Ya Gentlemen," with Maxie Baer, Sid Silvers and Ella Logan.

Then came ten weeks of summer stock with Danny Kaye.

She has sung with Paul Lavalle's and Irving Miller's orchestras, and in dramatic parts with Henry Aldrich as one of his countless girl friends—Loretta. She's also played parts in My True Story, Manhattan at Midnight, to mention a few.

She is one of the busiest of the never-mentioned heroines of those spot commercials used on the programs of Walter Winchell, Parker Family, Adler Shoes, Lipton Soup and the Pepper Young Family.

During her spare time, she studies dramatics with Benno Shneider, and voice with Jimmy Rich, discoverer of Dinah Shore. She has no steady boy friend, or friends, other than those she meets at the Stage Door Canteen several nights a week. Right now she is completing a course as a nurse's aid, and whatever few minutes she can find open, she spends in writing to fans in the armed services—which is a full time job, if you know Renee.

Horses are her hobby, and not hobby horses.

Renee has a little sister, Joy Terry, who is twelve, and a budding young star of radio in her own right.





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# Set Me Free!

*Continued from page 46*

"I'll have Jim bring it down," she promised.

But instead of waiting for Jim, who had all he could do without lugging around tables for me, I went up to the attic myself. I found the table and, on the floor beside it, a pile of books. I picked several of them up. They were all textbooks on aeronautics and airplanes, dusty and several years old. On the fly-leaf of one was Jim's name. There was a loose-leaf notebook, too, filled with diagrams and formulas in the same round, bold handwriting.

I ASKED him about them that evening, and he laughed, a little ruefully. "Oh, those," he said. "I used to think I was going to be an expert on airplanes."

"You must have been pretty good at it," I said. "I looked at the notebook."

"Elementary stuff. I never got past that."

"Why not?" It was none of my business, I knew, but I was curious—and more than curious. I liked him well enough to want to share things that had happened to him in the past. And besides, the moment was the right one for confidences. Elsie and her mother had gone out, and June was in bed. Jim and I were sitting on the front steps of the house— and all around us were the sounds of a summer evening: the cries of children playing under the dimmed-out street light, a radio playing loudly near some open window, a distant, strident-voiced argument. Yet in the midst of all this life, the darkness closed us in so we were alone, and I asked softly, "Why not?"

"The depression—and Pop dying about then . . . It was up to me to do something about keeping the rest of us eating regularly. I couldn't get a job, so I invested Pop's insurance money in the cab and went to work. I tried studying in my off time, but somehow—" I heard him chuckle—"I didn't *have* much off time."

"No," I said, "I can see that. It's too bad, too—by now, you'd have had a good job."

"Yes, probably." He said it calmly.

I ventured a little farther. "Couldn't you get a job, even now, in some factory? It would be better than driving the cab, and I'm sure they must need men like you."

"I've tried," he said, "but the plants aren't anxious to hire a man without a wife and children—not for a skilled technical job, at least, unless he has a lot of training and ability. And I haven't. My knowledge is pretty out of date by now, and I never had any real practical experience."

"Not anxious to hire you?" I asked, confused. "But why not?"

"Nobody knows how soon the Army will have to begin taking men even with dependents. You can't blame the war plants—they don't want to train a man and then lose him because he's been drafted. They'd rather hire one with experience in the first place."

"Oh," I said. "I see." I saw more, too. I saw a man tied down, helpless, wasting his talents, his strength, his youth—all the things that would have given his life meaning. All the things, too, that his country needed so desperately.

I spoke without thinking. "If only you could go into the Army!"

"Yes," he said simply. "I'd rather do that than anything in the world. But what would happen here, if I did? If it was just Mom, she could probably get along on the allotment—but there's Elsie and June, too."

I said, some of my irritation showing in my voice, "Couldn't Elsie get a job?"

He moved restlessly on the step below me. "Elsie's not very strong," he said loyally—and I could have shaken him for it. Or kissed him.

He asked me then, and I was sure he did it to change the subject, how I was getting along in my job, and we talked about it and other unimportant things until Mrs. Larkin and Elsie got home. But all the while a plan—no, not so much a plan as a determination—was forming at the back of my mind.

The two women, Elsie and her mother, made me furious. That was the word I used to myself—furious. The way they were robbing Jim of his life—so callously, so matter-of-factly, without even appreciating what he did for them—was criminal.




I was an outsider, very little more than a stranger to the Larkins, but it never occurred to me that their lives were their affair, not mine. I had a right, I told myself, to speak up and show them how wrong they were!

I did speak up, a few days later. I was helping Mrs. Larkin do the dishes—Elsie having begged off with a headache—and I listened to her complain because Jim had come home late to supper until I felt I couldn't stand any more.

"It's a shame that you and Elsie don't appreciate all Jim does for you!" I burst out. "He works twelve hours or more a day, and then you think it's terrible because he delays a meal for a few minutes."

Mrs. Larkin raised dripping hands from the sink and stared at me coldly. "Food's too expensive these days to be spoiled by being kept past its time to be eaten," she said. "I try to make a nice home for Jim, and that's my way of appreciating him, as you call it."

"But he's so tied down!" I protested. "He ought to be in the Army, where he could learn the things he wants to learn."

"A boy's first duty is to provide for his family. The Army knows that," she said piously, "and that's why they don't draft men like Jim, Miss Winthrop."

She'd been calling me by my first name; the "Miss Winthrop" was a clear warning that she was displeased.

I'm not good at learning lessons, but this taught me one. If I intended to help Jim—and I did, my crusading spirit insisted, more than ever!—I couldn't do it by antagonizing his mother. And the same thing probably held true with Elsie. I had to make them like me, trust me, before I could hope to influence them; and that would take time.

After that, I set to work to repair the mistake I had made with Mrs. Larkin by doing everything I could think of that would please her—asking her advice, praising her meals, bringing her an occasional little present. I didn't have to be a hypocrite, either, because I really did grow to like her, except for her one blind spot where Jim was concerned.

I found, too, the way to Elsie's friendship—that one thing that could interest her. Clothes.

As soon as I was settled, I'd had my trunk sent on, and I always bathed and put on a dress when I came home from work. I didn't have anything very expensive, but everything I did have was good of its kind, and Elsie just couldn't keep her eyes off my things. I invited her into my room one evening to inpect my wardrobe, and it was pitiful to see the way her hands lingered, lovingly, on the materials.

"I used to have nice things like this when I was a girl," she said wistfully. "When Pop was alive, before I got married . . ."

"It's a shame you can't afford them now," I said sincerely—because it *was* a shame; Elsie needed the confidence pretty clothes give you. "But I'll tell you what—any time you're going out you're welcome to wear anything I have. We're about the same size, so I'm sure my dresses would fit you."

Her pale face lit up. "Oh, would you let me? I'd love it—even," and the smile that had made her pretty for a moment faded a little, "even if I don't ever go much of anyplace except the movies."

"You ought to get a job," I said casually. "Then you'd have lots of money to spend on clothes."

"Oh, I couldn't! There's nothing I know how to do."

I laughed. "That's what I thought, too—but I learned." I let it go at that, hoping the idea would take root.

A MONTH went by, then another, and another. I felt as if I were part of the Larkin household. Mrs. Larkin had talked to me about Jim's father, about the years when they were a young married couple, about Jim's babyhood and boyhood. Elsie borrowed my clothes and asked my advice about a new way of arranging her hair. Little June called me "Cawol" and announced that she was going to be a welder when she grew up. And Jim said once:

"I guess I must have known you were the right person for that extra room, the minute I saw you on the sidewalk outside the station. You're like one of the family, Carol."

My heart swelled with pride and gladness to hear him say it. I saw myself then as a kind of fairy godmother.

It was Mrs. Larkin herself who told me that the time had come for me to talk to her again about Jim. She said timidly, one day when I was home:

"Do you remember, Carol, telling me Jim was tied down here—that he ought to be in the Army?"

I looked up from the little dress I was making for June, and met her troubled eyes.

"Well," she went on with difficult

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humility, "I've been thinking maybe you were right. Did he—did he ever say anything like that to you?"

"Yes," I said. "He did."

"He wouldn't ever say it to me," she confessed miserably. "He wouldn't want me to feel bad. He's always been such a good boy that way . . . I knew he hated to miss out on his studies, but he never said anything. I'd like to make it up to him, for everything, but I just don't see how I can." She waited, questioningly, wanting to be reassured.

"If Elsie only had a job," I said, "you and she and June could get along on her salary, with Jim's Army allotment."

"Yes," she admitted, "but how can Elsie get a job? She doesn't know any kind of work—and besides, ever since her trouble she just hasn't seemed to care about anything."

"I'd be glad to talk to her," I said. "Maybe I could make her see how much happier she'd be if she were out, doing something."

"Maybe," Mrs. Larkin sighed. "It'd be a good thing if you could. All I want," she added pathetically, "is for Jim and Elsie to be happy."

I could hardly wait for evening to come, for that was always the time to talk to Elsie—after June had been put to bed. Luckily, I had a new dress to show her, so it was natural to invite her into my room and shut the door. After she'd admired the dress I said:

"Elsie, why don't you come down to the plant with me tomorrow and sign up for work? They'll take you on as a trainee, you know."

As before, she paled and said, "Oh, I couldn't!" But this time I would not let her go.

"You're too young to stay at home, never seeing anybody, never doing anything except go to the movies. You ought to have some fun!"

She tried to smile. "Is working in a factory—fun?" she asked.

"Yes," I said stoutly, "it is, in a way. Particularly these days. Other girls are doing it—girls you'd like to know. I've been happier, working, than I ever was before in all my life."

"You're different," she said, but there was just a shade of doubt, now, in the way she said it.

For a long time we talked. I told her about Jim, too, and she nodded and said she knew. And finally I had her promise, given half-fearfully, half in excitement, to go down with me next day and apply for work at the plant.

I hadn't told Jim what I was trying to do. I hadn't been sure I'd succeed, and I wouldn't risk disappointing him. It hadn't been easy to keep silent. There was an intimacy between us, a comradely feeling unlike anything I had ever known. I found myself, whenever something interesting or funny happened, storing it up to tell Jim. I wanted to share things with him, and this made my plans all the more difficult to keep to myself.

But I had my reward. I saw his face when Elsie announced proudly that she'd signed up for work, and when his mother said with unaccustomed tenderness:

"I guess we've been kind of tying you down, Jim. But as soon as Elsie's working—well, what I mean is if you'd like to go into the Army, you mustn't worry about us. We'll get along."

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Jim's shining eyes left his mother's face and met mine across the supper table. I met them proudly, happily. He knew it was I who had set him free, and I was glad.

That evening was different from any other I had spent in the Larkin house. Elsie was apprehensive and thrilled over going to work the next day, and even Mrs. Larkin had a little color in her gray cheeks. Jim carried us all along on the crest of his high spirits. He insisted on going out to buy ice cream and cake and, after we'd eaten all that, it was everything we could do to keep him from making another trip after beer.

At last Mrs. Larkin and Elsie went up to bed, but Jim wouldn't let me follow them. "I wish gas wasn't so precious," he declared. "I'd like to get into the cab and drive like the devil all night long!"

"Don't you get enough driving?" I teased.

"But pretty soon I won't be driving any more—thanks to you!" The radio had been going all evening, and now it was pouring dance music into the room. He swept me into his arms for a wild dance, bumping into furniture, careening from one end of the room to the other, until the music stopped and we were weak with laughter.

We were still laughing when he pressed his lips to mine. Laughing then, but not for long.

I felt as if it were some other girl I was watching answer Jim Larkin's embrace, some other girl whose kiss met his so ardently. For I hadn't loved him . . . had I? It had been friendship and the wish to help that had made me work to set him free from his prison . . . hadn't it?

No! The answer came to me, as thrilling as Jim's kiss. This was the way love grew, through friendship and respect—growing slowly, strongly, like some deep-rooted plant, until it burst, at the appointed time, into dazzling bloom.

He raised his head, at last, but he did not let me go. He stood looking down into my eyes, and his face was almost sad. "I've never known anyone like you," he said softly. "My dear." And then he said, "But I shouldn't have kissed you."

"Why?" I asked. "If you love me, and if I love you—And I do, Jim, I do!"

"You really love me," he said wonderingly.

"I didn't know it," I told him. "Not until just now—when you kissed me. Then I knew." I buried my face in the hollow of his shoulder. "Silly of me, wasn't it? Suppose you *hadn't* kissed me? Then I'd never have known.'"

"If I hadn't kissed you . . . I might have told you I loved *you*," he said, tenderly smiling.

"Tell me now!" I begged.

His lips lost their smile. After a moment he said gravely, "Yes—I love you, Carol, very much."

I WENT to bed with those words chiming in my ears, making a delicious musical accompaniment and overtone to all the plans that were racing through my brain. We'd be married soon, to have as long a time together as possible before Jim went into the Army . . . I would go on living here, and working . . . when the war was over Jim would get a job in some aircraft company. That was far in the future, of course, but it didn't matter.

There was never time in the Larkin house for conversation in the mornings, and even less time on the morning that followed, with Elsie preparing to accompany me to the plant. So it didn't surprise me that Jim didn't tell the others our secret. I smiled at him—a smile that said, "Tonight we'll tell them," and he smiled back. It seemed to me that he hesitated a little—but of course, I told myself, I imagined it.

I went through the day in a whirl of ecstasy. It didn't seem possible that only twenty-four hours before—less than that, even!— I hadn't yet been caught up in this merry-go-round of love. How drab my existence must have been then! Imagine not being in love with Jim!

The day at the plant was over at last, and Elsie and I came home together. I only half-listened to the breathless account of her first working day; I was too busy anticipating the moment when Jim and I would tell our news.

But at the supper-table nothing was said. At first I thought Jim was waiting until the meal was over, but dessert was finished and Mrs. Larkin began stacking the dishes and still Jim sat quietly, relaxed in his chair. Except for Elsie's animation, it was like any other evening—incredible as it seemed to me, bursting with my new happiness.

Suddenly, I was afraid. Not afraid of anything concrete and specific—just afraid, as the close atmosphere before a thunderstorm sometimes makes you afraid.

Jim stood up and went into the living room, and after a second I followed him. He was standing by the window, looking out while one thumb pressed tobacco into his pipe. "Jim—" I said hesitantly. He didn't know how to go about breaking the news, that was all. We should have found time to talk a little before supper. Now he'd hold out his arms, and I'd walk into them, and everything would be all right.

HE laid down his pipe, unlighted, but he didn't hold out his arms.

"Jim—darling—what's the matter?" I cried. "Why haven't you told your mother and sister about—about us?"

He laughed, unexpectedly. "There wasn't much chance, was there, with Elsie talking a mile a minute?"

I felt weak with relief. "That's right—there wasn't. She's happy, Jim, and I'm so glad."

He took my hands, and looking up at him I saw with a sinking heart that his lips were still smiling but his eyes were somber. "My little Miss Fix-It," he said softly. "When you came here three months ago, none of us knew you were going to rearrange our lives so completely."

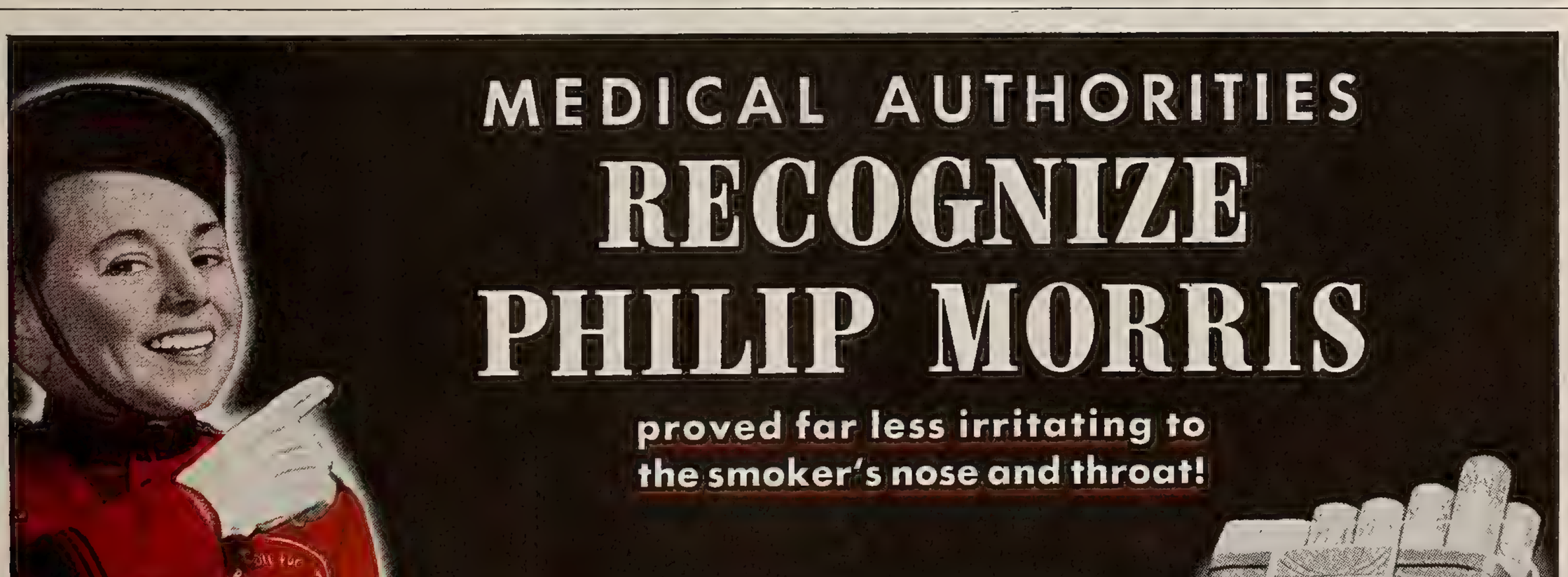
"But for the better!" I said. "I've helped you and Elsie to do what you really wanted to do . . . Haven't I?" I finished, not quite so bravely.

"Yes," he said, nodding, "for the better. You were right—you knew what we wanted. I was just wondering—is it always so easy for you to guess what other people want? Every time?"

"Jim!" I could feel myself flushing. "I don't know what you mean. What other people want . . ."

He didn't answer, and we stood there, very close to each other, until I couldn't bear the silence any longer. I put one hand to my mouth, to keep the words back, but I couldn't.

"You don't want to marry me," I breathed. "Is that what you mean?"



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"Carol—dear!" he said. "I'm sorry. And I know I should have told you last night. I just couldn't, somehow."

"But you said you loved me!"

"And I do. I do, Carol! Only—Maybe I'll never be able to make you understand, maybe you'll always hate me for this. Someday, if I come back from the war, I want to marry you. But not now."

My own bitter hurt fought with the knowledge that he was suffering too. I couldn't doubt that—not with his face there before me, so pale under the tan, so sad—but my confusion was too great. "Not now!" I said scornfully.

"No. Have you forgotten already," he said, "that it was you who just set me free—and now you want to make me a prisoner again!"

"Make you a prisoner . . ."

"Your prisoner, Carol."

I heard the words, but at first they seemed meaningless. How could he be my prisoner? Marriage didn't bind you. It was a partnership, not a prison. And then, dimly, I began to see that to this man of all men, marriage might not mean what it meant to others.

"Don't look at me like that!" he begged suddenly, loudly. "God knows I don't want to hurt you, Carol. If you want to, we can be married right away. Only—I'm asking you to give me a time of being entirely on my own. No strings, no responsibilities except to my job—to the Army. I need it—I'll be better for it, and I'll be a better soldier too. And in the long run you'll be happier, because when I come back after the war I'll be ready to help you build a real home, make a real marriage and not the makeshift we'd have if we were married now."

I couldn't answer, because I knew now that he was fighting for something that was important to him. I couldn't understand it— I never would, for it was something no one but a man was capable of understanding—but that made no difference. "Is it always so easy for you to guess what other people want?" No, it wasn't, although I thought it was. I'd sailed through life, believing that the other people responded to the same thoughts and ideals as I, and in the same way.

ONCE I might have argued—told him he was wrong, that marriage before he went into the Army would be better for us both. And I might have won, to the extent that he would have agreed to marry me now. Once more I would have had my own way.

Well, I didn't want my own way, for I had learned that it was not, necessarily, the best.

"You've done so much for me," Jim said when still I did not reply. "Can't you do this one thing more—understand me, and let me go, so that I can help finish the job and come back and start a real life with you?"

"Yes, Jim," I said. "I can do that for you—and for myself too."

It is three months since I said those words, and it seems to me that I see their wisdom more now than I did then. Jim is in a training camp, and I am still in my room at his mother's. He writes regularly, but I know that he thinks of me only when his day's work is done, at odd moments when there is time. I don't want him to think of me more than that—not until, please God, this job he has to do has been finished.


**$150 in War Bonds Buys a Sub Machine Gun**

# Do You Believe in Miracles?

*Continued from page 33*

"That isn't true at all. People come here to get well, didn't you know that?"

Perhaps it was because I talked to him like an adult, or perhaps he was just too weak to struggle any longer, but at any rate he lay back on his pillow and said doubtfully, "Honest? You're sure?"

"Of course I'm sure," I said. "I work here, so I ought to know."

He studied me for a long time. Somehow, I felt he would know if I were lying, so I had to force myself to *believe* that what I'd said was true. I said a fervent prayer. I prayed that the operation would be a success and he would recover.

Finally he smiled. "I like you."

He was still conscious, and quite serene, when they took him up to the operating room a few minutes later.

Well, the operation *was* a success, and he *did* recover. We got to be very good friends in the next few weeks, Robby and I, and one afternoon he said shyly:

"Remember how scared I was before they operated on me?"

"Oh, you were just a little nervous, Robby," I told him.

"No," he insisted, "I was scared. But then you talked to me and I wasn't scared no more. Because you said I'd get all better and I knew you wouldn't tell me anything that wasn't so."

That is what I mean by a miracle.

No, the miracle is not that Robby recovered when everyone had given him up. It was the part that *faith* had in his recovery. Because—for some reason—he had faith in me, he went to that operation quietly and happily, knowing it would make him well again.

It was faith that made Colin Kelly and the men on Wake Island and so many, many others offer their lives, gladly and freely—as faith in one's country and in one's God. All our mines and factories, all our ships and guns and airplanes, would not win the war without the faith of the men and women who drive them.

All this is what I learned from my work in the hospital—that there is a meaning to this war, and that the people who keep their faith bright and untarnished will win it. The knowledge has brought me new strength and new hope for the future.

But probably I can't make other people feel this with mere words. Probably what happened to me is something that must be experienced to be fully grasped. And so I say to you—

Do as I did, and you'll discover what I mean. If you are young and without responsibilities, enroll in a training course for nurses; or if you cannot do that, become a nurses' aide. You will be stepping onto a battlefield just as truly as you would if you served overseas.

You will find comradeship there, and the feeling of completion that comes after a day of good work. But these you might find in any war job. The real treasure you will discover is something quite different—something mystical and yet granite-firm. It is the certainty that with faith we will win this war.

**WAR BONDS**
**Speak Louder Than Words**





**PHOTO** *at right shows results of test.* Hand at left did *not* use Hinds before dipping into dirty oil. Grime and grease cling, even after soapy-water washing. Hand at right used Hinds before dipping into same oil. But see how clean it washes up. Whiter-looking!




**BEFORE WORK**—smooth on Hinds hand lotion to reduce risk of grime and irritation which may lead to ugly dermatitis—"Absentee Hands"—if neglected.

**AFTER WORK**—and after every wash-up—Hinds again. Even one application makes your hands feel more comfortable, look smoother. It's extra-creamy, extra-softening for working hands!

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Beauty Contest Winner

CHOOSES

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LIPSTICK

No wonder America's loveliest girls prefer Flame-Glo... this sensational lipstick keeps lips radiant for hours longer! Wartime scarcities make the quantity limited, but the high quality standards have never been lowered. Flame-Glo Lipstick is featured in 10c and 25c sizes, with matching Rouge and Face Powder at 10c each.



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# Embarrassing Wet Underarms

How to Control Them—Be Truly Fastidious and Save Clothes, too!

Are you horrified at *any* underarm dampness and odor? Are you appalled at armhole staining and clothes damage?

If you are willing to take a little extra care to be surer of not offending—you will welcome the scientific perspiration control of Liquid Odorono.

Liquid Odorono was first used by a physician 30 years ago to keep his hands dry when operating.

A clear, clean odorless liquid—it simply closes the tiny underarm sweat glands and keeps them closed—up to 5 days. If you need it more often, you use it more often—daily if necessary to bring quick relief from all perspiration embarrassments.

When your underarm is kept dry, you won't "offend," you won't stain and ruin expensive clothes. Today, especially, you want your clothes to last. You can depend on Liquid Odorono for real "clothes-insurance." • • •

**Don't waste time** with disappointing half-measures. Start using Liquid Odorono. It's the *surest way* to control perspiration, perspiration odor, staining and clothes damage. Thousands of fastidious women think it's the nicest way, too . . . it leaves no trace of grease on your skin or your clothes, has no "product odor" itself. You will find Liquid Odorono at any cosmetic counter in two strengths—Regular and Instant.


# Jealous!

*Continued from page 25*

hundred dollars."

"And how much could you manage to take out of your pay check every week?"

"Mmm—fifteen, I think. Maybe twenty."

"But that's only seven weeks!" I exclaimed. "Maybe less. You aren't in debt, are you?"

"Nope," he said proudly. "That's one thing—I always pay up anything I owe before I—before I do anything else. You know," he added shyly, "you're swell. You're like Myra. If I had her here to help me, I'd never feel like gambling. I don't suppose—you wouldn't feel like helping me, would you?"

"Why—of course I would," I said. "But what could I do?"

"Just give me some of your time," he said eagerly. "Like today. There's nothing for me to do between the time I get up and four o'clock when I go to work. I bum around downtown and if I've got any money I go into the Palace or the Ring and pretty soon I'm out five or ten dollars. If you'd just eat lunch with me and sit and talk—" He broke off, and his face grew pink. "This isn't a joke," he said, his voice husky. "I wouldn't want you to think I was—well—"

He couldn't put it into words, but I knew what he meant. "Of course," I said. "Myra's the only girl that you're interested in—just as my husband's the only man for me. And it's nice that we both understand that."

MAYBE it was that frank statement of simple friendship that made me feel I could tell Bill all about Andy Mitchell—as if, somehow, I felt that Bill had heard it too! Always, when Bill came home, he wanted to know everything I had done, all day long. Usually there wasn't much to tell. There couldn't be, when you lived the kind of life I did. Tonight I made quite a little story of Andy and his troubles, not seeing the tight look that was coming over Bill's face until at last he interrupted me roughly:

"That's a lot of baloney!"

I stopped in the middle of a word, appalled at the angry scorn in his eyes.

"Don't tell me you fell for it!" he went on. "He wants you to take his mind off gambling so he can send for his girl—some story!"

"But it's the truth!" I gasped.

"You're a big girl now, Terry—it's time to stop believing in Santa Claus," Bill said. "He hasn't got a girl, not in Pennsylvania, not anywhere. He's got time on his hands, and he likes your looks. That's all."

"Oh, no, Bill," I protested. "You're wrong! I know you are. He isn't that kind—I could tell if he was."

The anger died out of Bill's face, but he remained stubborn. "All right. Let's pretend I *am* wrong about him. It doesn't make any difference, because whether I'm wrong or not, I wish you wouldn't see any more of him."

"But, Bill—I told him I would. And he really isn't interested in me—not as a girl. I'd like so much to help him—"

"Won't you do this for me?" Bill asked. "Stop seeing him?"

He wasn't smiling. He was in deadly


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**BUY WAR BONDS**

earnest—so much in earnest, despite the forced calm in his voice, that he frightened me.

"It means that much to you?"

He nodded. "It means that much to me."

I took a deep breath. "Then naturally I won't spend any more time with him," I said. No, I wouldn't let myself think that Bill was being unjust, I wouldn't resent this imposition of his will on mine. I loved him, and nothing else in the world was so important.

AH, Terry," Bill said, holding me close, "I love you so."

It was as if he had echoed my own thoughts—but with a difference.

I had to see Andy the next day to explain, as well as I could, why I couldn't carry out my end of the bargain we'd made. I dreaded that explanation.

I went into the kitchen a little before noon, and he was there waiting for me, proudly arranging some breakfast pastry on a plate.

"See what I got?" he chuckled. "I may not be much of a cook, but I'm good at shopping."

I swallowed painfully. There was no use in putting it off.

"Andy, I—I guess I'd better not fix your breakfast or spend any time with you, after all. You see, my husb— That is," I began again, making a miserable failure of the whole thing, "I thought it over, and it wouldn't look very good. Mrs. Galini gossips so, and—" My voice trailed away.

Andy had just taken the last piece of pastry out of the paper bag. "I get it," he said quietly. "I'm sorry, though."

"I'm sorry too, Andy," I said. There was an awkward silence, and I turned to the door. But I couldn't leave him like this. I added lamely, "If there's anything else I can do—"

He looked up, eagerly but a little timidly too. "To tell the truth, there is. I had an idea last night—of course, maybe you wouldn't want to—"

"What was it?" I encouraged him.

"I thought—it would be a big help if you'd sort of be my banker. I'd turn over fifteen or twenty dollars to you every week and you'd keep it until there was enough to send Myra."

"Why—" I hesitated.

"All you'd have to do is take it from me every Saturday morning," he urged. "You could open up a savings account, in your name so I couldn't get at it."

I thought swiftly. Surely Bill couldn't object to anything like this! As Andy said, I'd be seeing him only a few minutes once a week. I made up my mind. "I'd be glad to do it," I promised. "I won't even have to start a savings account. I've got one of my own, and I'll put the money with it. Only—I hope you aren't always so willing to trust people you've just met."

He gave me one of the quick, merry smiles that made him so likable. "Don't worry," he said. "I don't. I'm just sure you're one person I *can* trust."

"Thank you, Andy," I said, and for one second a thought flitted through my mind—if only Bill could learn to trust me too!

But it was all just as well, I tried to think when I left Andy and went back to my own room. Probably Mrs. Galini really would have gossiped, and things would have been unpleasant and tainted with sordidness . . . But the afternoon stretched ahead of me.

If only there were someone to talk to! Not Andy necessarily; just some one friendly and about my own age. Or—If we could have a baby.

Delight stirred in me at the thought. A little baby, a boy with Bill's eyes, to take care of and to love.

I put the dream away. It was foolish even to consider it. Bill would never consent. Once or twice I'd mentioned having a child, but he'd only laughed at me, tenderly but with unmistakable rejection of the idea. We'd only been married a few weeks—nobody knew what the future was going to be—the war made things too uncertain—time enough to think of babies when we were older. He had plenty of objections, all good and reasonable. But I found myself remembering, this afternoon, his precise words.

"We've got each other. Isn't that enough?"

AND of course it was. Only—I realized that while to me a baby meant completion and fulfillment of our love, to Bill it meant something very different. It meant that he would be sharing me with someone else.

I sighed, and went back to my magazine. And when Bill got home, the boredom of the afternoon—of all afternoons—seemed a small price to pay for the happiness of being with him, seeing him smile, knowing he loved me. Anything was a small price for this happiness. Even neglecting to tell him that I had agreed to take care of Andy's money.

The next Saturday morning, bursting with pride, Andy turned over to me the first instalment of twenty dollars, and I hurried down to deposit it before the bank closed. But the following Saturday, although I waited for his knock on my door, I didn't see


# "I BOUGHT HIS LOVE"



"Not for love or money!" I heard him say. No—Joe would never take a girl with dandruff to the party, and I had the worst case of dandruff in town. Yet, the very next day, he actually begged me to go with him! My white-flecked hair was transformed into a silken glory overnight. Joe saw me as a new and radiantly lovely person, all because I purchased a bottle of Fitch Shampoo at my favorite toilet goods counter.

I discovered that Fitch Shampoo removes dandruff with the very first application. Its rich lather rinses out completely, leaving my hair shining clean. Actually, it penetrates tiny hair openings, helping to keep my scalp in normal, trouble-free condition. At the beauty shop or at home, I now insist on my weekly Fitch shampoo to keep my hair lovely and free of dandruff, the way Joe likes it. When I bought Fitch Shampoo, I bought his love!

## GOODBYE DANDRUFF



Soap Shampoo

*1. This photograph shows germs and dandruff scattered, but not removed, by ordinary soap shampoo.*



Soap Shampoo

*3. Microphoto shows hair shampooed with ordinary soap and rinsed twice. Note dandruff and curd deposit left by soap to mar natural luster of hair.*



Fitch Shampoo

*2. All germs, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by Fitch Shampoo.*



Fitch Shampoo

*4. Microphoto after Fitch shampoo and hair rinsed twice. Note Fitch Shampoo removes all dandruff and undissolved deposit, and brings out the natural luster of the hair.*

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Andy until mid-afternoon. He wouldn't meet my eyes.

"I—I guess I slipped last night," he mumbled. "I had the feeling my luck was in. But—well, it wasn't."

"Oh, Andy!" I said.

He raised his head so I could see his face, haggard with shame and weariness. "It won't happen again."

The following Saturday he gave me fifteen dollars; it was all he could spare after paying back money he'd had to borrow the week before. I thought I saw in him a new determination, as if this saving of money had become something upon which his life depended—which, of course, it was.

THEN, on the next Tuesday, the whole flimsy little edifice of hopes Andy had built came tumbling down—

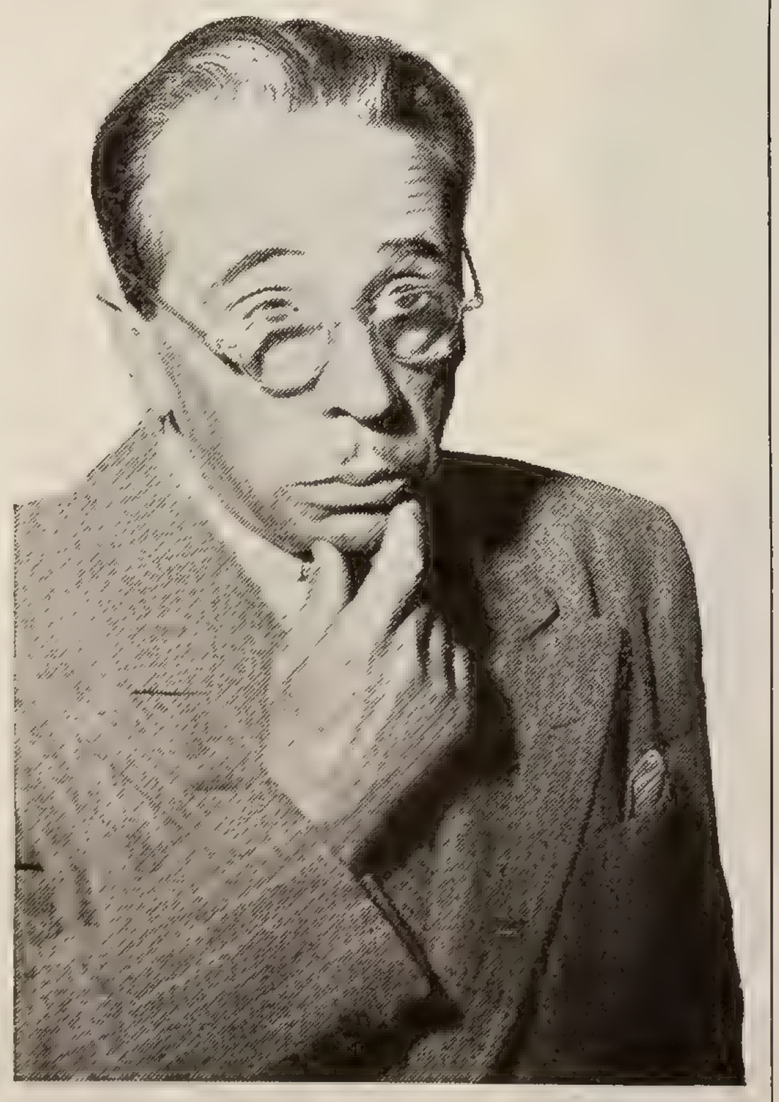
He came to me with Myra's letter as soon as he'd received it—a blotted, pitiful letter with the air-mail stamp on its envelope all askew. My eyes skimmed over it: "Mom died last night .... only sick a couple of days... thought it was pneumonia ... no money to pay for funeral ... Can't stand it here any longer Andy ... please ... money ... send for me ...

"The poor little kid," Andy said. "She should have wired. People as poor as that don't think of wiring. And anyway," he concluded bitterly, "what good would it have done her? I haven't any money—just thirty-five dollars."

I felt so inadequate, faced with his trouble, wanting to help him. But all I could say was, "Can't you borrow some? Aren't there places—loan agencies?"

"There isn't a good one in town—just outfits that never let you go, once they get their hooks into you. I don't dare go to one," he said. "I just don't dare. I know some fellows that did, and they're still paying off. No—I might as well ask you, straight out. You said you had a savings account. Couldn't you lend me the money?"

I had, honestly, forgotten all about the money I had in the bank, the two hundred dollars I'd saved and brought with me when I married Bill. I said,

Mr. Peavey, the druggist, is a bit worried—as usual. You hear him on The Great Gildersleeve, Sundays, NBC



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rather dazedly, "Why—I don't know. How much would you need?"

"With my thirty-five, and another fifteen I think I can get from Ernie Belson—a hundred and fifty. That'd make two hundred, enough for the funeral and pay Myra's fare out here."

If I still hesitated, it wasn't because I was afraid he wouldn't pay me back. Somehow, I was absolutely certain that he would. No, it was because the idea of being able to help him in this particular way was so new to me. New—and rather wonderful.

"It'd be a big help," he said humbly. "And you wouldn't have to worry about getting it back, I promise."

"Oh, no," I said. "I was just—" But there wasn't time to separate the peculiar mixture of pleasure and dismay I felt. "Of course you can have the money. I'll go and get it now."

He came with me and stood outside the bank while I got the money. It wasn't until I was handing him the little sheaf of bills that I found the reason for my dismay. What would Bill say if he ever found out?

He must never find out, that was all.

Well, I didn't have a chance to keep it very long.

What a terrible difference a few hours make in our lives, sometimes! If Bill had heard about the house only the night before, I couldn't have helped Andy no matter how much I wanted to. Or if Myra's mother had died one day later—

BILL came home that evening in suppressed, gleeful excitement. He had something to show me, he said, but he wouldn't tell me what it was. We hurried through supper, and then we got into the car and drove to the edge of town, to a place that had been a farm once. Now one of its fields was dotted with little new boxlike houses, and at one of these, just like all the others, Bill stopped the car and waved his hand proudly. "It's ours if we want it," he announced.

We'd known about the houses for weeks, of course—everyone in town did—but Santa Margarita was so overcrowded that they had all been spoken for even before they were built. The only reason this one was available was that the man who had been going to take it had been transferred unexpectedly to another job. A friend of Bill's had told him about the house.

We danced through the tiny rooms, admiring them as if they'd been marble halls in a palace. The kitchen, with its white sink and three-burner gas stove . . . the tiled bath, which would be all our own . . . the living room and bedroom, gaily papered. "Bill," I almost sang, "it's the most beautiful place I ever saw. Can we afford it? What's the rent?"

Bill turned from a masculine appraisal of the window-frames. "Oh," he said as if he'd thought I knew, "it's not for rent. We'd have to buy it."

Disappointment swept over me. "Buy it? Oh, Bill!"

"It's not so bad, really," he said. "After the down payment, we'd just go on paying like rent—and a cheaper rent than where we're living now. We'd have to buy furniture, but we could get it on credit. And if—if anything should happen so we had to leave I'm pretty sure we could rent the place, at least as long as the Santa Margarita boom lasts. The only thing is that we'd have


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to use your savings for the down payment." He said it shyly, hating to ask for my money.

I couldn't speak. I tried to, but I couldn't. And of course he thought I didn't want to give up the money. He said in a hurt voice, "If you don't like the idea . . . I told the agent we'd let him know by six o'clock tomorrow."

Tomorrow—less than twenty-four hours! There went my last hope, that I might have a little time to see Andy, get his help in raising some money. I said in a voice that didn't sound like my own at all, "Let's go back and talk about it." For there was nothing to do but tell him—only not here, not here in the house we both wanted and couldn't have!

In silence we drove back to Spear Street, parked the car, went into the house and through the silly makeshift door set in the beaverboard.

Automatically, Bill hung up his cap and jacket, while I stood uncertainly in the middle of the room, as if it were a place that was strange to me. He turned around. "What's the matter, Terry?" he asked in bewilderment. "I know you like the house. Is it the money?"

"Yes," I said. "It's the money. I—I haven't got it."

"You haven't—" He still wasn't angry, just puzzled. "What did you do with it?"

"I—loaned all I had, practically, to Andy Mitchell. Today. To send to his girl so she can come here."

AND then his brows came down over his eyes, his skin lost all its color. "To *Andy Mitchell!* You've been seeing him!"

"No, Bill! Only for a minute or two—I was helping him save his money and then his girl's mother died and—"

He wasn't interested in all that. He didn't care, either, I realized in shocked horror, that the money was gone, or that before we could get it back somebody else would have bought the house. I said with weak defiance, still hoping he would see things straight:

"It's my own money, Bill, I can do what I like with it. And I know Andy'll pay it back—"

"Stop talking about the money!" he shouted. "You could have thrown it into the street and I wouldn't have cared. But you gave it to Mitchell and that proves you've been *seeing* him."

He raised his hand, but he didn't strike me. He might have, if I hadn't already fallen across the bed, shaking it with the racking force of my sobs.

For a while I felt him standing over me, wordless in his rage. Then I heard the door click, and he was gone.

I don't know how long I lay there. I didn't want to get up, because getting up would mean I had to start living again, moving around, doing things, making some sort of a decision. Yes, there was a decision to be made, but what about? I couldn't seem to think. I couldn't focus my thoughts on anything but Bill's face, pale and twisted with unreasoning anger.

Finally I dragged myself off the bed, washed my face with cold water at the basin, fumbled at my hair in an effort to tidy it. The clock said it was ten-thirty, and I sat down to wait for Bill. He'd be in soon, and then I'd have to make that decision . . .


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whatever it was. If only I weren't so red, and if things would seem real . . .

The next thing I knew Bill was standing just inside the door. I was too drugged with weariness to read his expression; I only heard him say, "It's late. We'd better get some sleep."

"Yes," I said. "Yes, Bill."

Without another word, we undressed, turned the light off, went to bed. It was exactly as if each of us had been alone in the room. All the merciful numbness suddenly fled from me, and I lay awake, repeating over and over in my thought, "I must make him believe me. And I must never let anything like this happen again."

As if I'd spoken aloud, Bill said into the darkness, "We've got to get out of this place. I don't know why you told me you weren't seeing Mitchell when you were. I don't want to know—I want to forget all about it. But I can't go on, knowing you're in the same house with him every afternoon."

I could have protested, I could have told him he was being unreasonable. I only said, "But where else can we go?"

"There's still time to take that house if you'll get the money back from him." He couldn't have said it more coldly and unemotionally if he'd been telling me to get carrots for dinner. But I knew the coldness was all on the surface, a thin shell that might burst and let the hot rage through. I hardly dared say, "How can I, Bill? I told you he'd already sent it away."

His body beside me was tense and unyielding. "I don't care where he gets it! He can borrow it from somebody else, or wire his girl and tell her to send it back—if," he said viciously, "there really is a girl! But I'll tell you one thing. I won't have him using that money as an excuse to go on seeing you, no matter what else happens."

Yes, I could explain to Andy, and he could go to one of the loan offices. It wouldn't be pleasant, but afterwards we'd move to our own place and we'd forget that any of this had happened.




"All right," I whispered. "I'll get it back, Bill."

But it wasn't all right—because he didn't turn and kiss me, didn't even touch me in silent goodnight.

In the morning we didn't speak of the house, the money, Andy Mitchell. We hardly spoke of anything at all. It was a relief when he'd gone to work.

I took the dishes across the hall into the kitchen and washed them, hardly hearing Mrs. Galini's good-humored chatter. Then I went back to the room and gave it a thorough cleaning.

Eleven o'clock. Andy would be up now, perhaps in the kitchen awkwardly fixing his breakfast. I would wait another half hour. The half hour passed, and so did another, and still I sat in the old easy-chair by the window.

At one I saw him leave the house and go briskly down the street, and I didn't move, didn't call after him. This was the decision I'd known, last night, I had to make. And I'd made it.

Bill came home at five. There was a question in his eyes when he entered the room, but I would not answer it until he'd put it into words.

"Well—did you get the money?"

I faced him. "No, Bill."

"Didn't you even ask for it?"

"No, Bill"—just as before, in the same voice that sounded so unnatural because I was trying to keep it steady.

There was pain in his face—pain and anger. He was determined to hurt me even if it meant hurting himself. "If we don't leave this place together," he said, "I'm going to leave it alone. I thought I got that idea over to you."

"You did. And if you still feel that way I—" I faltered a little there, but forced myself to go on. "I can't stop you. But you'll have to listen to me first." I gripped the edge of the table with both hands. I had to make him see.

"Bill—I've told you so many times that you're the only person in the world I could ever love. It didn't do any good. You didn't believe me—you've never believed me. The only thing that's ever come between us is your jealousy."

"If you're so sure of that, why do you give me things to be jealous about?" he flung at me.

"I don't have to give them to you. You find them anyway. When we first came here you said you didn't want me going around town alone, even in the daytime. That was jealousy. But I stayed home and was bored, because you wanted me to. Then you even sneered at poor Mrs. Galini, so I couldn't find any pleasure in talking to




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her; and you wouldn't let me be friendly with Andy Mitchell."

"You were, though—friendly enough to give him money!"

"Whatever you think," I told him, "I kept my promise to you not to see him, except for just long enough every week to take part of his pay. I couldn't stop liking him as a friend, being sympathetic with him. I couldn't shut myself up in a—in a vacuum, not even for you. And I never will be able to. That's why I won't ask Andy to return the money."

"That may be very logical," he said, "but I don't get the connection."

"Bill!" I cried. "Can't you see how much easier it would be for me to get the money back from Andy—somehow? How much easier than to say all this to you? But if I did, there'd be another time—and another—and another. And the worst time of all—for you, too—would be when you go into the Army and have to leave me—still jealous, still wondering if I—"

I couldn't go on. I turned away, buried my face in my two hands, hating to have him see the tears of defeat.

I heard him move. He was putting his jacket on, getting ready to walk out of the room and never come back—

BUT instead he was beside me, taking me gently in his arms, pressing my head against his cheek. "Terry, dearest—" he was whispering so brokenly that I knew he too was close to tears. "What hell a guy can put somebody he loves through—if she lets him." He smoothed my hair with his hand, clumsily but so comfortingly. "And all the time he's putting himself through hell too, without having sense enough to stop it . . . Don't cry, dear—don't cry. It's all over now, and it won't ever happen again."

Convulsively, I held him close. I couldn't stop crying, though. It takes time to stop crying when you've gambled with the only thing in the world you love—and nearly lost it.

I fumbled in the pocket of my dress and pulled out a crumpled slip of paper, pushed it into one of Bill's hands.

I heard him catch his breath. "What in—"

"It came just—just before you got home," I sobbed. "I was hoping it would, b-but for a while I didn't think it would do us—any good."

"But what *is* it?" Bill demanded.

"S-silly," I said. "Can't you read? It's a telegraph money order, from my father. I wired him early this afternoon that we needed a hundred and fifty dollars, and—and he sent it."

"Well, I'll—" Bill breathed. "And you had this all the time? Oh—Terry!"

For an answer, I kissed him once, hard. Then I said, "If we hurry, there's still time to see the man and tell him we'll take the house . . ."

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# Marriage Bargain

*Continued from page 21*

to Tupper—he'd have been less than human if he hadn't sought the company of other people. Other women, too, perhaps. I didn't like that thought. No woman would. But I didn't have the right not to like it. It had tortured me at first, before I'd learned to accept the pattern of living we'd set for ourselves, and I'd been bitter and resentful and blindly furious, but with the years I'd come gradually not to think of it.

I lowered myself to the couch slowly, tensely, afraid that if I relaxed, the panic that threatened would break past my control and sweep me out to some chaotic place from which there'd be no returning. Tupper was my one reason for being, the one person in the world who loved me and needed me and to whom I was truly important. If anything should happen to him . . . The thought pressed in, smothering me, weighing on my limbs and my mind and my heart. I tried to break past it, to force my will through to Tupper, as I couldn't go myself, to give him the strength and the help that my hands couldn't give. But my brain refused the thought of Tupper sick and in danger and slid back to Tupper as he'd been yesterday, and a year ago, back to the beginning of him and to my first meeting John.

JOHN had liked my lightness, my laughter, the fun I found in life, and the ease with which I made friends. It had fascinated him when he'd first come to Marshall to work for the aircraft company; it was his first awakening to the fact that there were other things in life besides work. We met at one of the monthly dances given for Marshall young people, and I'd liked the serious, probing look about him, and his strong, sensitive face. I'd liked the height of him, towering over the other men, and the sureness with which he said, when he first asked me to dance, "I warn you I don't intend to be cut in upon."

I'd laughed up at him. "It's a local custom," I said lightly.

Even when he smiled his face was partly serious. "I'm sorry, but under the circumstances I don't intend to observe it."

Later in the evening he'd said with the same sureness, "You know who you are, don't you? You're the girl I'm going to marry."

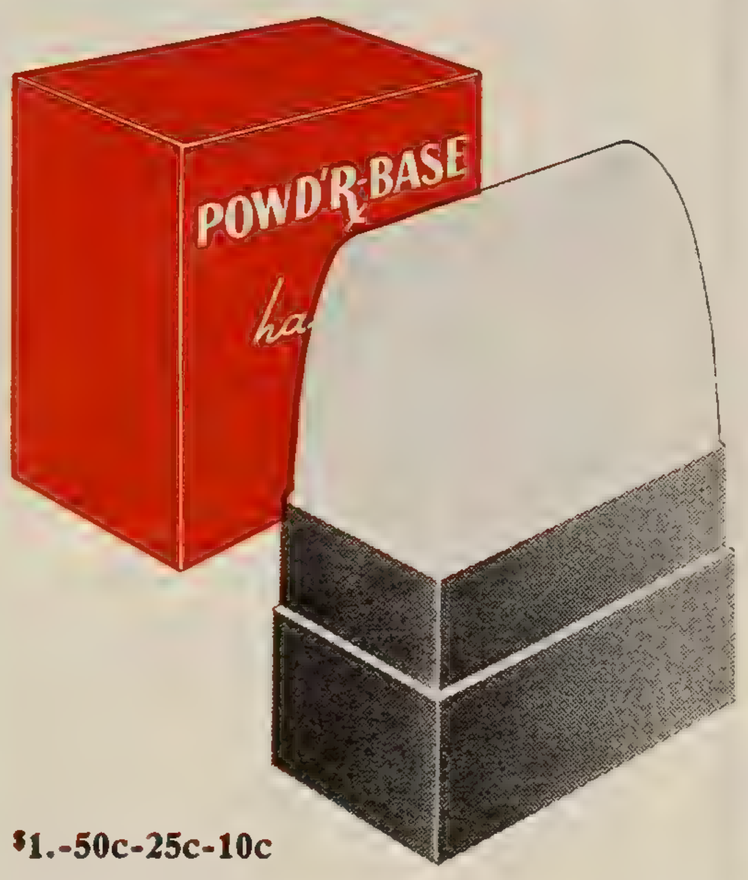
I'd laughed at that, too. In those days I laughed at almost everything. I was nineteen, and after my sister had died my parents had devoted their lives to seeing that I was protected from every kind of hurt, to giving me everything within reason that I wanted. They hadn't prepared me for anyone like John, who regarded sacrifice and hard work as a natural part of life, whose fixity of purpose was as firm as the rocks of his native Vermont.

We were married a month later. We went to the North Woods for our honeymoon, a dream-time of sunny days on the beach when we lay staring up at the patterns of leaves against the sky and coming to the conclusion that the best things in life were free, after all, of nights that closed like a curtain around us, shutting out everything but John and me and the wonder of our love. I thought that I learned to know


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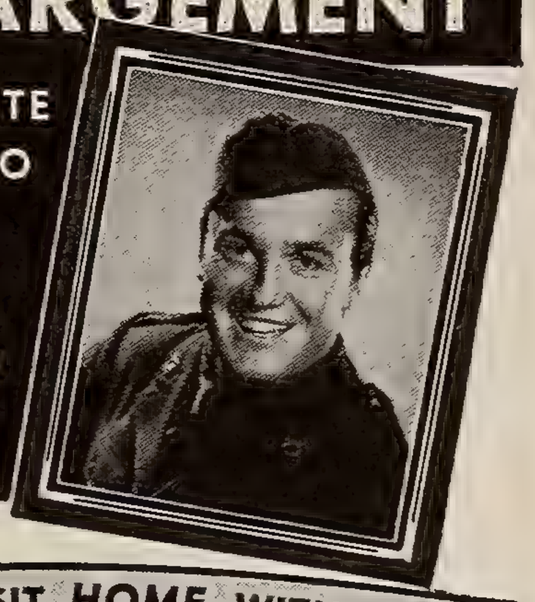
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him in those long afternoons when we lay on the sand, when he poured out to me all there was of himself, all he hoped and dreamed for himself and for me. Sometimes when he spoke of his work he'd drift into long, technical explanations without realizing that he might as well have been using a foreign language to me, and I'd feel laughter welling up in me until it bubbled over. He'd sit back, aggrieved, puzzled. "Now what's funny?"

"You forget that I'm not a mechanic."

"No, you're—" And his kisses, that drank of me as if I were a never-ending well, and his hard, possessive arms, would finish telling me what I was.

What I should have realized was that John worked as he courted me and as he played—with intensity and singleness of purpose.

WHEN we returned home, there were a dozen invitations waiting for us—parties, picnics, bids to join the young married people of Marshall in everything they did. John shook his head, doubtfully at first, and then, when the invitations came with increasing volume, firmly.

"Eve," he protested, "I've got work to do. I wasn't tailor-made for this job, you know. I made it myself. Now that the plant's expanding I'll have to expand it or get left behind. I don't mean that we can't ever go out, but—well, we've got to slow it up, dear. I've got to get plenty of sleep, and there'll be lots of times when I'll have to work nights. We'll have to take it easy."

Slow up. Take it easy. We did, for a while, and I didn't mind too much. After all, I was just married—it's fun to create a little world all your own with your new husband, a world you don't want to share, not even with your best friends. But the slowing up became a full stop, soon. I remember that John was working in the little downstairs bedroom he'd fixed up as a study, the night we had our first quarrel. I


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came in and leaned over his shoulder, to ask, "Honey—May just called. She wants us to go to Crown Mill over the weekend with—"

John flung down his pencil.

"Last weekend someone wanted us to go to the lake! Monday night we were invited to the Thompson's party. Wednesday they asked us over to your cousin's—"

I felt very calm as I backed away a little. "They invited us, all those people," I reminded him, "but we didn't go. John, I'm getting sick and tired of being cooped up here—"

He got up to face me. "You'll just have to put up with it, Eve! Good Lord, girl, my work comes first. I have to do things in my own time, in my own way!"

Yes, it was our first quarrel, and it ended in my tears and John's tenderness and in passion that was all the sweeter because we'd been angry with each other. But it didn't really end. It was resumed at intervals with increasing bitterness. I tried living John's way for a while, staying at home in the evenings—and sometimes alone, because he often worked late at the plant—with only a movie once a week for relaxation. I tried his way and fretted under it, and then I tried accepting invitations in the hope—rarely fulfilled—that he'd go with me, and I invited people to the house. He tolerated our company the first few times, and he made himself agreeable. After that he often stayed at work when I had a dinner or a party planned, and came home late, long after the people had gone, long after I'd cried myself to sleep.

AND then, one night, John put an end to our quarreling and set the pattern of our lives as it would be for the next several years. I'd had a party at the house that night, and John came home shortly after people had left, said a brief "hello," and went into the study.

After a few moments I followed him, full of the fun we'd had, wanting to talk about it. He was sitting at his desk, staring silently, like a man in a daze, at several large sheets of stiff paper. I recognized them as plans, and I saw, too, that a full glass of liquid had been spilled on them, blurring the outlines and the tiny, exact printing.

My fear and remorse must have shown in my face, because although John's eyes as he looked at me were dull and tired, his voice was gentle. "Eve, if you knew the weeks of work it took us at the plant to get these things in shape . . . But don't blame yourself. I shouldn't have left them here. You didn't think to put them away, of course—"

Quick anger drove every other feeling from me. His tone said so plainly that I was a silly, frivolous woman, no more to be trusted than a child, a burden to him. "Of course I didn't think to put them away!" I cried. "I'm glad that they're spoiled. I hope they're so wrecked they'll never be any good! I hate Marshall Aircraft, hate the job that's made you such a slave that we never have any fun together, so that living with you is like living with an automaton instead of a man. I hate it, and I wish I'd never married you!"

His face pinched tight, and his voice was deadly quiet. "Eve, do you mean that?"

"Yes I do—" The excitement died


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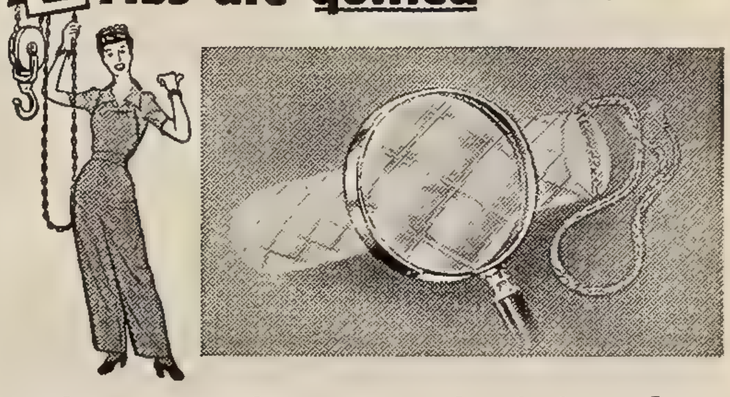


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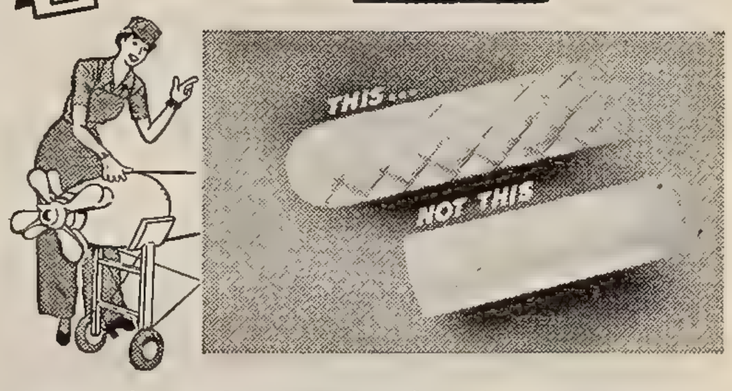

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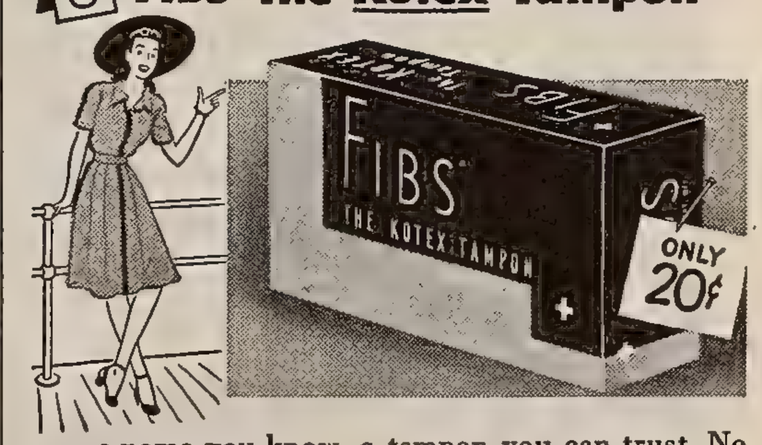
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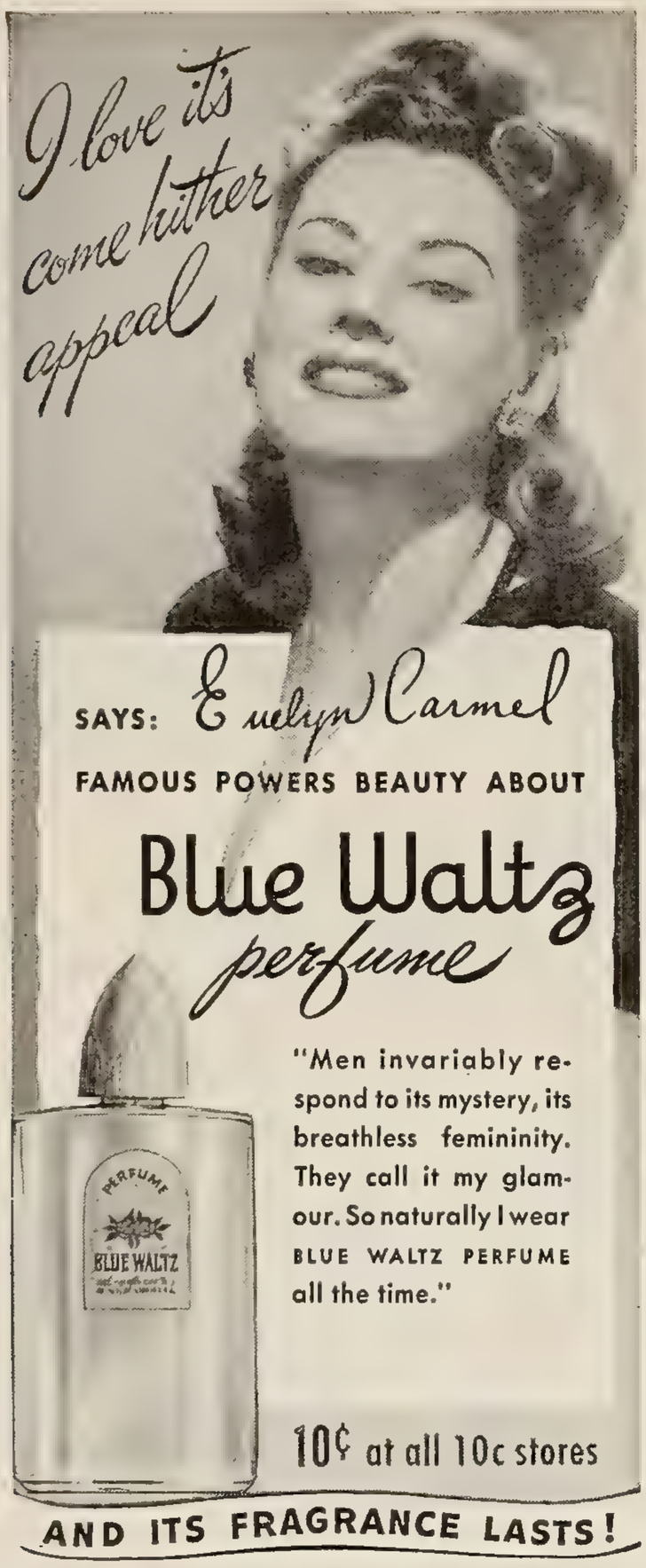



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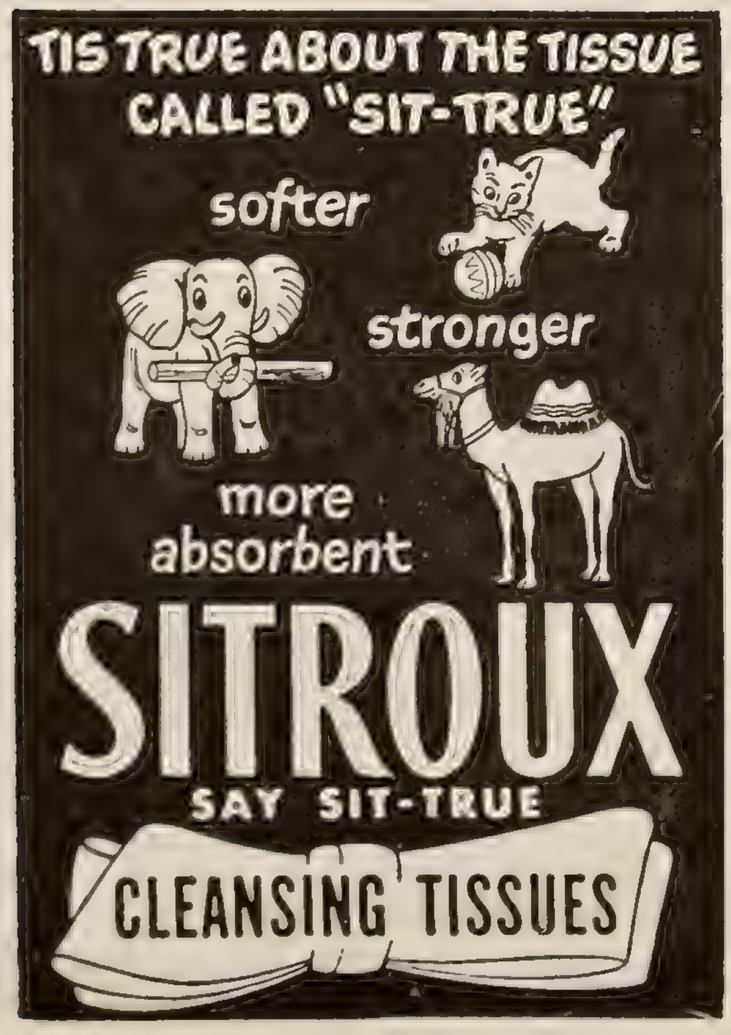
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out of me suddenly, and I was calm with the cold calm of complete defeat. "I mean it, John. You haven't been happy, and neither have I. Maybe you don't want to be happy except in your work, and I can't help you with that. I'd like a—I'd like to go away for a while."

His shoulders slumped, and the palms of his hands turned upward in a gesture of weary surrender. "You know best what you want—"

I turned and left him then, to run out of the room, up the stairs. I slammed the door of our bedroom behind me and locked it firmly, hoping John could hear the turning of the key. Without pausing, I pulled the big suitcase out of the closet and began to put things into it.

My parents had moved to California shortly after I married John; I'd pay them a visit, I told myself—a long visit. It would be the easiest, most inconspicuous way for John and me to break the news of our divorce to Marshall.

Divorce. That was the first time I'd actually admitted the idea in a word, and it made me pause in my angry flying about the room. I sat down slowly on the edge of the bed, feeling a little sick. And then I remembered something which I had forgotten in the excitement of the party and our quarrel afterwards. Something which would make a difference.

I'D have to see about it, tomorrow. Slowly I removed the bag from the bed, left it, half packed on the floor. In the morning I'd go to see Dr. Gaines, I told myself. I undressed and went to bed, then, my plans still in a state of chaos. But I left the door locked.

Next morning I was dizzy and sick—so much so that I knew before I saw him what Dr. Gaines would tell me. I came home from the doctor's office, joy and fear warring in my mind. Joy—a miracle was taking place inside my body. Fear—how could I bring a child into a house where there was no harmony, where love had worn thin?

I was waiting for John when he came home that night. I'd had all day to think, and my anger at him had risen again. It was his fault, I convinced myself, all of this. His fault that happiness had gone away from us for good. His fault that he couldn't blend his nature to mine, that he couldn't advance half way to meet me, that he was reserved and distant. I didn't remember, then, that part of this in John was a fear of being rebuffed—like when you meet a person who doesn't offer to shake hands, but when you hold out your hand first, his comes to meet yours in a warm, firm grip.

I'd thought, during that long afternoon, of so many phrases in which to tell John what I had to tell him. But when I met his eyes all the words fled.

"I wouldn't be here tonight," I told him, "but for something I found out today. I—I'm going to have a baby."

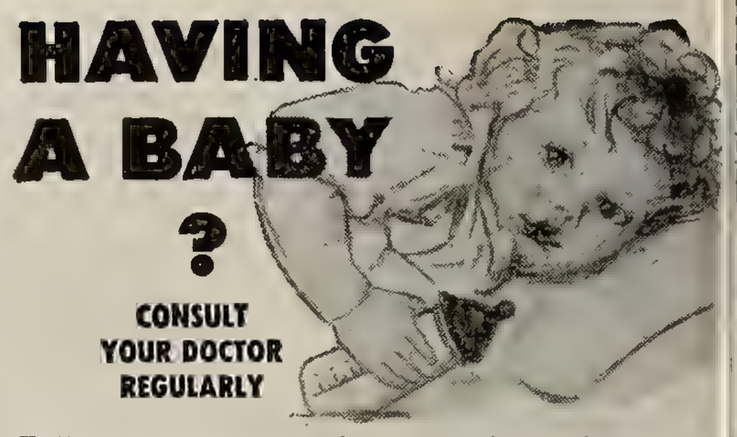
John stood very still, looking at me intently, his face quite blank, until I decided that he hadn't heard me. And then his face softened, and he made a little, involuntary movement toward me. Then was when I should have held out my hand—an invitation to his to meet it. But the memory of last night's anger, today's feeding of that anger, was too strong.

"It doesn't change anything between us, John."

I had failed him as a wife; as a wife


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I was rejected. I didn't want to be accepted because I was going to be a mother.

"But Eve—" He moved toward me, one short step.

It wasn't only that I didn't want to back down, that I felt I'd gone too far to give in at the moment. That was partly it, but there was more to it than that. My mind was full of churning thoughts, all of them leading nowhere. I had to have time to think, to make my peace with myself before I could make peace with John. I didn't consciously form the phrase in my mind, but it came out just the same—the final, irrevocable words—

"Please don't!"

John stopped as if he had been paralyzed in the middle of a step. His face was gray and cold, as if it had been cut roughly from stone.

I knew then that there was no turning back, and I tried to be glad that the break had been made at last, cleanly, finally. That was the end of our marriage, as surely as if we'd been divorced.

We learned to live separate lives under the same roof, after that, to talk naturally and amiably about every-day matters, about the coal supply and what to have for dinner and where to plant the rosebushes. We learned to face people without giving the slightest indication that there was trouble between us. When my mother's friends, by reason of their age and long acquaintance with the family, felt privileged to twinkle and to say roguishly, "A baby! My, you'll have to have another one real soon, so he'll have a playmate," we learned to smile and to lie politely and to agree that yes, we must have another child.

IT wasn't easy. There were nights when I awoke in the dark, or in the queer gray light of early dawn, wanting my husband, wanting his mouth, hard and tender, on mine, wanting the sureness of his arms and all of the long, lean strength of him. There were nights when I heard him leave his room to move restlessly around the house, when I fancied that he wanted me as I wanted him, and that I heard him call my name, and I lay still, fighting the impulse to go to him.

"Eve!" It was John's voice, really calling me, and I sat up abruptly on the couch, struggling to shake off the half-doze, half-dream into which I'd fallen as I lay there waiting on the doctor to bring me news of Tupper. John stood in the doorway, his travelling bag beside him. "Eve, what's happened? Where's Mrs. Sandstrom? It's midnight, and the house is all lighted—"

"Tupper—" I began, and while I tried to find words to tell him, he read in my face what had happened and he turned and was gone up the stairs. I heard Miss Varick come out of Tupper's room, heard her voice and Dr. Gaines' deeper tones mingling with John's. In a few minutes John came down again, his face gray, walking blindly, as if in his sleep. He sat down in a chair opposite me, looking at nothing for a long while. Then, "You're home," as if he'd just realized the fact.

"Yes—" It seemed years instead of yesterday since I'd left for Eleanor Snow's party. "I tried to call you in Pine City, but the hotel said you'd gone."

"I was on my way home. I kept thinking of the boy here alone, and—"


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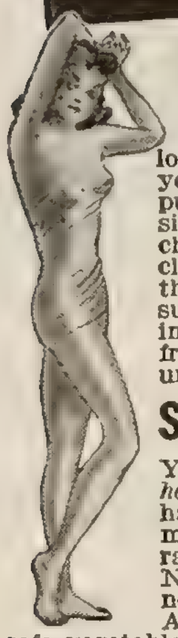
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Then Dr. Gaines called softly from the landing, "Eve—John—if you'll come upstairs—"

Miss Varick let us into the dimly lighted room, once familiar, but now a place of shadows and strange whitish shapes. Tupper was awake; his bright eyes with their tilted corners saw us. "*Both* of you putting me to bed," he said clearly, in a pleased voice. "How funny!" John's eyes met mine for a moment, and underneath my terror I felt the same sickness I saw in him.

We had divided Tupper's time between us as much as possible, ever since he was born, John and I had. If John took him for a walk in the afternoon, I'd read to him at night. On Sunday mornings Tupper would come padding into my room to wake me and to snuggle, while I bathed, in the warm hollow my body had left under the quilts. He'd follow me downstairs until breakfast was started, and then, having been given a cracker or a piece of fruit, he'd trot back upstairs to supervise his father's shaving. We'd taken turns putting him to bed, never dreaming that he'd noticed that we both weren't with him. Tonight we knew that he *had* noticed, and John must have shared the shame I felt.

I SLEPT part of that night and I was up shortly after dawn, moving in a grip of fear so strong that it was in part merciful. It numbed me, kept me from thinking, closed a hand around my heart and steadied it, leaving my own hands free for my tasks. I was aware of John's presence, a silent ghost of a man with tortured eyes. I really saw him only once that day, when I started toward the back yard to bring in some towels Mrs. Sandstrom had washed and had forgotten to take from the line. John was sitting on the back steps, Tupper's coaster wagon on the walk before him, his hands closed over its handle and his head bowed on his hands.

I turned noiselessly back into the house, my lips forming an unspoken prayer—"Oh, God, hear us—" And then an irrelevant thought came—John loved Tupper so; had he once loved me as much? Had I hurt him as much as he was being hurt now?

It was the waiting that was so dreadful, the waiting in silence, without a hand to cling to. Even now, I never want to watch another dawn. I didn't sleep at all Sunday night, and Monday morning I stood at the kitchen window, seeing the sun rise—staring so fixedly at it that I actually saw it inch its way up over the roofs of the neighborhood. Dr. Gaines came down to get me, after I had stood long there, after the red half circle had become a full, orange ball in the sky, promising a bright day for everyone who had some reason to see beauty in it.

In Tupper's room there was the blunt shape of the oxygen tent, rolled aside now, and the tall, straight shape of John with his face of stone, and the all-white shape of Miss Varick.

And the little shape of Tupper on the bed, strangely smaller now, with all his little-boy noise and laughter stilled. Tupper, with an old brown teddy bear in the crook of his arm.

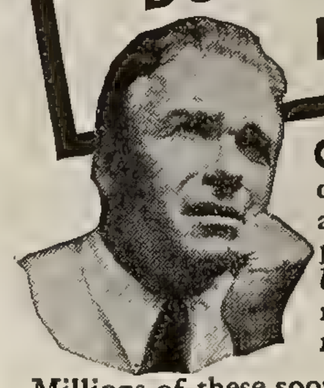
I dropped swiftly to my knees, to keep from falling and I felt rather than saw that John came to his knees, too.

He's so quiet, I thought. Tupper's so


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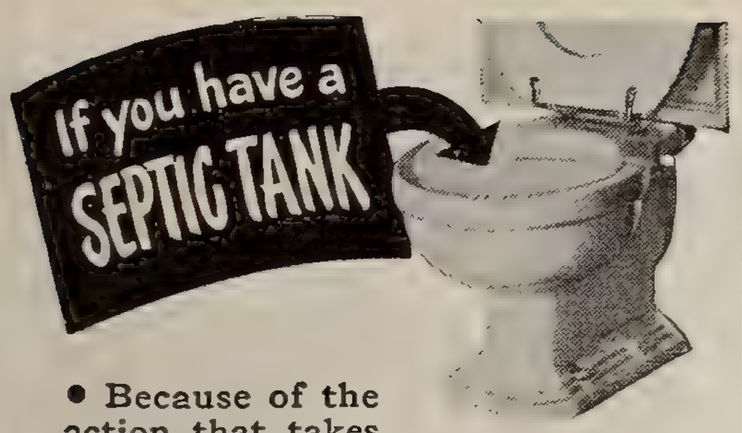
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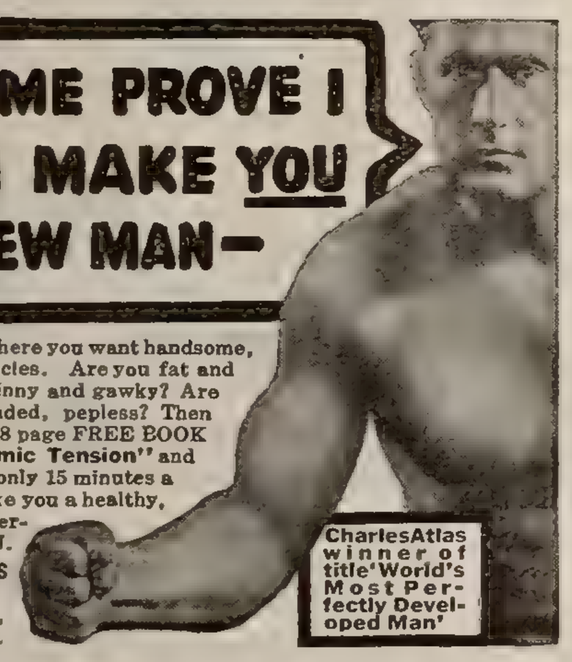
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quiet, now. How many times have I told him not to make so much noise? Oh, Tupper—wake up, wake up, Tupper! Call to me—slam the door! Run down the stairs on your sturdy little legs, scratch the stairs with the nails in your play shoes! Wake up this terrible, silent house—make it live again!

Suddenly his eyes moved slowly, heavily open. Tupper looked at John and at me.

"Hello," he said, and his voice was clear and distinct. "I guess I was asleep."

None of us breathed.

He saw the old, battered teddy bear in the crook of his arm, and he said, with childish scorn, "I've been sleeping with my bear. I haven't slept with my bear for years!"

And he closed his eyes again.

After a moment Miss Varick moved softly, almost apologetically, to the bed. I saw her touch a piece of gauze to Tupper's lips, saw her pull up the sheet.

I had to break the silence. I must scream, peal on peal, shatter the silence to bits, sweep it away forever. But there was no sound left in me. Just as there was no feeling left in me. Part of me had gone with Tupper. I was only half a person, half a woman. What was I going to do with the part of me that uselessly remained behind, that kept on living against my will?

I LEARNED, in the days that followed. I learned that that part of me that was only half alive, the part left behind with no feeling, could do many things. Talk to the kindly neighbors and friends who came in. Everything was meaningless, because I could feel nothing. Not even sorrow.

Dimly I realized, through the fog of merciful blankness that covered my days, that John and I would separate eventually. There was no longer any reason to stay together. But September passed, and October followed it, and November came, and we were still living in the same house. I knew, too, that John was fighting out his grief. To move, to try to divert his mind with other things, would have seemed to him to be running away. I stayed because I had no will to do anything else.

I had to force myself to see and to talk to the friends who came to visit, who tried to make me aware once more of the world around me. Gradually I began to pay attention to what they said to me, instead of sitting stupidly, apathetically, saying to myself, "Go away. Leave me alone. Don't talk. Go away." I began to go out a little, to do necessary shopping, to walk aimlessly around the block sometimes, to give in when my friends urged me to ride along when they went on some errand.

One day late in November Louisa Michaels, one of my oldest and best friends, came to pick me up to drive me downtown. As we got into the car, she reached hastily into the back seat to cover something with a lap robe—a child's sled, and a pair of skates. She was too late to keep me from seeing them.

"I'm sorry, Eve," Louisa said gently. "I have to deliver them at the day nursery, the one we've started for the war workers' children. I meant to take them another time, but with the gas rationing, I couldn't manage it. I'll drop them off after I've taken you home, if you like."


**Back the Attack with War Bonds!**
**THIRD WAR LOAN DRIVE**





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"It doesn't matter," I answered, trying to believe it. I mustn't let it matter. "Stop on the way downtown, if it's more convenient for you."

SHE stopped the car at the lovely old Prescott place, which had been closed for many years, its windows boarded over and only its garden, enclosed by a white board fence, tended. There were curtains at the windows now, and the garden was a shambles, its expensive plants ripped up to make room for a playground, its carefully pruned trees scarred with the marks of small, tough boots. But it was alive with children.

Louisa, after a glance at me, took the sled and the skates and disappeared into the house. I meant not to look at the children, but the sound of their voices and of their running feet drew me, and presently I turned my head to watch. Several larger boys and girls were playing baseball at the far end of the garden; closer to the fence—and to me—were the little ones. And there was one little boy with dark eyes, and with hair that grew in a peak on his forehead. . . .

Louisa was a long time in the house. When she came back, I was out of the car, kneeling by the fence. The little dark boy and a little blonde girl squatted on the other side, and our heads were bent over the serious business of building tepees of twigs with the fence rods as center poles.

"Eve—" called Louisa, and the little boy looked up, distress in his black eyes.

"Don't go," he begged. "You're fun—"

Fun! As I got back into the car, I realized that I was crying, that the grief that had been too deep for tears had moved finally, and was coming to the surface. Louisa let me cry. She drove around the outskirts of town until my tears had stopped somewhat, and then, as she turned the car toward the shopping district, she began to talk about the nursery, naturally, as if nothing had happened. She told me how it had been started to help mothers who had to leave their children during the day, how the little children were left there early in the morning, and how those of school age came in the afternoons after school was out. "We need toys," she finished, "and games. We had quite a stock, but they get broken fast. And we need more help—"

They needed help. The phrase repeated itself to me, over and over, accusingly. They needed help, and I had hands, and a brain to work with, and time, time I didn't know how to fill.


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"I'd like to come," I heard myself offering shakily. "And half of our attic is packed with Tupper's toys, which are doing no good to anyone . . ." It was the first time I'd spoken his name voluntarily since his death.

IT was a week before I could force myself to go to the nursery, but once I'd started, I went every day. I went early and stayed late, and came home so tired that nothing mattered but going to bed and resting for the next day's work. I told John about the nursery after I'd been there a day or two, and I asked him if he minded if I had Tupper's toys sent over. He listened politely, indifferently, until I mentioned Tupper's things, and then his mouth shut tight and his eyes became bleak and withdrawn. I didn't ask again about the toys. I felt that if John got some queer comfort out of knowing that they, at least, were still in the house—

The next morning the toys, all of them—the coaster wagon, the scooter, the games, the miniature two-wheeled bicycle of which Tupper had been so proud—were on the back porch, ready to be picked up. I looked at them for a long time, fingering the handle of the wagon, remembering John sitting here on the back steps that morning before Tupper died, holding tightly to the handle as I was holding it now, as if he were clinging to Tupper's very life itself. I remembered—and then I told myself that I didn't dare remember.

In the days after that, in spite of the fact that he had brought down the toys and left them for me, I began to realize all my bustle of activity with the nursery was reaching into our silent house to have its effect on John, too. The Christmas holidays were coming, and I welcomed the extra work. I was afraid of Christmas, afraid of the memories of other Christmases that would come crowding back with each carol played on the radio, with each brightly lighted tree on the other lawns on our street. I brought cloth home to make costumes for the Christmas pageant we'd planned for the children, working in the evenings because the days didn't hold hours enough.

There was one night when the phone rang a half-dozen times in quick succession. I'd hung up after the last one when a smothered sound made me turn. John was standing behind me, a newspaper crushed in his fist, his face twisted in pain and anger. "What's going on?" he shouted. "Can't you get that business done during the day? There's no peace in the house with that infernal thing ringing like a—like a switchboard."

I didn't know what to say to him, and while I tried to find words, my radio on the sun porch carolled happily, "It came upon a midnight clear, that glorious song of old . . . With angels bending near the earth to touch their harps of gold—"

"And that thing!" he gritted. "Good Lord, the least we could do is to keep the place decently quiet. The radio plays, and the 'phone rings, and people come to the door delivering and taking orders, and—we might as well be holding a carnival right here. We—"

"Tupper liked Christmas carols." It was cruel, I knew, but something made me know it was right, just the same. It worked. He stopped shouting, and his grip on his paper loosened as he stared at me as if he couldn't be-


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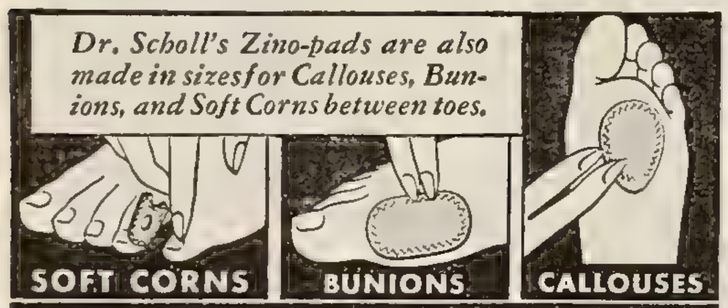
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lieve that I could bring Tupper's name so calmly into an argument.

I WASN'T calm. I was shaking inside, with the effort to hold back the tears that were never far away, and with something else—with the sudden realization that I'd won a battle in the past weeks, a battle that John still had before him. "As for the calls," I said, "I'm sorry if they've disturbed you, but they're in a good cause. There are fifty children at the nursery who'll have a thin and scrambled Christmas unless we give them a real one. John, wait!"

He'd started to turn away, and I caught at his sleeve. I felt the shock that went through him at the touch, but it made him stand still and hear me out. I talked, tumbling the words out, determined to wake him up, to make him understand in the little time I had his attention. "It's not that I've forgotten so soon, John, so that I've been able to put everything—everything that happened out of my mind—" he knew that, and the truth was in my face, and in the tears that choked my voice—"but I'm beginning to learn to accept it I've been busy; I've worked harder lately than I ever have, and I've felt better for it. I didn't do it myself. My friends helped me. They came to see me, even when I didn't want to see them. They gave me work to do. They showed me that there were other people in the world besides myself, people I could help. Do you know what that means, John? Do you know how much it means, when you wonder why you're alive, to discover that there are people who depend on you to make them happy? You must know. There must be people at the plant who—"

"At the plant," he repeated dully, and my heart ached at his admission that his work, important as it was, wasn't everything, that there were times when it couldn't help at all.

"I'm sorry," I said, "if the things I've been doing have bothered you. I know I've been staying here on—on borrowed time. But I can't give up my work. I don't want to go—not yet—but if it bothers you, I'll leave."

I walked past him into the living-room, and sat down, because my knees were terribly unsteady, then. His voice reached me, wretched voice, honestly puzzled. "I don't know why you stay."

I turned back a step. And as I spoke, my words explained myself to me as well as to him. "Because I haven't any other place. We haven't been happy together, but I loved you once, even if my love couldn't help you, more than I could ever love anyone else. This house holds all I know of love, of everything that people live for."

John needed me. The words repeated themselves over and over in a refrain that was at once humble and triumphant; as I stood there waiting for him to speak, to make some sign that he had heard. I'd done what he hadn't been able to do. He needed me, as I'd so long wanted him to need me, and for more than I'd ever dreamed I could do for him. He would realize it; he must realize it. I could face the days hopefully now, waiting for his sign . . .

It was a long time before he spoke, and then he sounded as if he had chosen the most innocuous words possible to say.

"I'm sorry. It's late. Better go to bed."

I looked across the space that


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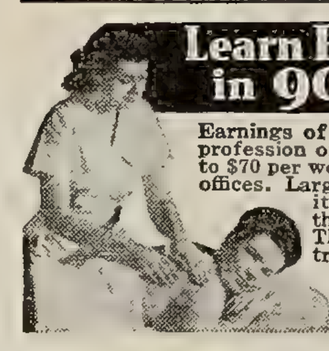
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Mail us $1.00 and we will send you prepaid 4 boxes famous Rosebud Salve (25c size) and will include with salve this lovely solid sterling silver Birthstone Ring your size and month. You can sell the 4 salve and get back your $1.00 and have ring without cost. Rosebud is an old reliable salve.




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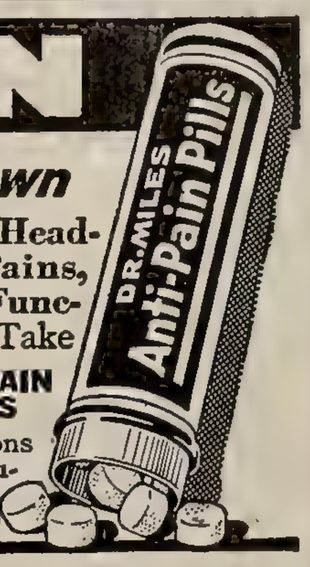
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# Blondes



**Try This New 11-Minute Home Shampoo**

This new special shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening — brightens faded blonde hair. Called Blondex, it quickly makes a rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes the dingy, dust-laden film that makes blonde hair dark, old-looking. Takes only 11 minutes to do at home. Gives hair attractive luster and highlights. Safe for children's hair. Blondex is sold at 10c, drug and department stores.

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When feet burn, callouses sting and every step is torture, don't just groan and do nothing. Rub on a little Ice-Mint. Frosty white, cream-like, its cooling soothing comfort helps drive the fire and pain right out . . . tired muscles relax in grateful relief. A world of difference in a few minutes. See how Ice-Mint helps soften up corns and callouses too. Get foot happy today, the Ice-Mint way. Your druggist has Ice-Mint.



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Face Lips Chin Arms Legs

**Happy!** I had ugly hair . . . was unloved . . . discouraged. Tried many different products . . . even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I developed a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked. I have helped thousands win beauty, love, happiness. My FREE book, "How to Overcome the Superfluous Hair Problem", explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mme. Annette Lanzette, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. M-20, Chicago.

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CITY.....STATE.....


separated us, and willed that it be closed up, that he come to me. And then I remembered the time when I'd thought about hands meeting, and how then, long ago, I should have put out my hand to him. So much had happened —but I put my hand out to him now, and I spoke, not from my mind, but from my heart.

"Is that—haven't you anything else to say to me, John?"

"It—" It was a choking little sound, and then, miraculously, there was no space dividing us. He was beside me, and he knelt suddenly and buried his face in my lap—like a child, this tall, cold man with the disciplined face.

"Eve—Eve—"

I hardly dared to do it. I hardly dared to touch him. But my hand went out to his head because I couldn't bear *not* to touch him.

"I'm such a fool, Eve—" They spilled out of him then, all the words he'd kept locked in him, all the dammed-up years of loneliness, all of the years with me and back into his childhood in which he'd kept to himself, trying to fight things out alone. "Don't leave me, Eve. Stay and help me. I've never stopped loving you, but once I thought you'd stopped loving me I didn't dare try again. So much has changed, dearest—I've learned so much. I've learned enough to earn another chance. I've learned that you can't order life the way you want it—life or death or just living day by day. Help me . . ."

My hands cradled his face, wonderingly, as if they'd help me to see him and realize what he was saying. "Of course I won't leave you, John. I love you. I want to stay—"

His arm crept up around my shoulders, and I bent for his kiss, for the touch I'd hungered for and thought never to know again. And then I stopped, sure I'd heard a sound—Tupper's voice, as he'd spoken that night from his sick-bed, marvelling, "*Both* of you—"

I'd been wrong, of course. The sound, if there'd been one, wasn't repeated. I'd heard children's voices, but on the radio, caroling from some station. "All is calm, all is bright—"

It wasn't hard to imagine Tupper's voice among them.

NOVEMBER RADIO MIRROR
ON SALE
Friday, October 8th



To help lighten the burden that has been placed upon transportation and handling facilities by the war effort, coming issues of RADIO MIRROR Magazine will appear upon the newsstands at slightly later dates than heretofore. RADIO MIRROR for November will go on sale Friday, October 8th. On that date your newsdealer will be glad to supply you with your copy. The same circumstances apply also to subscriptions. While all subscription copies are mailed on time, they may reach you a little later than usual. Please be patient. They will be delivered just as soon as prevailing conditions permit.


# DOES GAS KEEP YOU AWAKE NIGHTS?



Gas often seems to be at its worst during the night. Frequently it seems to work up into the chest and throat when one lies down, which makes one feel smothery and breathless in bed. Some people try to sleep sitting in a chair. Others keep rising out of bed to get their breath easier. Try KONJOLA, the medicine which acts in 3 ways to help ease gas misery. Sluggish digestion often promotes the accumulation of gas in one's intestinal tract. Bowel sluggishness may help to hold the gas inside to torment one with awful bloating. So KONJOLA not only contains Nature's herbs to help bring up gas from stomach, but also contains pepsin to aid digestion, and mildly helps to open constipated bowels and release gas. Many users write their thanks and gratitude for the satisfactory results it produces. So when you feel bloated "clear through"—when stomach expands, intestines swell way out, due to gas accumulating from slow digestion and sluggish bowel action, try this medicine and see what relief it can give. Be sure you get genuine KONJOLA Medicine, and take exactly as directed on the package. KONJOLA is sold by every druggist in America on a strict guarantee of money back if not completely satisfied with results from first bottle.

**SEND FOR SAMPLE**

You can test its help for you by sending 10c for trial sample to KONJOLA, P. O. Box 206, Dept. 7, Port Chester, N. Y.

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Please send me, without obligation, details about your "3c A Day Hospitalization Insurance Plan".
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OVER 2,000,000 WOMEN HAVE USED THIS AMAZING HOME METHOD

# Charm-Kurl PERMANENT WAVE

## COMPLETE HOME KIT ONLY 59¢

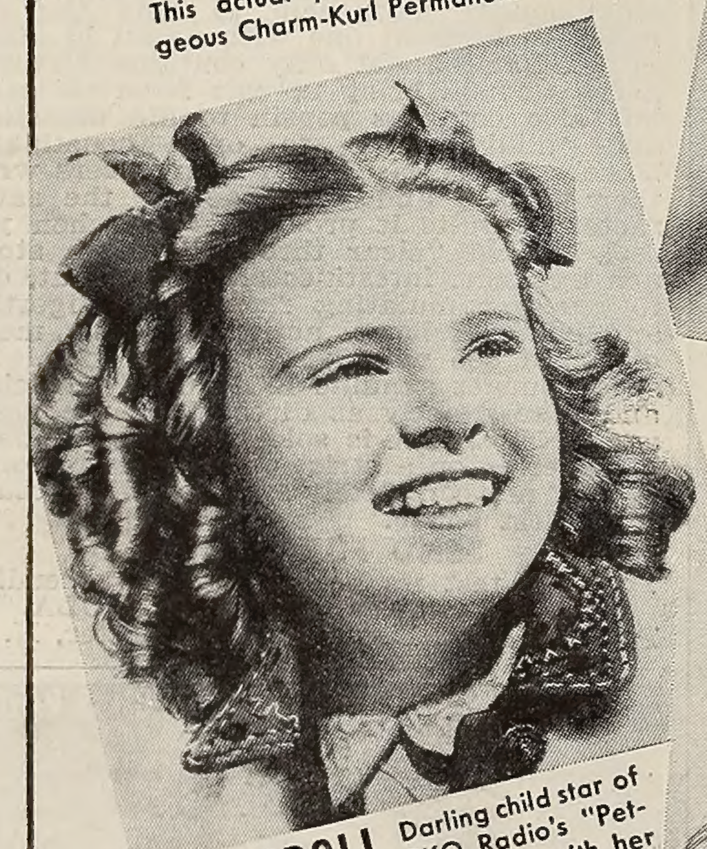
*Nothing else to buy*



**JUNE LANG** Glamorous movie star praises Charm-Kurl. This actual photograph shows her gorgeous Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave.



**FAY McKENZIE** Starring in "Remember Pearl Harbor," a Republic production, is delighted with her lovely Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave, pictured above.



**JOAN CARROLL** Darling child star of RKO Radio's "Petticoat Larceny" is pictured above with her adorable Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave.



**ANN GILLIS** Hollywood's cute "teen-aged" starlet, with her stunning Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave.

## DO IT YOURSELF!

Give yourself a beautiful, heatless Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave—as soft and lovely as naturally curly hair. You don't need any experience in hair waving to apply a Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave—the result will be a lovely, soft, professional-looking permanent that you will be so proud of. Charm-Kurl is easy and cool to use—and it is absolutely safe for every type of hair. It contains no harmful chemicals or ammonia—and requires no machines, dryers, heat or electricity. It is marvelously simple and is "tops" for women and children alike.

## SO EASY TO APPLY

Over 2,000,000 women have used Charm-Kurl during the past year to give themselves a lovely, cool, machineless wave in the privacy of their own homes. You, too, can do it yourself. Merely follow the simple, clear directions and you'll be completely delighted with the result. Charm-Kurl is guaranteed to satisfy you as well as any $5.00 permanent you have ever had, or your money will be quickly refunded upon request.

And think of the saving! The complete Charm-Kurl Kit costs only 59c. It contains everything you need, including 40 curlers, shampoo, and waveset. You don't have to buy one single thing more.

## UNSURPASSED FOR BLEACHED, DYED OR GRAY HAIR

Charm-Kurl does not affect gray hair. Many women have found it ideal for dyed or bleached hair because it waves their hair as beautifully as though it were natural color. If your dyed hair is a secret, Charm-Kurl will keep it so.

## SEND NO MONEY

Just fill in the coupon below. Don't send one penny. Your complete Charm-Kurl Home Permanent Wave Kit will be on its way to you as soon as we receive your order. When it arrives, pay the postman 59c plus postage, with the understanding that if you are not thoroughly delighted with your permanent, your money will be cheerfully refunded on request. Remember this: you risk nothing and you gain a lovely permanent wave—so take advantage of this very special offer right now, before you turn the page.

**Save Money! If you send remittance with order, we pay postage.**

**CHARM-KURL CO.**

**Dept. 546 • 2459 University Ave., St. Paul, Minnesota**

## IDEAL FOR CHILDREN'S HAIR

Mothers find Charm-Kurl perfect for the youngsters. It cannot possibly harm their fine, soft hair—and it is so cool, so convenient, and so easy to apply. Order an extra Charm-Kurl Kit for little daughter. She'll be so happy.

## *Users Praise* CHARM-KURL

**LASTED NINE MONTHS** ★ "My last Charm-Kurl permanent lasted nine months and my hair is still very curly. I wouldn't change a Charm-Kurl permanent for a $10 permanent."
*Miss Ruth Henry, Ohio*

**MAKES HAIR LOOK NATURAL CURLY** ★ "I would ten times rather have a Charm-Kurl permanent because it makes your hair look like natural curly, and soft."
*Carolyn Fleet, Penn.*

**DELIGHTED WITH RESULTS** ★ "I am more than delighted with the results of my Charm-Kurl. It's soft and fluffy, and it was the most 'painless' permanent I ever had."
*Mrs. W. J. Stites, Utah*

**PRETTIEST PERMANENT I EVER HAD** ★ "I was delighted with my Charm-Kurl permanent. It left my hair soft and lovely and gave me the prettiest permanent I ever had regardless of cost."
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Send me a complete Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave Kit. On arrival I will pay the postman 59c plus postage. If for any reason I am not satisfied, you guarantee to refund the purchase price immediately.

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**NOTE: SAVE MONEY. If you send remittance with order we pay postage.** Canadian orders must be accompanied by an International money order.

**CHARM-KURL CO., St. Paul, Minnesota**

R
M

# *Just as he dreamed her eyes would be*

n moments like this,
ovely eyes can say more
han any spoken words... Perhaps
oday, your hero is far from the
hings he loves most—you, home
nd the country he is fighting so
ravely to protect. Yet you are
lways near him in his thoughts
nd in his dreams.

While he's away, he wants those
eyes he adores to be bright and
smiling. When he comes back to
you, your eyes can be just as
he pictured them in his fondest
dreams. These days more than
ever, millions of women are
grateful for the soft, glorifying
effect of Maybelline eye make-
up. You will be grateful, too, once
you see what a difference
it makes!



# *Maybelline*

***WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS***

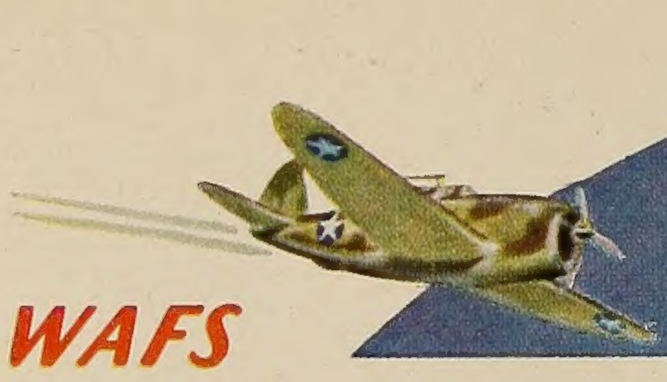



Maybelline Solid-form Mascara makes lashes appear longer and lovelier. Black, Brown, Blue, 75c.

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